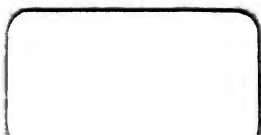


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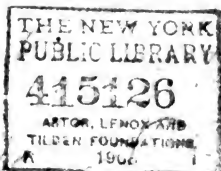


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No. I.

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ROBERT G. MCNIECE,

JOHN N. IRWIN,

CHARLES H. MERKILL.

Dartmouth : Past--Present--Future.

With the opening of a new year, and the first number of our new Magazine, our readers will welcome a rapid but comprehensive glance at the *status*—as it has been, as it is, and as it is to be—of the dear old “Mother of us all.” This is the more timely, as the College is now nearing its Centennial. Founded in 1769, it will, in two years from the next Commencement, have fully vindicated its claim to be one of the “century plants.” But two colleges in New England, Harvard and Yale, were any considerable length of time in advance of it. Of the others, only Brown is its senior, and that by but five years. Yet the eye of our Alma Mater is not dim, nor her “natural force abated.” And those of us who still rejoice in her sheltering wing, are fain to believe, that her heart never beat more quickly and healthily, or with a more youthful glow, than now under her silver hairs.

Space would fail us to rehearse all the history of the College; from what a germ of Christian philanthropy it sprung; with what tears and toils and sacrifices its infancy was nurtured; what illustrious names were linked with its feeble beginnings, not of Lord Dartmouth only, but of our own Washington, and Franklin, and John Adams; by what successive ministries of science and learning its courses of instruction have been carried on; what battles it has fought, and what triumphs it has won. Yet we cannot but say a word of the noble roll of its alumni. There lies before us a statement made years ago—short of the truth, then, probably, and more so now—from which we take a few particulars. Of 3257 graduates, (more than 3500 now,)

808 have been ministers of the Gospel. Thirteen have been Governors of six different States; 31 have been Judges of the Supreme Court, in various States, or of the Federal Courts; 4 have been members of the Cabinet at Washington; 5 have occupied diplomatic stations abroad; 22 have been Presidents of twenty-one different Colleges; 78 have been College Professors, 12 of them in various Medical Chairs, and 13 have been Professors in twelve different Theological Seminaries. Of names now "among the stars" we could mention not a few, esteemed the most precious jewels of their Alma Mater. These have been scattered not over the land merely, but over the earth. It were hardly an exaggeration to say,

"Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,
Where rest not Dartmouth's dead."

And among the living—not to linger ever on the deathless fame of our WEBSTER and CHOATE—we can point to our CHASE, at the head of the Supreme Federal Court; to GRIMES, and STEVENS, and PATTERSON and other men of mark in both Halls of the National Congress; to our GEORGE P. MARSH, with tongues as many as ever a diplomate need ask for; to TICKNOR and KIMBALL in the walks of elegant literature; and, among the venerable missionaries of the cross, to such men as LEVI SPAULDING and WILLIAM GOODELL. However space may be limited, names would not fail us.

Leaving the remoter past, it may not be amiss to dwell a little on a more recent period, the last three years. These have succeeded an unusual depression caused by the war and certain concurrent circumstances; and we see, in the review, the College not only rising from that depression, as "vital in every part," but falling in with the general spirit of progress. In relation to funds—to begin with that which "answereth all things"—an excellent work has been done; over one hundred thousand dollars have been secured for various purposes; and, to meet wants yet existing, and to carry out important plans of enlargement, the financial movement is still going forward. The Rev. Dr. DAVIS, of Amherst, one of our ablest Clergymen—an earnest friend of the College, though a graduate of another—has in hand, just now, the raising among the men of means in the State, of \$25,000 to endow a "New Hampshire Professorship." It is to be so termed in token of the cordial relations between the people and their one College. A number of gentlemen have already responded liberally to this appeal; and the indications are various and abundant, that Dartmouth is rapidly rising in public favor all over the State.

There was clear proof of this in the large majority by which the Legislature voted to connect the Agricultural Institution with it. The 8 Congregational Conferences of the State, moreover, are engaged in establishing that number of scholarships, of \$1000 each, for the benefit of students who have the ministry in view. A Grafton and a Hillsborough foundation are already completed. Besides these, some twenty scholarships, of like amount, most of them open to worthy and needy applicants of whatever class, have been founded by individuals. Of these donors, all but five are residents of other States. This wide-spread interest in the College is as it should be. When its national relations in the past are considered, and the fact that it has, the present year, students from *twenty* different States, not to speak of Victoria's dominions, there is no reason why the liberality that sustains and enlarges it should be limited to New Hampshire. Albeit New Hampshire must and will do her part. She could as well spare Mount Washington from her physical, as Dartmouth from her intellectual and moral landscape.

The Gymnasium, erected by the munificence of GEORGE H. BISSELL, Esq., of New York, at a cost of \$24,000, is nearly completed. A part of it will be in use the present month. It is a fine building, 90 feet in length, exclusive of the portico, and 47 in breadth, admirably adapted to its purpose, and an ornament to the College grounds. It has two stories—the lower occupied with six bowling alleys, the upper devoted to the various gymnastic exercises. The structure does credit to the Architects, Messrs. J. R. Richards and W. S. Park, and to the contractor, Ivory Bean, Esq., all of Boston, as well as to the generous son of Dartmouth who furnished the needful funds. It will greatly subserve as well the enjoyment of the students, as their physical, mental, and we will even say, moral welfare.

Among other changes and improvements of the last three years, we may mention, also, the establishment of a convenient and amply furnished College Reading Room; the providing, by the appointment of three assistant librarians, of more frequent and full opportunity for consulting the College Library; the establishment of Prizes in the Rhetorical, Latin and Mathematical Departments; and the restoration, in a modified form, of the system of appointments on the ground of scholarship. This last step has had a visible and excellent effect in elevating the standard of attainment. A similar benefit has resulted from raising the terms of admission, and from increased strictness in relation to absences from recitation. The short winter term has been

abolished, and the old plan of three terms restored, with the view of securing to as many of the students as possible, the benefit of the full College course. Leave of absence to teach is to be given only when circumstances make it necessary. We cannot forbear to notice, in addition, the restoration of the Junior Exhibition in the Spring term, and the introduction of a Society Exhibition in the Fall term, both calculated to promote rhetorical culture in the College; together with the institution of an admirable and successful course of instruction in Elocution, under the accomplished Professor MARK BAILEY. With the excellent teaching of Prof. SANBORN, we can hardly think of any needed addition to our means of rhetorical improvement. When, we subjoin, that, in our judgment, the moral tone of the college has been steadily rising—that the feeling of sympathy between the Faculty and students, as of those who have but one interest, has been manifestly deepening, to the great advantage of our whole college life—we think our readers, of the Alumni, will have reason to be gratified with the present state of their beloved Alma Mater.

As to her future, it would make this our family talk too long, to add much. Arrangements are in progress, we may say, for the organization of the Agricultural Department. It will be open, for students, it is expected, at the commencement of the next college year. The project of erecting an Alumni Hall is to be carried forward. It has been kept a little in abeyance by other pressing matters; yet some addition has been made to the subscription list. It is proposed to make one story of the edifice a Memorial Hall, to be used, also, for alumni meetings, and the other is to be devoted to the College Library. It is deemed important, also, to erect, as soon as may be, a Natural Science building, containing an ample laboratory, with rooms for lectures and other cognate uses. For these and other purposes, with all that has been obtained, additional funds are needed. Let the alumni bear this in mind; and out of their several "piles"—in some cases, we are happy to know, not small—make a liberal allotment to the College. And if the eye of any rich man, not an alumnus, should happen to fall on theselines, we beg leave, his juniors though we be, to suggest to him, that he can make no safer investment of a portion of his means, than in this great manufactory of character—this fountain of influence for all coming generations.

Representative Men.

No. 1.

"For what calls thy disease, Lorenzo. Not
For Esculapian, but for moral aid."

We often hear the term "Representative Men" in respect to a certain class, sect, or age; as for example Wendell Phillips is a representative of the extreme radicals; Brigham Young of the Mormon sect; Abraham Lincoln of the latter half of the nineteenth century. This phrase is chiefly used in the great world for whose battles we are now preparing our armor and weapons. But college has been aptly called a little world, as containing in itself, though in a less degree, all the passions, troubles, pleasures, which are evoked in the every-day life of its great type. As a little mirror, then, college has also its representative men, of whom it is now proposed to attempt a faint portraiture. If any should be displeased and suppose that personalities are meant, they will lay themselves open to the charge of vanity; as with the multiplicity of cares congregating around the Editors of "The Dartmouth," of necessity they can have no time for persons, but must deal entirely with abstract ideas—depicting the qualities, fashions, doings, sayings, ways of certain species without any reference whatever to the particular persons in whom these exist.

Again, if any one should recognise himself in any class distasteful to him, he has the privilege of changing to any other which he may prefer. No one will object. We place the magic ring of Aladdin upon his finger, and he may transform himself from grub to butterfly, or from butterfly to grub, as his fancy best doth please him. In the meanwhile we disdain the thought of taking refuge in the inviolability of the press, but say that if this supposititious "any one" should be pugnaciously inclined, like John Wilkes, we are ugly enough (in the homely sense of the word) to defend ourselves, and to endure persecutions, pains and penalties, for the sake of the freedom of the press.

The first whom we shall attempt to paint is the much abused, much praised "dig," as he is termed in college parlance. The name is taken from the analogy between digging eculents and the supposed process of the "dig" with his Latin, Greek and mathematical roots; going to the bottom in contra-distinction to other students, less laborious and more skilful in the art of evasion, who merely separate the stalk close to the

earth. The "dig" can easily be recognized by several predominant and striking traits which pertain, in a greater or less degree, to the whole class. He is as prompt and regular as the sun or the tax-gatherer ; a combination of qualities at once great and grovelling, or, at least, good and bad ; attentive to all duties, regulations and requirements—to dinner as well as to prayers; both are considered as duties, or, it may be, as necessary evils. Rarely or never absent from recitation and repeating from memory, the standing of the "dig" on the Prof's bill and (the same thing) in text-book knowledge is deservedly high. Seldom seen on the playground and never in the social gatherings of his classmates, he becomes, as it were, a hermit amidst good fellowship—an isolated epitome of dry facts. Never smiling except at a failure in the class room which he considers not only a "crime but a blunder ;" never so far stooping from his self-erected standard of *dig*-nity as to make or take a joke, he is a painful reminder of a breathing mummy, or a backbone without a joint. The "dig's" style of recitation, too, is peculiar. He is never restless in his place as the fatal "nixt" fast approaches him but remains stolidly indifferent. When "called" he rises slowly from his seat (Cicero rose slowly) and recites, (as the flow of water from a spout,) faultlessly, the part assigned him ; then looking round the room as if to deprecate the well earned applause, he sinks gradually, but *surely*, like the descent of a balloon, into his eight inch space, remaining for the rest of the hour as if in a state of perpetual "sitting for a photograph," so

"Stiff, starched and stare-y is he."

Your true "dig" is never known to "take a walk" but always "walks for exercise." It was a bright idea of some one who advised a treadmill as an appendage to a college, not as a punishment but as a means of recreation for the "digs." It has long been, and is yet, a mooted question whether the system of study adopted by this class is better adapted, than a more general application by the student to the study of men, manners and general literature—as well as text books—to the cultivation of the intellect and the "making" of a finished scholar. As entire attention paid to the science of mathematics alone has a tendency to narrow the mind, so the mere committal to memory, even understandingly, of the studies prescribed in the college curriculum, has a like effect. It may quicken the memory but it does not sharpen the wit. It may command at your bidding the thoughts of others but it utterly fails to create originality. The arguments *pro* are many, but those *con* are more. The defenders of the "process dig" allege

that discipline of the mind, patience, perseverance, system, regularity, promptness and memory are the results which ensue from the practice of their mode. All these we grant without reluctance, and be it far from our intention to decry such results. On the other hand, however, the good is more than counter-balanced by the evil. To follow such a system begets pedantry of the worst form because not universal; selfishness, because this rule inevitably and essentially concentrates all *in self*; narrowness of mind, because it precludes everything outside a certain straight path; bigotry, because trusting entirely to, and speaking wholly from memory, it makes its devotees pertinaciously and irrationally positive; vanity, because making the college course the criterion of judgment, it thinks all other studies "of no account," and therefore seeks upon slight and petty grounds to make a great display; unsociability, because as an extended and proper knowledge of books makes a man an addition to any society, so a cramped and confined intercourse with a few, and these not of a character to interest or please, renders him incapable of partaking with pleasure to himself, or others, of the courtesies and amenities of life. Compare the two, the mere drudge and the cultivated man of literature. Dominic Sampson and Thackeray—Dr. Parr and Washington Irving. That the "dig," by this rule obtains, and rightly, a high rank in class and a high part at commencement, we admit. But does it produce the scholar in the true meaning of the word? Does it fit him for life, or leave him naught but a misplaced denizen of a recitation room? If class rank (which we hold in high esteem apart from this) is the acme to be reached, we submit. But "tell me, tell me, I implore," is this the true, main object of a collegiate education?

MIM.

Semi-Centennial Class Gathering.

The whole number of the Class of 1816, in Dartmouth College, at the time of its graduation, was twenty-four; of whom ten are still living. The most distinguished of the deceased members are, the late Rev. CHARLES B. HADDOCK, D. D., eminent as a Professor in the College, and as *Charge d' Affaires* of the U. S. A., in Portugal; Hon.

ABEL SIMMONS, LL.D., late Member of Congress from Clinton County, N. Y.; and Rev. JOHN WHEELER, D. D., late President of the University of Vermont.

The surviving members of the Class are the following:

Rev. LAWSON CARTER, Cleveland, Ohio.

Rev. ELIJAH DEMOND, Westborough, Mass.

BENJAMIN EMERSON, Esq., Pittsfield, N. H.

HON. JOHN HUBBARD, M.D., LL.D., (Ex-Governor of the State,) Hallowell, Me.

Rev. ABSALOM PETERS, D.D., New York City.

JOHN P. RICHARDSON, Esq., Leavenworth, Kansas.

Rev. FRANCIS P. SMITH, Acton, Me.

Rev. JOSEPH TORREY, D.D., Professor, and late President of the University of Vermont, Burlington, Vt.

ALLEN WHITE, Esq., Buenos Ayres, S. A.

Mr. JOHN WILCOX, Newport, N. H.

These, with the exception of Mr. WHITE, of Buenos Ayres, were each affectionately invited to attend a meeting of the survivors of the Class at Dartmouth College, on the semi-centennial anniversary of their graduation; and they severally responded, expressing deep interest in the occasion, and a strong desire to be present. Six of the number encouraged us to expect their attendance. But the infirmities of age and the extreme heat of the season prevented some, and on the day appointed only three of us appeared—Mr. DEMOND, Prof. TORREY, and the writer of this report.

Our greeting was cordial, cheerful, chum-like, and affectionate, chastened and modified, no doubt, by the great events through which we had passed, these fifty years. We held our meeting in an upper chamber, furnished by the kind hospitality of a friend. Retired and alone, we kneeled in prayer, and remembered the days of other years, the class, the college, all good education and social endearments, the past, the present, the future, the country, and the world, commending them all, with thanksgiving, to God.

Letters full of loving memories and good cheer were read from each of our absent brothers. The following Poem was also read, and was ordered to be printed for the class and their special friends.

The talk that followed was such as the stranger intermeddleth not with—the story of our lives, and pleasant memories of classmates and college friends, both the living and the dead. Our appropriate place was assigned us in the processions of Commencement-Day, with but

few alumni older than ourselves; and in the same old church, with greatly improved surroundings, where fifty years ago we had taken our leave of College halls, the scenes of our youth were again enacted by newborn sons of our own Alma Mater. Altogether we had a good time, and parted thankful that, after so many years, we had been permitted to meet once more in the land of the living. A. P.

Fifty Years out of College.*

HAIL, dear old class-mates of the honored class
Of only twenty-four, who left these halls,
Inchoate men, just fifty years ago !
All hail, the ten, *qui supersunt adhuc* !

We marvel that so many are alive ;
And would they all were here, to meet and greet,
Old loving hands to clasp, and so renew,
In hoary age, the friendships of our youth.

But, all regrets aside, we hail with joy
And thankfulness our meeting here—we three
Old men—who, after half a hundred years
Of toil and study in the busy world,
Have heard the bell, and hastened back, to have
One recitation more, before we part
To hold our sessions where the light of life
Shall never fade, nor heaven-lit eyes grow dim.

Our thoughts recur to college days, and days
Before. How long the lesson of our lives !
Five generations past, or passing now,
Have met or mingled in the lengthened years :
Our father's fathers greeted us when young,
And children's children greet us now, as old
As they—those remnants of a bygone age—
The father's fathers of an age begun.

Alas ! we've no convenience here, nor time,
To tell how much we've learned of men and things,

* Read to a remnant of the class of 1816, met at Dartmouth College, on the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of their graduation, July 19, 1866, by Absalom Peters, D. D., a member of the class.

Of truth, and grace, and wisdom infinite ;
And, if we speak, to whom shall we recite ?

Our teachers all are gone, revered and loved.
These fifty years have laid them in their graves.
There's no familiar voice to welcome us ;
And though our dear old Alma Mater lives,
She has a modern look—the younger grown,
In growing old—the President is young ;
Professors all the same, with boys to teach :
They take no pupils in as old as we.

Then let us hold our recitation here
Alone, and to ourselves, with face to face,
And heart to melting heart ; nor try to tell
How much we know, but only what we feel.

We feel our losses ; for the tree of life
With us, of nature's earthly root and growth—
As if it were a gnarled old forest-tree,
With tufts of foliage green on limbs decayed—
Has shed its leaves, and felt its branches drop—
So many times, that changed is every thing
That graced our lives at first.

Those aged trunks
To which our tendrils clung, we miss them all !
Of fellow-germs that sprang to life with us,
And twined their roots with ours, how few remain !
And oh ! how many tender twigs of life,
With broken stems, lie withered at our sides !

But more than all our losses, do we feel
The goodness of the Lord, in giving us
So many blessings—dearly loved—to lose ;
For every loss is of some blessing given.

All made of mortal gifts is mortal life ;
Its losses work its death, while every gift
And every loss is of some temporal thing,
Bestowed, enjoyed, and then anon removed ;
But not without great recompense of good,
To such as well the Giver serve and love.

So mortal life to us stands not alone
An equal gain and loss, but growing gain ;
For, mingled with the wasting life of time,
Is life immortal, made of changeless gifts,
And in the plan divine, of grace for grace,

There comes to this a compensation given,
For every loss that mars our mortal state.

As grow the forest-trees perennial,
In soil enriched by leaves themselves have shed,
Our life eternal, though its roots take hold
On deathless things, yet grows of things that die.
Whate'er of earthly good has come to us,
From infancy to age, has come of these,
All lost and being lost to earth and sense,
Till mortal life shall perish with its gifts.

We count our blessings o'er, these seventy years :
Sweet homes, that shaped our first-born joys and hopes ;
The guides and dear companions of our youth
In discipline and toil ; the village schools,
With competitions rife ; the friendships warm
And generous, that charmed our college course ;
Till, trained by honored strife for lofty ends—
Our adolescent youth to manhood grown—
We stood together here, with armor on,
And looked abroad upon the wide, wide world
Untried, for something worthily to do.

Our callings chosen, and our manhood thus
Equipped and launched upon the sea of life,
With Providence our guide, the gentle gales
That wafted us were tempered to our needs,
Till landed, one by one, on distant fields
Of usefulness and honored toil for man,
For country, and for God, new friends arose,
And helpers meet, amid the strifes of men ;
And circles new of tenderness and love
Were formed, home circles of our heart of hearts,
So precious still, though dashed and broken oft,
Those tender ties have made us glad to live.

We count our losses o'er, of early friends,
And college-mates, and dearer treasures gone
From central circles of our home-bred joys ;
But gladness, more than tears, has crowned our lives.
Our hearts go out to God in thankfulness
For all the mortal gifts whose loss we mourn ;
But more for gracious compensations made
Whene'er those mortal gifts have been recalled.

Dear Brothers, of our whilom loving class,
Divided now in state, two worlds apart.

What think ye of the living and the dead ?
Is theirs who had the less of life below,
By dying young the greater gain above ?
Or ours to be preferred, whose long drawn years
Have brought us more of earthly good, to merge
In vast returns of grace, to life, the same
That both to them and us is endless gain ?

The mystery nor thought nor time can solve ;
Nor will we envy them their early crowns,
Since ours await us still, in hoary age,
And brighter seem, to faith and joyous hope.
As loss of all things earthly speeds apace,
To give us boundless recompense in heaven.

Outgushing thus, Old Friends, we here express
Our feelings to ourselves ; nor would we fail
To recognize, with thankful praise, the lot
Assigned us in the ages of the world.

O ! what an age we've lived—are living still !
Nor time had ever been, since time began,
When one brief life, of threescore years and ten,
Had seen a leap so vast, of progress made
Toward human weal and destiny complete,
The consummation meet for men on earth.

Nor foot of man had ever trod a land
So blest. Our fathers saw the nation born ;
Ourselves have seen it born of God anew,
Through bloody strife and manly sacrifice
Regenerate, and great in moral power
To teach all nations liberty and law,
And spread the saving health of truth and grace,
Till all the realms and governments of men
Shall own supreme the kingdom of the Lord.

Nor quite in vain our education here
For such events ; nor vain our young resolves
To make the world the better for our lives,
Since, borne upon the tide of vast affairs,
We've found more good to do than we had dreamed ;
And if we've done the half of what we might,
The praise is due to Him that helpeth us,
Forgiving all that we have done amiss
Or left undone ; while to ourselves we seem
Absorbed amid the mighty things of God.

We've seen so much of Providence Divine
Directing human agency and skill,
And e'en the wrath of man, to grand results,
We fain would linger here another age,
To better do the work we've poorly done,
And see the marvels of the coming time
For man's behests.

Vain wish for aged men !
We take it back and say : Thy will be done.

We've had our day God-given, prolonged and blest,
A full *curriculum* of pupilage
On earth. A change of scene awaiteth us,
From visions of the eye, grown dim with age,
To visions of the soul, in cloudless light,
Where marvels more than earth shall ever sing
Shall be the themes of blissful angels' songs,
And spirits saved shall neither sin nor die.

One death, to be replaced by such a life !
With joyful hope we welcome it, and wait
Till, one by one, as God shall summon us,
Amid dissolving views of earth and time,
And with the spirit of a weaned child,
We'll lay our armor by, and bid adieu
To loving memories and dearest friends,
To take the new creation on complete,
Absorbing all of mortal life and love
In full-orbed blessedness without a tear,
A sorrow, or a sin for evermore.

But more than we can say in verse, Dear Friends,
We *feel*. So let our recitation close,
And we will talk the rest. We'll freely chat
The hours away, till parting once again,
We'll take each other by the hand and say :
Farewell ; spared remnant of the class entire
Of fifty years ago, Beloved Friends !
Till we shall meet beyond the flood, Farewell !

Student Life at Dartmouth College in 1770.

Dr. Wheelock selected a very appropriate motto for the seal of Dartmouth College, considering the condition of the country adjacent when it was founded. It is "*vox clamantis in deserto.*" It very happily expressed the motives of Dr. Wheelock in removing "Moore's Charity School" to Hanover. He wished it to be the herald of "good news" both to the Indians of the wilderness and to the English dwelling upon their borders. When Dr. Wheelock arrived in Hanover, in August, 1770, he says: "As there was no house conveniently near, I made a hut of logs about eighteen feet square, without stone, brick, glass or nails; and with thirty, forty, and sometimes, fifty laborers, appointed to their respective departments, I betook myself to campaign." A log house was soon erected for the accommodation of his family, and a building 30 by 32 feet, for students. Thinking that his new abode was ready for occupation, he sent for his family. After the messenger had departed, it was found that no water could be obtained by digging upon the premises first selected. The house was therefore taken down and removed, about seventy rods, to another site where water could be found.

Before the logs were put together a second time, his family arrived with thirty students. Dr. Wheelock says, "I housed my stuff with my wife and the females of my family in my hut; my sons and the students made booths and beds of hemlock boughs, and in this situation we continued about a month, till the 29th day of October, when I removed with my family into my house." Even before this time, the season being unusually cold there had been storms of snow and sleet, which made their rude shelters very uncomfortable. Mr. William Dewey, who came to reside in Hanover in 1779, says: "I have heard Prof. Woodward describe his early residence in this place in very nearly the following words: "I did not reach Hanover till Dr. Wheelock had been there a few weeks. The time was late in Autumn and near the close of the day. There was scanty room in the Doctor's shanty for the shelter of those who were on the ground, and none for us who had just arrived.

We concluded to construct for a temporary residence, a tent of crotched stakes and poles covered with the boughs of trees. Our rude

shelter was ready for occupancy at the usual hour of retiring. We camped down, wrapped in our blankets, and for a time, slept very comfortably. During the night however, a storm arose of high wind and pelting rain. Our tent came down upon us and buried us in its ruins. We were more scared than hurt. After mutual inquiries for each other, we found that no one was injured; and as the storm raged with unabated fury, we resolved to abide the issue, as we were, and wait for day. When fair weather returned we made more substantial booths for our protection, till better accommodations could be provided for us. The people in Hanover and its vicinity were all new settlers and were unable to aid those who came to reside among them. Indeed, they needed aid themselves, and many of them were employed by Dr. Wheelock, in clearing the land and building houses. Two mills were erected on a small stream, near the College, known as 'Mink Brook.' It is said that the water, in the neighboring streams, was much more abundant than now; and that the College plain was so wet that it was feared that it would be unfit for house lots. The first saw mill and grist mill erected by Dr. Wheelock, from some defect in construction, proved a failure. Others were subsequently built and operated by students. Some of them spent large portions of their nights in tending the mill, to earn money to defray their expenses in the College. Others were employed, by the hour, in felling trees, clearing off stumps from the College grounds, or aiding in the erection of buildings. Occasionally, a student drove a cow from home to Hanover, and brought with him wheat or maize, so that he might subsist on bread and milk. The mode of travel was principally on horseback. The roads were very imperfectly finished and carriages were few.

As late as 1797, when Daniel Webster came to College, he rode one of the poorest of his father's farm horses, which he was to keep in Hanover till the close of the first term. He once told me that he was two days making the journey; and, that after the first few hours, it rained incessantly till he reached the place of his destination. He had no umbrella and was clothed in a new home-made suit of indigo blue. The result was that he was pretty thoroughly dyed from head to foot, with the color of his clothes. This, of course, gave him "the blues" for some time; for the most scrupulous Mohammedan ablutions would require many weeks to remove such a tinge.

In the infancy of the College, manual labor by students was encouraged by the Trustees and Faculty. As the College was eleemosynary in its character, they wished to encourage indigent students to do

something for their own support. Among the earliest rules adopted by the Board of Trust, was the following: "That no English scholar, whether supported by charity, or otherwise, shall at any time, speak diminutively of the practice of labor, or by any means cast contempt upon it, or by word or action, endeavor to discredit or discourage the same, on penalty of being obliged, at the discretion of the President, or tutor to perform the same, or the equivalent to that which he attempted to discredit; or else, (if he be not a charity scholar,) to have the same done by others; or in case of refusal and obstinacy in this offence, that he be dismissed from College and denied all the privileges and honors of it."

Egotism.

We sound the praises of egotism. It is a pet task, a happy labor, so far removed from all strife and wrangling. There is not the least taint of radicalism about it, chimerical as the project may seem, but rather the dreamy deliciousness of the distant din of popularity is connected with the very roll and ring of the word, enchanting of itself; in short, it has about it that gentle conservative lull so soothing to peace-loving souls.

Our arguments may fail of producing a logical conviction and our rhetoric offend fastidious ears; but if the heart is not reached by these limping sentences, there is no fear but that the sentiments they labor to conceal will commend themselves to every listening ear. It is with complacency this undertaking is entered upon. We are "singing for the million." Prejudice is seized by the forelock, and the most captious critic, the groutiest grumbler shall inwardly chuckle and gloat over the theory here about to be set forth. It is innate, taken in with the very milk of your infant existence, inhaled with the very breath of your daily life! and yet, till this time, disowned, an outcast, a reprobate, an object of reproach.

No dreamer has yet dreamed of its celestial origin and nature. No philosopher has yet traced its lineage, or proclaimed its nobility; and now it is left for this later day, and this unpretentious sheet to make the disclosure. It is only justice that is sought. The filmy disguises

are only torn aside and naked truth brought to light. It is only a full fair statement of the inmost convictions of every soul, that is here made. Again we wish to state we have no fear of the result of our arguments, for what we say will please in spite of you, we care not who you are, however cross-grained or prejudiced. Our very theme laughs at you with a self-complacent chuckle, and we sit back in our chair rubbing our hands in very glee as we thrust it in your faces. Our only fear is lest we prove too much.

There is a strong presumptive evidence, to say the least, in favor of egotism when it is so decried by the weak and puny. This caustic adjective is the chief stock in trade,—we mean in the damnatory line—of the self-appointed censors of the books found on the shelves of all our public libraries. As a matter of curiosity take note of manuscript criticisms found along their margins; mark the outbursts of indignation, or the gushing overflow of enthusiastic approval. The boarding-school epithets, “splendid,” “lovely,” “enchancing,” give vent to this latter emotion; in these,—thanks be to their potent charm—the bursting heart finds full relief; while the term under discussion ranks high in giving expression to the former. At times it seems to come in with a kind of extinguishing force; if the unfortunate author does not at once consider himself extinguished, it is his perversity, his obtuseness; it is because he does not realize the full significance this term bears in the minds of those that employ it.

Any one familiar with the books found in these halls will bear testimony to the truth of what is here asserted; they will rather be led to say, the half has not been told. If instances be challenged we need only refer to the shocking indignities, royal old Gibbon, in his “Memoirs,” and the versatile De Quincey, in his “Confessions,” have suffered at the hands of these ruthless vandals. What better proof is there that this was a crying virtue in the characters of these same noble heroes than this very fact, that it has been laid up against them by these self-appointed critics.

If this be egotism—and we do not deny but that it is, we only deny the imputation they would convey by it; would not all pray, Give us this or we are not? Is consciousness of intellectual nobility and power a crime? Why, our astute friends would seek to brand, with the withering curse of egotism, the war-horse as he snuffeth the battle afar off, and rejoiceth in his strength. They forget the divine Egotist—the great I AM. It never occurs to their grovelling instinct

that, as humanity approximates the omniscient, omnipotent One in knowledge and power—we speak with all reverence,—in proportion as any earthly being is raised above the common herd, and finds himself isolated, dimmed by the distance, in that proportion has he a right to assume this title of nobility. There is no standard by which such beings can be judged. There are those who ignore this principle. Such would attempt to girt the earth with a tape, or swim the leviathan in their own fish ponds. Do they presume to thrust their puny souls into comparison with the earth's great, and then pronounce judgment derogatory upon the company in which they find themselves? Their action can be interpreted in no other way. Why longer waste breath upon them?

There is a most wonderful array of authority in favor of our *quasi* sin. The Holy Writ does not make mention of the fact directly, but it can easily be inferred by any one of common understanding that Adam had a vivid sense of his own personality when he found himself alone, lord of the beasts. This feeling of course was only increased after his rib had developed. It became hereditary; it passed in a direct line down through the Old Testament worthies. What lesson do their lives more plainly teach? We have no doubt but that old Homer has embodied himself in the character and exploits of some of his doughty heroes, and, as the blind bard wandered from court to court, he was conscious of attuning his lyre to strains that were to immortalize himself with a name and fame far more undying than that he has given to the noble sons of Atreus. But this is all mere conjecture; we come to facts.

Virgil has stated his ideas of immortality in unmistakable language. What Egotism!

“*Sum pius Æneas, fama super æthera notus.*”

The margin is not broad enough for criticism. It is said there is a curious passage in the *Purgatorio* of Dante, where the poet after alluding to the transitory nature of literary fame and public honors, confidently predicts his own future greatness. Cicero never suffered the Roman mind to forget the nightly vigils he had passed in guarding their liberties from the conspiring Cataline: the scene on the Capitoline hill was never suffered to fade from the public view. His constant cry was “*Orna me! Orna me!*” The “gentle Shakspeare,” myriad-minded though he might be, was not forgetful of self. He speaks of the immortality his pen could confer, in such words as these:

"Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read,
And tongues to be, your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead;
You still shall live, (such virtue hath my pen,)
When breath most breathes, even in the mouths of men."

When it was remarked to Dryden, in compliment, that his ode to St. Cecelia was the "finest and noblest ever written," "you are right," he remarked, "a nobler ode was never written nor ever will."

Kepler in a moment of daring egotism, writes, "the die is cast; I have written this book and whether it be read by posterity or by my contemporaries is of no consequence; it may well wait a reader one century, when God himself during six thousand years has not sent one observer like myself."

It was in these words that Bacon once addressed the King: "I know that I am censured of some conceit of my ability or worth, but I pray your majesty impute it to desire—*possunt quia posse videntur*." The naturalist Buffon declared that of the great geniuses of modern ages "there were not more than five, Newton, Bacon, Leibnitz, Montesquieu, and myself." These are the plain outspoken words of a few of the most favored of earth; these are the honest convictions of their inmost souls, and they could but express them, as they expressed all their deepest passions, in language—strong, living and forcible. It was a remark of an enthusiastic worshipper of reason, that he had rather go to hell with Plato and Voltaire, than to heaven with Luther and Paley. We make no comments upon this; each may draw his own moral. But we have merely broken ground and shown what a fertile field of inquiry there is here for the curious. We have not yet noticed the melancholy ego wail of Byron—how he gloated over his own frailties till he became a skeptic in morality and virtue. We have not referred to the keen analytic De Quincey, coolly dissecting his own moral and intellectual self, cutting down to the very quick, probing with his long shining weapon the secret springs of every thought and action, peering into such a chaotic abyss of soul that the stranger eye dare not follow his searching glance, but would fain draw back with shuddering dread.

The self-poised Wordsworth reveals in his "Prelude" the fact that he was not ignorant of the meed of praise that was his due, and that was to be bestowed upon him at the hands of posterity. He has also in a private letter to Lady Beaumont made use of expressions yet more

unequivocal. And so with Coleridge in his "Biographia Literaria," and Jeffrey in his peals of egotistic thunder from the North.

The race of egotists—self-acknowledged egotists—is not yet extinct. There is a representative yet living who will not bring discredit upon his noble ancestry. It is fitting that we close our list with a modern official who has made use of this important little pronoun no less than fourscore times in a single paragraph of official matter, not to mention the tenor of all his speeches and the character of his entire public career. Who shall say this little word *I* is to be considered ignoble!

The Indians have a custom, it is said, of chanting amid the war dance the praises of their gods, and heroes both living and dead. The immortals, of course, give their responses spiritually, but when a living hero hears his own name sung in strains of highest praise, mortality overpowers him and he shouts aloud in an agony of joy. In civilizing this impressive little ceremony the programme has been modified; just at present the hero himself sings a solo and rejoices.

And now, after all this array of authority added to presumptive evidence, if any confess themselves skeptics and unbelievers in our divine doctrine, and sneeringly suggest that we have perverted the plain meaning of the authors we have quoted; that the passages in question are confessedly blemishes, glaring, acknowledged defects in the characters of these great men; we humbly beg leave to present to a candid judgment our final argument. It will be granted that a man can write best on that subject upon which he has pondered longest, weighed in all its bearings, viewed in every light; the subject upon which he has formed the most decided opinions—no matter whether just or not, that does not affect the case. We claim simply this: the more firmly fixed, deeply rooted they be, the more clearly, the more forcibly they can be presented.

It will be granted that any man can speak best when his thoughts come from his inmost soul; when they are his, his honest convictions; when he wishes to present that in which he is most deeply interested. It will be granted that there is no subject upon which any and every man has pondered longer; there is none about which prejudices are more deeply rooted, and opinions, whether erroneous or not, more firmly fixed; there is no theme more closely allied to the deepest passions of the soul; none in which one is more deeply interested, than self. Hence, a genius only displays his greatest power, an orator only reaches his highest flight of eloquence and a writer only shows

himself most worthy of immortality, when he worships the *ego*. This conclusion does not rest wholly upon the syllogism ; it is sustained by the examples of the past.

It is needless to call up the shade of Demosthenes and put the query, why he waxed more eloquent in defending himself from the aspersions of Æschines than ever he appeared in protecting the lives and liberties of the Athenians. It would be an idle task to trace the *ego* lurking in every great work, whether of dramatist, poet or novelist ; this is too patent a field of investigation. We wish to call attention to epistolary writing, and ask why it is that there is so much eloquence, pathos and sublimity found here in such a multitude of instances where the writer is unknown to fame. There are passages, we venture to assert, in certain letters written by persons who are considered by their friends as distressingly common-place and devoid of sensibility, which, if they could be brought to light would be found to contain scenes of pathos more touching, flights of enthusiasm more lofty, and deep passions more faithfully portrayed, than can be found in any of the works of a Scott or an Irving. What eloquence, what sentiment, what wealth of passion is daily tossed about carelessly in these insignificant brown wrappers. This is not merely the dream of a disordered fancy, it is a solemn truth. There are, on record, letters far exceeding what we have imagined. What must there be among those that accomplished their mission and were then given to the flames, lest they might be profaned by the curious, unsympathizing eye? As a single instance of what has been revealed, we refer to the correspondence of Vanessa and Dean Swift. She was a person unknown to fame, and one apparently not highly esteemed among her friends, for her literary attainments,—one who was brought to notice after her decease, only through the relations she sustained with her heartless admirer, himself a lion of the age. And yet she wrote letters such, that Lord Jeffrey has said of them, “they appear to us infinitely more touching and pathetic, in the truth and simplicity of the wretchedness they express, than all the eloquent despair of all the heroines of romance. No man, with a heart, we think, could receive such letters and live.”

How can such an anomaly in literature be accounted for other than upon the theory we are endeavoring to establish? A parallel case to this of private correspondence may be found in the proclamations the first Napoleon was accustomed to scatter along the track of his victo-

rious armies. These fiery meteors were but fragments of his own molten soul; he imprinted his own personality upon them; he coined them in his own heart's blood; and so must every one be proudly self-conscious and stamp his own individuality upon the tokens of his success.

If what we have said be true, we may now float peacefully down to the application. And here comes up a curious dilemma for some poor mortals who are impressed with a divine sense of their own election to immortality. Swift has well stated it in rhyme; he asks

"How shall a new attempter learn
Of different spirits to discern,
And how distinguish which is which,
The poet's vein or scribbling —?"

The hiatus may be filled with the more delicate phrase of Juvenal—"insanabile cacæthes scribendi." They cannot expect distinction without the Ego, and if they do assume it without a title of nobility, it is found to be a burden too heavy and they are ground to powder. It is what may be termed a distressingly ludicrous situation. But, if they are panting for a name in future ages, it behooves them to assume the honor, swagger loudly and leave it to posterity to decide whether it be an affected strut, or the natural grace of innate power and dignity. It is a kind of lottery to be sure, but there is no remedy: the Goddess of Fortune has ever been blindfolded, and there is no reason why at this late day the domestic economy of the gods should undergo a sea change to accommodate the nineteenth century, and arrangements be instituted for hereafter conferring favors on the meritorious.

The whole truth of the matter may be summed up in the following. When the mighty go to do battle with their enemies it is fitting that they encase their brawny sinews in full armor, and choose huge weapons, deadly in their own weight; it is only thus that they go fully equipped to victory; but when the weak and puny affect the great, and arrogate to themselves their station and labor, an ignominious fall is the result, and they are crushed with their own conceit.

The New Gymnasium.

That the Medical School, at Hanover, was established nearly seventy years since, but that it was left to the incoming of the present year to witness the completion of a College Gymnasium, are facts illustrative of the tardy recognition of the importance of physical culture in American educational institutions and of a lack of discrimination between remedying effects and eradicating causes. The student has hitherto been without appliances essential to the acquirement of sound and symmetrical bodily development, but the provision for the cure of the physical ills consequent upon its absence has been most ample.

The Greeks appear to have better understood the rightful relations of mental and bodily culture; the Academia and Lyceum combined the fullest means for both, and though Sparta erred in the exaction of excessive training, it may be questioned whether the considerations of the safety and good of the state did not make it the preferable extreme. The Romans copied Grecian systems but pursued them with reference to the purposes of war more than as a co-ordinate of mental development.

Of the more modern nations the Germans have been most emulous of physical vigor; previous to the "Thirty Years' War," gymnastic training was made incumbent by state regulation, and, though not until two centuries after its termination, yet with the return of German nationality came a renovation of old systems and a more perfect science. Basedow at Dessau, in 1776, restored the practice of uniting bodily exercise with instruction, its introduction and the formation of the present *turnverein* speedily followed, and the Prussian government gave the projected movement patronage. At the beginning of the present century there was founded, in Sweden, by Peter Ling, an institution for instruction in medical treatment by bodily movements; the enterprise attracted general favor and by royal ordinance was soon awarded the support of the state, and the art has become firmly established in the country and incorporated as an element in the education of the people. Branting, his pupil, and Dr. Schreber, of Leipsic, have raised gymnastics in Northern Europe to the importance of a medical science, and upwards of thirty institutions are based upon the system.

Not until 1826 was a gymnasium established in England and the adherence of the landed gentry to the primitive field-sports, the attachment of the common people to methods productive only of strength, and the preference at the English schools for heterogeneous out of door exercises will probably prevent the extensive adoption of the Continental system.

The first demand of a new country from its settlers is for constant and arduous manual labor, and it is not strange that the introduction into America of artificial appliances for bodily culture should have been regarded with disfavor. In the first narrative of Moore's Indian Charity School published at Hanover, after its removal from Lebanon, Conn., and incorporation with Dartmouth College, the Reverend Eleazer Wheelock, D. D., President of the College, inserts extracts from the rules recommended for the observance of the students, which to those who hold in grateful remembrance the concessions of holidays obtained for ball-play during the recent summer, seem amusingly at variance with the watchful interest and cheerful co-operation of the present Faculty in healthful diversions.

"Whereas, by the generous donations made to this school, of a fertile soil, convenient for improvement, whereby the channel of their diversions may be turned from that which is puerile, such as playing with balls, bowls and other ways of diversion, as have been necessarily gone into by students in other places for want of an opportunity to exercise themselves in that which is more useful and better calculated to answer all the great and good ends proposed, and many others which cannot be proposed in the aforesaid methods of diversion, it is therefore earnestly recommended to the students both in College and school;

* * * * *

2. That they turn the course of their diversions, and exercise for their health, to the practice of some manual wits, or cultivation of gardens and other lands at the proper hours of leisure and intermission from study, and vacancies in the college and school."

Alas, for the sage directions and utilitarian dreams of the founder! Christian whites rejoice in the innovations against which he warned heathen Indians; the rusty hoe and spade and the culture of "The President's Garden," "convenient for improvement," await the Agricultural College, and within view of the site of the defunct Charity School, sounds the rattling fall of ten-pins.

On assuming the Presidency of the College, Dr. Smith impressed

upon the Trustees the necessity for the erection of a Gymnasium, and in May, 1865, a circular making an appeal for the object was addressed to individuals, and several subscriptions varying in amount from \$500 to \$1000 were received. The original estimate for the cost of a building which should answer the objects in view did not exceed \$15,000, and upon the presentation by President Smith, of the matter to Mr. George H. Bissell, of New York City, after brief consideration he made a most generous offer to bear the entire expense of its erection and provision with apparatus, only making the single condition that the plans should be submitted to his inspection. After procuring plans, specifications and proposals, it was found that the cost of the construction of a building, which should fully accord with Mr. Bissell's taste, would not be less than \$24,000, and without a suggestion of reduced estimates, he immediately added \$9000 to his previous gift!

The following description of the edifice, in exact and technical form, has been kindly furnished by the architects, Messrs. Richards and Park, of Boston, whose designs have been carried out in a very thorough manner by the contractor, Mr. I. Bean:

"The building is 90 feet in length, by 45 feet in width in the central portion, with projections 24 feet 6 inches by one foot, on each corner, thus making the entire width 47 feet. The front has also a projection of 24 feet 6 inches by one foot, and in front of this a portico, 19 feet in length by 9 feet in width, surmounted by a balustrade. The height, from the top of the stone underpinning to the top of the cornice, is 35 feet. The roof rises from each side and end, hip in form, and terminates in a ridge in the centre of the width of the building. The front projection is finished with a pediment.

The building is subdivided within, into two stories, besides a cellar. The first, or entrance story, is two feet above the level of the ground, and eight inches above the portico floor, and is 13 feet in height to the top of the second story floor. The second story, is 21 feet in height to the under side of the tie beam of the roof trusses, and 36 feet in height to the apex of the roof, the roof framing showing in the room. The cellar story is $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet in clear height. The first story is approached by the portico; and in the convenient entrance hall, at the right, is a liberal staircase leading to the second story, and one to the cellar; on the left, a dressing room 10 feet by $15\frac{1}{2}$ feet. From this hall and from the dressing room communication is had with the main room, which is 43 feet in width by $76\frac{1}{2}$

feet in length, and in which there are six bowling alleys. The second story, approached by the hall, from the staircase, has a dressing room, 10 feet by $23\frac{1}{2}$ feet, over which, and over the entire hall, reached by the second flight of stairs, is an open gallery, having three steps or platforms, from which the entire main floor is overlooked. The remainder of this floor is the Gymnasium Hall, 43 feet in width by 87 feet in length, with a clear space in the centre, 43 feet by $76\frac{3}{4}$ feet, 36 feet in height, and no portion of any space less than 21 feet in clear height.

Each story is abundantly lighted by windows, especially designed and adapted to the purposes of the same. Those in the first story are 4 feet by 8 feet, and those in the second story, grouped, with smaller openings $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet by $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet, and larger ones semi-circular, 11 feet in diameter. The building is in the Italian style of architecture, having projections and panels on each side and end. The circular caps and proportions of the windows, grouped and spaced to break the main outline, the stone belts, sills, arch-caps, and key-stones, and the quoin finish of the brick projections, all proportioned to the spaces that they fill, the larger projections acting also as additional braces to the main wall, present to the eye lights and shades that give to the building relief and repose.

The exterior walls beneath the building are constructed of massive stone masonry, built solid in cement and lime mortar; and above the surface of the ground, to the top of the first story floor, they are faced with Concord granite, backed up with solid brick masonry, having suitable openings for light and air. Above this floor to the tie beams of the roof, and to the apex of the front pediment, the walls are constructed of brick, with additional brick projections having quoin finish in the first story, and with a dead air space between the inner and outer faces. The exterior finish of openings and the belt are also of Concord granite. The interior is finished with faced brickwork, tinted, great care having been exercised to present a wall as neat on the inside as on the outside. The entire construction is such that the whole is necessarily a firm, solid structure.

The floors are of wood, having two girders on each floor, extending from front to rear, supported by brick piers in the cellar and wood posts in the first story, with floor joists resting on them and on the brick walls, each bay thoroughly bridged, and the whole covered by two boardings on each floor. The alleys are of hard wood, planed on each side, and the boards set edgewise. The roof is covered on the boarding with tarred paper, and on the same with the best of Vermont slates."

There is a seeming fitness in here repeating with justifiable pride the instructive record of the enterprise, so unparalleled in the magnitude of its developments and inestimable in its influences upon trade, capital, and national wealth, by which this munificence has been rendered possible, and whose history must be incorporated permanently in that of the country. But beyond mere pride, that Mr. Bissell's discovery should have reflected a portion of its honor upon his Alma Mater is a profound gratitude that he should have shared so generously with her the substantial fruits of his success. The following extract is from "The History of the Oil Region," of Venango County, Penn., by Rev. S. J. M. Eaton: "In 1853 a new feature was developed in the business, which gradually ripened into the present system of operations. It had its origin with George H. Bissell, Esq., a gentleman of great intelligence and worth, and a graduate of Dartmouth College, N. H. From Mr. Bissell's interest and enterprise in the matter he is justly considered to be the pioneer in the petroleum business. The inception of his interest seems to have been in this wise: being shown a small vial of crude rock oil from Oil Creek, gathered on the lands of Dr. Brewer, then of Titusville, he became greatly interested in the matter, and learning all he could of its locality and appearance, sent a young man to Oil Creek to make an investigation. The report being favorable, Mr. Bissell determined to examine the subject more fully."

In 1854, Mr. Bissell was joined by a partner, and a purchase of the territory embracing the principal oil springs was made for the sum of five thousand dollars, and a lease for ninety-nine years of additional land in the county was obtained. The result of an analysis of specimens of oil, encouraged confidence in its commercial value, and a joint-stock company was organized in New York for the prosecution of methods for its development. A portion of the directors did not enter into the plan of boring an artesian well, but the remainder with sanguine hopefulness leased the Company's property, and operations were soon commenced and carried forward until the presence of oil became evident, and the well by pumping gave a most remunerative yield. With the allusions to early circumstances, in the letter to the President, making a formal offer to build the Gymnasium, there is a touching expressiveness of constant and affectionate regard for the prosperity of the College; he says "In thus acceding to your wishes, my dear Sir, I can but recall that day, now twenty years since, when leaving Dartmouth alone, unaided I felt that

"Tentanda via est, qua me quoque possim

Tollere humo."

It affords me unqualified pleasure now, to be enabled to gratify a wish then cherished, to aid, in some degree my Alma Mater, and in that manner which you assure me is most effectual."

An impulse was given to gymnastics in the United States by German immigration and the establishment here of *turnvereins*. There have been introduced, and are in practice, the old system with heavy weights and cumbrous furniture, the newer one with wooden dumbbells, clubs, rings, and wands, advocated in Europe by Kloss and Schreber, and amended here by Dr Lewis, and more recently the Swedish remedial treatment by bodily movements, independent of all apparatus. The portability of the little apparatus requisite, and its adaptation to a more general culture, have popularized the lighter system, but testimony is to the attainment of the best results in permanent gymnasia, by uniting with it the older method and military drill for the culture of uprightness and firmness of posture.

Theories elsewhere satisfactory in practical results are numerous; the recognition of the full influence of physical causes upon intellectual and moral life alone is necessary; and, to this country, gymnastics and field-sports, widely diffused in practice, will give sure promise of a more perfect civilization, and a more healthful and vigorous national vitality; to our educational interest, of a power to make available, to the utmost, mental acquirement; and to the student, of a glad day when he shall no longer figure in conventional literature and stage representation, pale and spectral as Banquo's ghost,

"Pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery."

BÖRES.

The humorous and apt Charles Lamb, in one of his inimitable essays, says that mankind may be divided into two great classes—the borrowers and the lenders. But Mr. Lamb has been dead some years, ("tibi sit terra levis") and that modest and stereotyped individual, "the onward march of civilization," has brought with him, like a generous grand-father whose capacious pockets, to the dismay of cautious mothers, are stuffed with all sorts of plums and sweatmeats, so many

vices and follies, that it has become necessary to enlarge the division of the sagacious "Elia," and take in another irrepressible class—the *bores*. Then we have the borrowers, the lenders, and the *bores*.

If any one is conscious of belonging to this latter class, let him begin to tremble in his boots, for him we are about to offend. And yet, let us premise that not for any consideration would we be guilty of the slightest personality. If the jacket we are about to make happens to fit any one, let him show more respect to the shades of Hamilton and Whately, than from such false premises to jump at once, rashly and illogically, to the conclusion that it was made expressly for him. For it is only a few weeks since a friend of ours bought a pair of boots which fitted him very nicely indeed, although he had the most positive proof that Monsieur Bergeron made them for an entirely different man.

Every community and every neighborhood is afflicted with more or less of that direful calamity—*bores*. Every little country store has its specimen, its inevitable hanger-on, who is the first to take possession in the morning and the last to depart at night. He is ever wearying his neighbors with some long drawn story, of which he is "facile princeps," and concerning the point of which, every one, like Lord Nelson at Trafalgar, is ready to exclaim—"I can't see it." He is always running behind the counter to get a handful of raisins, or a pipeful of tobacco, or a few nuts, or some matches; and then comes back again with as much *sang-froid* as if he were proprietor-in-chief. Such individuals, however finely dressed, or whatever merits they may have in other directions, are *bores*.

But we wish to speak chiefly of that peculiar specimen of the biped found among students, medical as well as academic. Each class, as a general thing, has from two to six providential visitations of this kind. Slightly altering the words of the poet, we would say, "Happy the class, 'mid all the good and ill which chequer life, that's free from bores."

It is very difficult to point out all the characteristics of this type of the genus homo. But he may be quite readily discovered by some of the following traits: First by his silliness. He is immensely tickled at his own jokes, usually, and the only one that laughs. He is always hunching you with his elbow or finger, and te-hee-ing around you. If he can succeed in pinning a rag or piece of paper to your back, during recitation, without the notice of the Professor, he esteems it a masterly piece of strategy, and his face is lighted up with a gleam of

satisfaction as bright as if he had won the "battle of the Pyramids" against the Mameluke horsemen. His conversation never gets above the weather, village gossip, or some thrilling scenes of his native town, "*quorum pars magna fui.*"

His second trait is affectation. This is manifested in his walk, his manner, and his "style of delivery." You will see him come into church, or chapel, with that swinging, mincing gait, so characteristic of certain "daughters of Zion," to whom the prophet pays his respect in no measured terms. On the streets, from his self-important step and air, you would think he had a mortgage on the entire town, and expected such a poor, little grub of humanity as yourself, to be very grateful for the small corner of dirt you occupy in his stupendous potato-patch. And when he speaks, ah me! you would think the Attic bees were about to swarm. He is *so* nice, *so* fastidious, *so* disagreeably polite. His bow is formality personified, indeed formality might be named as a third trait.

But the bore of bores, he who out-Herods all the rest, is the one who just steps into your room a moment—can't stop, and then stays, and stays, and stays, until you're tempted to say with Burns,—

"—— the deil's in Hell
Or Dublin City,
That e'er he nearer comes oursel
S a muckle pity."

You're busy writing, perhaps, and have got an essay or an oration half completed. The mood you have been waiting for so long is upon you at last. The thoughts leap from your pen in serried ranks. The stags have come down from the mountains, and the icy fetters are fast melting from their stiffened limbs. You've got a letter almost written. The mail goes in an hour. Time enough. You're entranced by the magic page of Scott, Prescott, Milton or De Quincey. Oh, it is glorious on these winter days, to tip back in your chair, with your feet at the appropriate angle on the corner of the table, the cheerful music of a roaring fire keeping time to the majestic periods which hold you riveted, the sunshine pouring through the elms or maples in subdued and mellow radiance on the carpet, and thus to fill the enchanted mind and heart with the beauty and glory of "the great dead and their great thoughts." But hark! some one wraps. You say—"come"—when, "*horrendum dictu*," who makes his appearance, but one whose shadow in your door, is the melancholy, positive prelude to a *two hours*

visit. He sees you with book in hand or pen. You ask him to be seated. "No, I won't sit down. You're busy. Don't stop for me." By this time he has worked his way to your easy chair. You still sit pen in hand, indicating by your very restlessness, that time is precious, but, alas! he has sat down. "*Farewell*, a long farewell" to the next two hours. For fear of being misunderstood, we declare that few things give us more satisfaction than the unceremonious, social visits of class-mates and friends. We like to sit down and talk over old times, exchange thoughts on books, men and things, with those who have read, thought, or traveled. But look at our friend in the easy chair. He's gazing blank at the ceiling. He can't talk with you about *books*, for he never read anything except the "Ledger," or perhaps Robinson Crusoe, and one or two of "Beadle's" *classical* stories. His knowledge of men is such that he will very likely ask you if Doctor Johnson was not "Andy's" father, or if there was not once a fellow in England by the name of *Coalbridge*, (meaning Coleridge,) who used to write verses; or if you do not think that Edmund Burke was a pretty smart man, considering the age in which he lived!

He can talk of nothing except floating rumors in the village, his last flirtation, or of "our place there at home." But these topics have at length, all been canvassed. You wrack your brains to sustain conversation on any profitable subject. For the fourth time you look at your watch. 'Tis already too late to mail that letter. Let it slide. You'll have time to read the rest of Macaulay's masterly essay on Warren Hastings, or finish that matchless chapter of "The Decline and Fall," or the rest of that enchanting minor poem of the great epic bard, whose closing lines are—

"Or if virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her."

Your watch is looked at for the fifth time. Gracious heavens! An hour and a half gone! and your friend still sits in the easy chair, perfectly unconcerned. "By the dog," you mutter inwardly, driven at last to profanity, will he never go? Can't he see your look of savage anxiety? Is there not some way of springing a mine under him, like Burnside at Petersburg,—and blowing him through the door? At last, thank the Fates! he slowly rises from his chair, yawns, and says he must be going. You reply—"Don't hurry"—meaning of course, "*don't hurry in again soon.*" So two precious mortal hours are literally and irrevocably lost—blotted forever into blank noth-

ingness. Your temper is also lost. Your letter is still unfinished. Your oration stares up at you imploringly from the middle of a broken period. The essay on Warren Hastings is unread, and your ear aches with longing for the sweet melody of "Comus"—all in consequence of being acquainted with that interminable *bore*, who has pilfered from you, two priceless hours without giving the least thing, not even a quotation, in return. O, ye bores! when will ye learn wisdom? When will ye open your eyes and see that no one, who is not himself a miserable trifler, can afford to receive a visit from you exceeding *ten* minutes in length? If you would make such visits, you might be more regarded; your shadow in one's door would cease to be more terrifying than "death on the pale horse;" you would save your own heads from a fearful cloud of curses, and might at length become a useful member of college society. Ponder well these sayings.

We shall hold in highest admiration the memory of that student, who duly appreciating the annoyance we have described, had the ingenuity to invent, and the courage to execute, the following plan to rid himself of one of these everlasting sitters. He would step quietly to his book-case and take down the very driest book on metaphysics or abstract mathematics, expatiate to his visitor on the rare beauty of the style, and ask the privilege of reading aloud a couple of pages! Now it happens that one of these *bores* likes almost anything better than metaphysics, or mathematics. Consequently, after listening to the first page, he would become extremely fidgety, begin to cast malicious glances towards his hat, and before the middle of the second page would be reached, he would be suddenly reminded of an "engagement" at that precise time, and ask to be excused, saying that he *must* go—leaving our sagacious brother laughing with most triumphant glee, in his sleeve. We have always thought more of Saxe since he wrote that sarcastic little poem entitled "My Familiar"—in which he says:

"Whene'er he comes—that dreadful man—

Disguise it as I may,

I know that like an autumn rain,

He'll last throughout the day."

"I never tremble when I meet

The stoutest of my foes,

But Heaven preserve me from the friend

Who comes but never goes."

Bear it in mind, oh, ye who have acquired that fatal habit, and you will yet thank us heartily, for telling you how you may become respected by your acquaintances.

What is a College?

No. 1.

Yes, what is a college? Defective, or contracted views, on this subject, are a serious impediment to success. What think you of the architect who should begin to build, like the artificer in Horace,

"Incertus scamnum faceretne Priapum ;"

with no definite plan, no fixed object ; hewing and sawing, planing and nailing, ignorant whether his work would prove a castle, a cottage, or a cow-house ? And yet how vague, and how various, are the popular answers to the question, *what constitutes a college ?*

A pile of brick and mortar thrown into a particular form, seems to some the chief element, so difficult do they find it to form abstract notions, that, as Martinus Scriblerus found his idea of a Lord Mayor disturbed by the fur gown and gold chain of that dignitary, and even by the horse that he rode, so they can form no conception of a college, not embodied in these architectural externals. Others, again, are like Crambo, who, "to show himself a more penetrating genius, swore that he could form a conception of a Lord Mayor, not only without his horse, gown, and gold chain, but even without stature, features, color, hands, head, feet or body ;" which he supposed was the abstract of a Lord Mayor. Our census-makers, for example, regard a name and a charter as sufficient evidence of collegiate existence. Hence, while the American Almanac reckons but *one hundred and twenty* colleges and universities in the United States, the last census reports the single State of Indiana as blessed with *seventy-three* of these valuable abstractions ! Many consider the essential feature of a college to be a respectable collection of men and boys, engaged in some sort of study and instruction. If the pupils are counted by hundreds, distributed into a *quantum sufficit* of departments, including an infant school, a district school, an English academy, a scientific school, and a small sprinkling of undergrates, the thing is dubbed—a *University* !

The practical result of these, and similar, erroneous views, in degrading the schools and scholarship of our land, must be obvious to the least observing. When debased coin passes at par, genuine gold is driven out of circulation. Where Pharisaic pretension is popular, true religion retires to the caves and dens of the earth. Where the scarlet-robed courtesan flaunts along the side-walk at noon-day, modest

virtue hides herself at home. Where Ignorance and Impudence sit with the elders in the gate, sound learning weeps in secret places. When boards of trustees, parents, and the public, mistake mediocrity for merit, muddy-headedness for profundity, glitter for gold, volubility for eloquence, showy pedantry for sound scholarship, borrowed plumage for native ornament, flowers for food, and pretentious sciolism for extensive erudition; what wonder that patient drilling, rigid discipline, truly thorough and liberal education, and genuine scholarship, are at a discount! that learning languishes; that wisdom cries vainly at the gate; that colleges spring up, plentiful as mushrooms, transient and fruitless as the gourd of Jonah. Who will toil, with weary and painful steps, up the high hill of science, when for a few coppers, he may enjoy the fair prospect from its summit, by an ascent in a collegiate balloon sufficiently inflated with gas?

I like not to speak sarcastically; much less bitterly, but there is a truth here which demands our serious consideration. When Praxiteles would undertake the Cnidian Venus; Mnesicles, the Propylæa at Athens; Phidias, the Minerva Promachus; when Ictinus and Callictratus would build the Parthenon; or Raphael and Michael Angelo, the church of St. Peter; these immortal artists must form a vivid and complete conception of the work they proposed to execute, before they struck the marble with a chisel, or laid one stone upon another. And though the rule may not apply in all its strictness to that which is the work, not of a single mind, nor of an ordinary life-time, but of united intellect and effort through successive generations, capable of, and demanding continual modification and amendment, yet surely nothing excellent can be accomplished where there is not present to the mind a distinct object, a well-defined and lofty aim, a beau-ideal.

ARNOLPHUS.

Editorial Notes.

When the renowned Sam. Patch, of tragic memory, was asked why he still persisted in jumping over Niagara Falls, thus imperiling his life, his sage and heroic reply was—"To show the world that some things can be done as well as others." It is not merely to show that Dartmouth "can do some things as well as others," that with the opening of 1867, we send forth our college magazine; but because such a publication seems to be a vital necessity. We want some medium of communication with the Alumni besides the public dinner once a year. There is need of some more direct connection with the outside world—something to stir up the Trustees, the people of New Hampshire, and the friends of the College generally, to a more lively sense of their great sin of omission, and induce them to "bring forth fruits meet for repentance."

We hope to make the magazine, in some good measure, the organ of Dartmouth—connected with no clique nor sect, but speaking with untrammelled tongue upon all matters which come under its jurisdiction as a college magazine. Whatever we notice in our own or sister institutions, whatever customs that demand reform or abrogation, however snugly ensconced behind the venerable moss of age, we expect to criticise with free, unsparing hand, and invite our neighbors to give us the same in return.

If the magazine is conducted as we expect to see it, not only will the standard of good writing be elevated in Dartmouth, the distended bubble of unmerited reputation pricked, the advantages of high scholarship maintained, and drones goaded to the alternative of an immediate choice between manly activity with its concomitant honors, or an increased lethargy with its ever-widening disgrace, but the world at large will learn that Dartmouth is still worthy of unfeigned confidence, and maintains, even to its century-crowned life, its pristine vigor and its ancient high renown.

We propose to make the magazine, in part, a monthly record, not only of all local matters of interest, connected with our college community, but also of all items of general interest pertaining to the Alumni. Therefore we wish all graduates and their friends to be prompt and faithful in forwarding to us, (or to the agents we hope to have in the principal cities, and whose names we will announce hereafter,) at the beginning, or by the middle of each month, all marriages and deaths among the Alumni; all changes in business, and promotions to civil, military and ecclesiastical position; all new authors, with the titles of their publications, and travelers to foreign lands; in short, all incidents of whatever nature that would be interesting to the classmates of any alumnus.

In this way, we will have an interesting family record, and one which will bind more closely to the fond old mother, the scattered members of her large and ever-increasing household. Our pages will be open to all alumni, undergraduates and friends of the College, and we earnestly solicit their contributions.

The Spring Term, under the new *regime*, has opened very auspiciously. Though "business," "sickness," and "the storm," detained some till near the close of the second week, and several others will be engaged for some weeks yet, in demonstrating to the world that "the schoolmaster is abroad," still, the number of those who, each morning, with distended nostril, clenched teeth, and coat-tail "gallantly streaming," may be seen flying round the corner of "The Dartmouth Hotel," and streaking it across the Common, ambitious of a reputation for punctuality at Chapel Service, is by no means small or contemptible. It is more than double the former winter attendance.

This process may be conducive to moral and physical growth and maturity. Indeed, a friend of ours, who is withal quite a philosopher, remarked a few days since, that he considered this running to prayers in the morning, at one's highest speed, a wise movement, inasmuch as it tends to develope a powerful muscle in the legs; and muscle according to Dio Lewis, "hath its victories no less than" brains. But we must demur against the notion that it is an auxiliary to digestion.

While we have the kindest regard for our "Professor of dust and ashes," and consider him a most faithful friend to the students, we must be allowed to suggest that it might be well for him to "look up" a little in numeration, as laid down by Greenleaf; for we have quite a vivid impression that on one or two mornings he left out some very important steps in the process of counting a hundred. We pardon him, for we suppose the bell rope must have been very cold, but hope he will hereafter emulate the noble example of our present worthy official, a man of broad, generous sympathy and wise appreciation of circumstances, who will occasionally give an extra stroke or two, rather than compel a poor victim to break off in the middle of his doughnut, snatch his hat, jerk on his overcoat, and run for dear life, to find himself, at last, standing exhausted on the chapel steps, at the precise time, when, according to our good President, it availeth not to enter.

We are, indeed, glad to see so many genial faces at this somewhat gloomy season—"when Januar' winds are blowing cauld;" and we would suppose few things more welcome to Hanoverians than the "long roll" of the College bell announcing that the six weeks vacation is ended. Although in a place so large as Hanover, where literature and the sweet offices of a pleasant social economy beguile the passing hours, and where prattling gossip is never condescended to, nor depended upon, to add charm and interest to life, the mere presence or absence of a few students may be a matter of less moment than one might at first suppose.

THE COLLEGE CHURCH. In summer's heat and winter's cold, have we experienced the cushionless hospitality of our College Church. With a hat or a purloined hymn-book, under its galleries we have fanned ourselves through commencement eloquence, missionary appeals, brass-band concerts, and sabbath services, and received lasting impressions alike from burning words of its pulpit, and chilling draughts of its opening doors. Long asso-

ciation with the unchanging objects it contains has endeared them to us, even to the dreary lengths of rusty stove-pipes, staggering through wires pendant from the gallery, whose foul intent of dripping juice of soot tin-pans defeat—until with drooling expectorations down the wall they gain the mottled chimneys. From the very discolorations which rain and smoke have impressed on wall and chimney, our fancy has often taken shape of human heads or geographical maps, and we have often wondered whether the presence of the spiders, who spin athwart its corners, is the result of pure contingency in spider-life, or of instinct or consciousness of immunity here from disturbance. Did the first spider inhabitant deduce conclusions from observations of its congregation that here carpenter's hammer, nor painter's brush, nor glazier's chisel, nor vandal broom, should ever break his dusty web? That here at least was an abiding Arcadia for spiderdom? The wisdom, not the reasons of his bugship's choice, alone is apparent. Its aboriginal simplicity of style, its peculiar construction with eminently successful reference to discomfort, its rattling windows and clanking door-latches bid fair to descend unimpaired to a remote posterity. The absence of water-power, and its distance from commercial marts, preclude the idea of its appropriate conversion to a cotton-factory, and it saddens us to reflect that the grease spots upon the gallery-posts, whose inception is cœval with the church-dedication, and to whose enlargement drowsing heads of many generations have contributed, will be growing larger and larger, darker and darker, long after we are laid under the green-sward.

We sincerely hope that Prof. Brown, after closely examining the comparative inducements offered by Hamilton and Dartmouth, will find a large balance in favor of the latter. We can ill afford to lose a man of his experience, reputation and ripe scholarship. We hope the time is near, when Dartmouth will be able to sustain her Professors in a manner more worthy of their eminent ability. Let the Trustees and Alumni see to it that hereafter it shall not be from lack of adequate and generous support, that those we most need shall feel constrained to leave us and join their fortunes with colleges inferior in reputation and influence, but richer in worldly pelf. The want of this "adequate support" had something to do, we suspect, with the resignation of Professor Aiken. We are, indeed, remarkably fortunate, in his successor. Not only the respect, but the good will and confidence of the students have been already won by the refined and gentle manners—the dignified, yet pleasant and social bearing. But we cannot expect to be always thus favored. Indeed, we are somewhat doubtful for the future, when we consider the peculiarly good fortune which attended the selection of our last two Professors; doubtful, lest fortune may change ere the next vacancy be filled.

We are requested to return thanks in behalf of the committee who have charge of the publication and circulation of "The Dartmouth," to Mr. H.

C. Cummings, class of '62, now in the Treas. Dep. at Washington, for his prompt response to our Prospectus, and welcome words of advice and encouragement at a time when the success of our enterprise was exceedingly problematical. Some fellow students, to whom we read his letter declared him a "white man." Doubtless this was true; but more, he is a whole man, and we shall drink his health as soon as circumstances will permit.

We are very glad to announce that Rev. J. Q. Bittinger, of St. Albans, Vt., class of '57—a contributor to the North American, also to the Presbyterian and Theological Review, will be an occasional contributor to our columns hereafter, and is expected to have an article in the February number.

It gives us pleasure to acknowledge that Edward A. Kelley, a member of the class of '66, of the firm "Bates & Kelley," 41, Brattle St., Boston, was the first Alumnus who returned his subscription in reply to our Prospectus. Success to him.

Will the "Collegian" and "Advocate" please accept our thanks for the regular reception of their issues. While our fund of soft soap is very small—and we shall always prefer wholesome criticism to undiscerning praise, still we are free to say that we are pleased with the appearance of these two sheets. We hope to exchange with college magazines and papers generally.

Memoranda Alumnorum.

Under the above heading we propose inserting from number to number, as complete a record of items of general or personal interest, concerning graduates of the College, as we may be able to compile from the communications of correspondents and the public prints. From all sources we invite contributions of such information as may be of value to any who have been, or are, connected with the Institution.

Mr. George S. Hutchins, class of '63, recently sailed for Cuba, on account of ill health.

Messrs. Arthur G. Holmes, class of '35, John W. Jones, class of '41, and Tutor George S. Morris, class of '61, are traveling in Europe.

Prof. E. R. Peaslee, M. D., LL. D., has returned from Europe with his family.

Mr. Wm. E. Fuller, class of '56, was recently elected School Commissioner of Taunton, Mass.

Mr. Horace Russell, class of '65, has been admitted to the bar, at Ogdensburg, N. Y.

Mr. D. R. Nutter, class of '65, has received an appointment in the N. Y. Custom House.

Mr. G. R. S. Hubbard, class of '62, (son of Prof. O. P. Hubbard,) is studying law at the Columbia Law School.

Mr. S. S. Sanborn, class of '63, has returned from California to Boston; and Mr. Alfred K. Hamilton, of the same class, was recently married.

Hon. Benjamin H. Steele, class of '57, is one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Vermont.

Prof. Samuel G. Brown, D. D., of this College, biographer of Rufus Choate, has been elected President of Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y.

Prof. E. R. Ruggles, class of '59, has edited "*Zriny*," a German play, with notes.

Mr. F. P. Goulding, class of '63, graduate of Harvard Law School, has commenced the practice of law in Worcester, Mass.

Rev. A. H. Quint, class of '46, late Chaplain of the 2d Mass. Infantry, received the degree of D. D., from the College at last Commencement.

Mr. David G. Rollins, class of '60, has removed to N. Y. City, where he is in the U. S. District Attorney's Office.

Mr. Earl W. Westgate, class of '60, has removed from Bradford, Vt., and taken charge of New Ipswich Academy, N. H.

Rev. E. B. Foster, D. D., class of '37, has removed from West Springfield, to Lowell, Mass., to resume charge of his former congregation.

Mr. Richard Kimball, class of '65, son of Richard B. Kimball, Esq., class of '34, has been admitted to the New York Bar.

At the recent re-union of N. H. officers, B'vt.-Maj.-Gen. Samuel H. Duncan, and Gen. Judson Patterson, class of '60; Col. W. G. Veazey, class of '59; Major A. B. Thompson, class of '58; Lieut. George A. Marsden, class of '61, and Hon. George G. Fogg, U. S. Senator and late minister to Switzerland—class of '39, were present.

At the Republican Caucus of the Maine Legislature, Jan. 3, Gen. G. F. Shepley, class of '57—late Military Governor of Louisiana, was a candidate for the Attorney Generalship of the State.

Mr. H. S. Morrill, class of '60, has been appointed City Solicitor of Cincinnati, O., to succeed Gen. Edward F. Noyes, class of '57, who was recently elected Judge of Probate, one of the most lucrative offices in the State. Gen. Noyes lost his right foot while leading the 39th Ohio Infantry in one of the battles of Tennessee.

Isaac F. Redfield, LL. D. class of '25, late Chief Justice, Supreme Court of Vermont, has been appointed commissioner to defend the interests of the United States in a claim to \$20,000,000 of rebel property held in Europe at the close of the war. Lieut.-Col. George H. Chandler, class of '60, has been appointed his Secretary, and they were to sail for Europe on the 16th ult.

Mr. Alphonso Wood, class of '34, of Freehold, N. J., delivered a lecture of much merit before the L. I. Historical Society, at its last meeting, upon

the subject of "The mountains of California and Oregon." In August last with Rev. G. H. Atkinson, class of '43, he ascended Mt. Hood, Oregon, the highest point of land in the United States; and they were the first, so far as known, who ever reached its summit.

John W. Hayes, L. L. B., of Chicago, Ill., class of '60, was married Dec. 25, 1866, to Miss Fanny H. Cole, daughter of Hon. John A. Cole, of Albany, N. Y. Same date, Mr. George W. Merrill, of New York City, class of '62, to Miss Olive J. Caldwell, Dunbarton, N. H.—sister of the late Capt. Henry J. Caldwell, class of '61. Dec. 26, 1866, Edward Savage, L. L. B., of Albany, N. Y., class of '60, to Miss Sarah Smith of that city.

The names of the following graduates of Dartmouth College who are holding prominent political and judicial positions suggest themselves to us:

Hon. Thaddeus Stevens, class of 1814, M. C. from Penn.

" Ira Perley,	" 1822, Chief Justice Supreme Court, N. H.
" S. P. Chase,	" 1826, Chief Justice Supreme Court, U. S.
" Daniel Clark,	" 1834, Ex-Sen., N. H., U. S. Dist. Judge N. H.
" John Wentworth,	" 1836, (Long John,) M. C. from Illinois.
" J. W. Grimes,	" 1836, U. S. Senator, from Iowa.
" S. B. Colby,	" 1836, Register of Treasury, U. S.
" Gilman Marston,	" 1837, M. C. from N. H.
" Geo. G. Fogg,	" 1839, U. S. Senator from N. H.
" Benj. F. Whidden,	" 1840, U. S. Minister to Hayti.
" J. W. Patterson,	" 1848, Ex.-Prof. Dartmouth, U. S. Sen. N. H.
" E. A. Rollins,	" 1851, Commissioner of Internal Revenue.

We are greatly indebted to the kindness of Rev. Dr. G. T. Chapman, of Newburyport, Mass., class of 1804, for the following list of deaths which have occurred since the publication of the last tri-ennial in 1864, together with a few which took place previously:

Class, 1791, Serenus Smith, March 31, 1865, Æ 90, at Manchester, Vt.

1792, Rev. Joseph Field, June 14, 1866, 94, Charlemont, Mass.

1796, Richard Burroughs, Sept. 21, 1865, 89, Greenfield, Ill.

1796, Hon. Barrett Potter, Nov. 16, 1865, 88, Portland, Me.

1801, Nathaniel Shattuck, Sept. 1, 1864, 90, Concord, Mass.

1803, Dr. Reuben Dimond Mussey, June 21, 1866, 86, Boston, Mass.

1804, Rev. Dr. David Thurston, May 7, 1865, 86, Litchfield, Me.

1806, Hon. Matthew Harvey, April 7, 1866, 84, Concord, N. H.

1806, John Potter, May 11, 1865, 78, Augusta, Me.

1808, Stephen Emery, —, 1864, 77, Orange, Mass.

1808, Dr. Royal Augustus Merriam, Nov. 13, 1864, 78, Topsfield, Mass.

1808, Amos Spaulding, Nov. 6, 1865, 76, Carlisle, Mass.

1809, Gen. Stephen Harriman Long, Sept. 4, 1864, 79, Alton, Ill.

1809, Hon. Rufus McIntire, April 28, 1866, 81, Parsonsfield, Me.

1809, George Talcott Wright, July 17, 1859, 64, Rexford Falls, N. Y.

1810, Hon. Seth Cogswell Baldwin, Feb. 26, 1848, 55, Glen's Falls, N. Y.

[The remainder in the next number.]

Camp Geo. S. Edgell

THE DARTMOUTH.

VOL. I.

FEBRUARY, 1867.

No. II.

EDITORS.—SPRING TERM, 1867.

ROBERT G. McNIECE,

JOHN N. IRWIN,

CHARLES H. MERRILL.

What is a College?

No. 2.

What, then, constitutes a college? How shall we attain a just, a worthy, a noble estimate, of that which we have undertaken to delineate? I would rather *hear* the answer from older and wiser men: but the question must be answered.

A college is an institution founded for the highest practicable culture of *man*, during a given term; for the development of his physical, mental, and moral nature; for the evolution of faculty, the cultivation of manners, the formation of habit, the communication of knowledge, during the period of youth which immediately precedes one's introduction to purely professional study. Add the methods and instruments of professional training, and you convert your college into a university. A college is not a place for the education of children and lads; is not intended for elementary instruction, English or Classical. Nature herself distributes the great business of education into five distinctly marked portions; distinguished, indeed, not so much by the particular years of life, as by the methods and subjects of instruction appropriate to particular conditions and capacities.

First comes the period of infancy and childhood; when, incapable of protracted effort, or continuous attention to anything, with a mind stimulated by curiosity, awake to the reception of truth adapted to its calibre; yet restless as the sea, changeful as the clouds, flitting

like the humming-bird from flower to flower, ever on the wing, gay, giddy, volatile, indisposed to self-application; the little prattler is dependent for his acquisitions upon constant, oft-repeated, oral instruction. He belongs to the infant school, the primary department.

Next follows the period of boyhood; when a knowledge of his mother-tongue, which he has learned to speak, to read and write, has furnished the lad a clue by which he may thread the labyrinth of learning,—a key with which he may unlock the treasury of wisdom: yet, utterly unaware of the value of those hid treasures; unschooled by the toils and cares of life to any apprehension of its significance; devoid of studious habits; destitute of self-control, and the power of patient investigation; a grasshopper rather than an ant, a butterfly and not a bee; loving to sip the dew, to bask in the sunshine, to chirp and to carol, rather than with provident wisdom to lay up for the future; choosing, like the wild ass, the range of the mountains for his pasture; the lad must pursue his studies under the watchful eye, the steady hand, the commanding presence of his teacher. He can learn from the book, as well as from the lip; but he cannot be trusted with his task alone. Even his hours of recreation, his nights no less than his days, demand a vigilant, a sleepless superintendence. The frisky colt must be made bridle-wise; must be subjected to a manage that shall one day immortalize Bucephalus as a war-horse. The lad belongs to the district school, the academy, the gymnasium.

Advance another stage, and you enter the domain of *the collegian*. The oral instruction, the school-boy tasks, the exact discipline, the watchful oversight, the wholesome restraint, the gentle allurements, the stern severities of his previous training, begin to manifest their results in the formation of character. Looking onward, now, and upward, the *young man* has learned

“To spurn delights, and live laborious days.”

He has acquired some relish for the pleasures of wisdom; its grateful odors, its delicious flavors, its refreshing draughts, provoke an intellectual appetite. He begins to appreciate the noble encomiums of Milton,—

“How charming is divine Philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo’s lute;
’Tis a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.”

Opening his eyes upon the import, the earnestness, of life's great struggle ; its splendid prizes kindle young ambition ; its trumpet-summons thrills his sensitive spirit ; the voices of honor, of patriotism, of humanity, fall upon a quick tympanum, and many a chord within sounds responsive to the call. He gazes upon the grand melee of social, political and religious contests, chafing his bit like a fiery steed, and snuffing the battle from afar. With an understanding rapidly unfolding, a daily ripening judgment, a conscience enlightened to the claims of duty, with desires and passions stimulating to unwearied effort ; with some habits of application, and some practice of hourly self-control, self-denial ; the young collegian needs only help in difficulties, direction in his general course of study, a master-hand to open occasional vistas amid the mysteries of science, or to unravel the tangled maze of a complicated philosophy.

The university man, in the fourth stage, is distinguished from the collegian by the object, the scope and the method of his studies. He seeks, not so much mental discipline, as mental furniture ; not so much to lay the broad foundations of knowledge, as to build upon those foundations a special superstructure ; he affects not so much a particular set of text-books, as the broad range of libraries, and the protections of the learned professor.

Last of all comes the scholar in the great university of Kosmos, the life-student ; the self-taught, self-guided, self-governed worker in the school of human progress ; the self-appointed fossor in the quarries of truth, the explorer of a scientific *terra incognita*, the Columbus of undiscovered continents in the vast ocean of the unknown.

Such are the grand departments in the school of nature. Thé infant ascends the hill of science, only as he is carried in the arms of nurse, parent, or pedagogue. The lad, an eye-servant, crawls up, creeps up, runs, leaps, or stands still, as the look, the voice, the rod, of the teacher, or as the whim of the moment, may ordain. The collegian, scenting the sweet breezes from the heights of Parnassus, and beginning to inhale its inspiring mountain-air, voluntarily, cheerily presses forward ; yet wanting, here a caution against some perilous precipice, or enticing by-path ; there a hand outstretched to stay the steps that totter on some steep ascent, or crumbling verge. The university-man, the life-student, have attained the height which caught their earlier gaze ; but its summit reveals Alps on Alps beyond, for the conquest of which, strengthened by past labors, they gird themselves, in quest of new adventures.

The college, then, is not, as is too often supposed, a place for babes and sucklings and heedless lads. Its course of study, its modes of instruction, its system of discipline, its methods of administration, are no more adapted to these, than to the man of busy mid-age, the ripe scholar, or the venerable octogenarian.

ARNOLPHUS.

Female Suffrage.

There is a legend told in musty classics that the ancient Greeks once became dissatisfied with the appearance and manners of their women, and sought other shrines, to which they could, with self-respect, pay the adoration generally accorded to the weaker half of humanity. A sculptor, divinely gifted, had chiseled, from cold marble, a statue, which in face and form held all the attributes of what was considered, by the Greeks, perfect beauty. The sculptor became so enamored of his own production that he prayed to Zeus to endow it with life, avowing at the same time that he could find happiness with none but this woman hewn from stone. Being a favorite, his request was granted by the Olympian God, and this dead, speechless figure was in a moment, transformed into a living, *talking* woman; but alas, in the process of infusion, Zeus unwittingly permitted a few brains to fall into the life-giving potion, so that this ingrate, having existence only by the generosity of man, thought herself entitled to share in the government of the State. By the magic power of her wondrous beauty, she soon so charmed the "lords of creation" that they gave to her the entire control. Alack the day! like Phaethon she *drove* almost to utter ruin. They now, by this time disenchanted, placed the reins again in the hands of the legitimate rulers, while she, disappointed in her ambition found the usual female resource, and wept herself into the grave. As an example for her sex she was decreed a monument, and upon it was writ this epitaph:

Aspiring beyond her proper spheres, she ruled only to ruin; thwarted in her schemes she was resolved into woman's true element—tears. But the canker worm of blasted hope had taken too deep a hold; she died regretted by none. Let her fate a warning be to all her ambitious sisters.

From this legend a moral could be drawn to apply to those women, who *to-day* are aspiring beyond *their* spheres. First, then, to avoid misapprehension, what is the proper sphere of woman? We hold that it is at home amid the sweet endearments of domestic love, surrounded by all that makes home pleasant and cheerful. Next, in what consist her proper avocations? In domestic works, in the management of her household, in sewing, knitting, embroidery, in gossip if she will and must; let her tear character to tatters; none can do it with a heartier will or a prettier hate; and it is almost a pleasure to be slandered by a handsome woman; it proves that her vanity, which in woman is the "root of all evil," has been piqued. Let her do all these and we can live, but transfer her to the political arena and mark the change. The passions and follies so characteristic in her private station, would, if fostered by political antipathies, turn the world into a Bedlam and put off the millennium for another thousand years. Imagine, if you can, a Congress of women. Multiply a tea party or the opening of a millinery shop by fifty and you have it before your affrighted eyes. The presiding officer, if where *all* aspired *one* could be chosen, would be as powerless as a ship without sail or rudder. Order might as well be attempted in a menagerie of cats. The vituperations would be unequalled except *perhaps* by the washerwomen of the Seine. Teeth of ivory and of porcelain would be removed from their proper orifices and cast forward and backwards with a spirit and correctness of aim truly admirable. To listen for an hour to the "chorus shrill" of voices would entitle any one to admittance into the nearest lunatic asylum without the form of a medical examination. Enough of hair from red to gray could be collected after each session to furnish stuffing for all the cushions in Christendom. The noisiest session of Congress, as it is, would, compared to this, be a very Quaker meeting. No bills would pass, except for the importation of foreign fashions, free from duty and the unlimited control of the respective bank accounts. But let us turn from the fearful sight conjured up by imagination to history, and draw thence, lessons by which to profit. Can woman rule a state? Zenobia, while governed by the advice of her counsellors, reigned with wisdom and glory, but woman-like, becoming tired of advice, she scorned their assistance and (natural sequence,) Palmyra fell a prey to Roman power. Cleopatra was Queen and—Egypt was incorporated with the empire. Did Bloody Mary take a prominent part in public affairs? Fire, fagot and stake reply affirmatively. Did Elizabeth reign? The gallantry of men and old wives'

traditions, have given to her the credit due Burleigh and Walsingham. New Jersey once permitted female suffrage, and, until emancipated from petticoat government, was the Granny of the Union. Even clams and peaches failed to flourish under such an infliction. The former took up their beds and walked, while the latter, tinged with the prevailing characteristic, were as sour as a maid of forty winters and no offers. We hold then, that women should not be permitted to meddle with politics. Holy Writ sustains us, and who knew woman better than the inspired. "It is better to dwell in a corner of the house top, than with a brawling woman in a wide house." The intuitions of Poets and their instinctive knowledge of humanity are greater than those of other men, else why their superior power. Hear *them*. Says Shakspeare,

" Women are frail,
Aye, as the glasses where they view themselves."

Lee—"What story is not full of woman's falsehood ?
The sex is all a sea of wide destruction !

All the shelves,
The faithless winds, blind rocks and sinking sands
Are women all ! The wreck of wretched men."

Scott—"Oh woman ! uncertain," &c.

Shirley—"A lady's morning work ! We rise, make fine,
Sit for our picture, and 'tis time to dine."

Tennyson—"Woman is the lesser man."

In short, woman is not yet "educated up to the pint" where it would be safe to entrust her with the ballot. She is degenerate, is unlike her who

"Lived to the age of a hundred and ten,
And died by a fall from a cherry-tree then,—
What a frisky old girl !"

Woman vote ? No ! She is too weak and easily influenced ; her prejudices are too violent and causeless ; her memory is too short, and her tongue too long. Let her vote when she recognizes her own proper station, as companion to man, and fulfils its requirements ; when she ceases to be, by her own choice, a mere toy and plaything ; when she refrains from the employment, so delightful to her heart, of match-making and match-breaking ; when she talks less and thinks more ; when flounces, and fringes, and furbelows are not her Ultima Thule ; when she reduces her vanity to decent pride, and it becomes an ornament instead of a deformity ; when she is herself and not a

hypocrite ; when she is respected and not ridiculous. No one loves the ladies more than we ; and for the love we bear we attempt to warn them. We refuse to give the negro the ballot until he reaches a fixed standard. Just so with woman. As far as mere suffrage is concerned she is on a level with the blacks. Until she throws off the armor of dross, in which she is encased, the scheme is Utopian—the idea most foolish. Until then—until then—what ! Let woman vote ?

“ The women folk ! Ha ! ha ! ”

A Prophecy.

I

Upon the broad Atlantic, westward bound,
There sailed a little vessel : one that seemed
A plaything on the waters, which around
Stretched vast and boundless, yet that shallop teemed
With living beings of the truest mould,
A worthless casket such bright gems to hold.

II

And on her deck, with upraised tearful eyes,
They knelt to Him, those Puritans reviled,
Whose arm protects the righteous ; then did rise
To heaven a prayer so pure and undefiled
With taint of earth, that they appeared as those
For whom the Red Sea opened, when, beguiled,
The hosts of Pharaoh, Israel's deadliest foes,
Felt the returning waters o'er them close.

III

They too were seeking for the “ Promised Land,”
Forsook their birth place for unfettered thought ;
With earnest trust in His directing hand,
Leaving a home with peace and comfort fraught,
To minds ignobler, for one wild and wrought
With all the freaks that Nature, unrestrained,
For centuries long her plastic hand had taught ;
And when that rude, bleak, wintry shore was gained,
They joyed to find loved Freedom there unchained.

IV

Sure those are spirits of heroic mould,
Who risk their being for true peace of mind,

Sure those are men, made by God's angels, bold,
Who rush in danger's paths, intent to find
A home, where spoken all their soul may be,
And where the air is that of Liberty.

V

Nor came they only to New England's strand:
From north to south, the wild Atlantic coast
Gave refuge to full many a hardy band,
Until our shores were peopled with a host
Of those who could not bend the ready knee,
But rather dared the perils o'er the sea.

VI

The dangers o'er, the stubborn land subdued,
When peace began their trials to repay,
When the loud war-whoop did no more intrude,
Nor rapine steal their hard earned gains away,
When honest labor garnered up her store,
The breezes brought the scent of war once more.

VII

Oppression's vulture, fed with carrion food
Of meek submission, saw the goodly prize,
Which seemed just waiting on her fitful mood,
And rushing toward the prey with gloating eyes,
She plied her greedy beak. As from a rock
It back recoiled, sore wounded, from the shock.

VIII

What followed then, it boots not here to tell;
You all know well the story of the strife;
How on this land the blood, like water, fell,
And at what cost your nation gained its life.
Ah! men were heroes then, both old and young,
And from such seed, my brethren, are we sprung.

IX

I had been pondering on such thoughts as these,
And tried to work the nation's problem out,
The sound of war still lingered on the breeze,
And civil discord filled my soul with doubt,
For minds like mine, a question far too deep,
And with dazed brain I, troubled, fell asleep.

X

Who has not in the tranced repose of night,
When free from toil and care, and labored thought,
In soft communings with his spirits light,
For truths diviner at their fountain sought,

And found a crystal drop more pure and clear
Than when brow knits or eye bedims with tear ?

XI

'Tis only when sleep rocks to rest the sense
That drags the soul its grovelling journey through,
That she, with wing emancipate, flies hence,
Builds Jacob's ladders to the heavenly view,
Then goodliest visions, her clear sight regale,
And wrestles she with angels to prevail.

XII

'Tis thus with me, for hardly worth to tell
Are all my waking thoughts, yet in my hour
Of dream, I've seen and have been told right well
The meaning of these troubled times, what power
There is within our sinews strong, what work
God means for us to do, which let none shirk.

XIII

I dreamed I stood upon a mountain's brow,
And with God-gifted vision did behold,
Stretched far beneath me, I can see it now,
All this broad land of ours ; so wide unrolled
As 'twere a mighty wrap, that I, amazed,
And wrapped in speechless wonder stood and gazed.

XIV

When my awed senses did their power reveal,
And thought connected dwell upon the scene,
What beauty round me then began to steal
No fairer sight the human eye has seen,
The endless landscape with its threadlike streams.
Ah, sure there is divinity in dreams.

XV

There lay New England with her rock-bound hills
And peaceful valleys resting at their feet,
From where the mountains send their crystal rills
In leaping cascades down their sides to meet,
And roll their laughing waters to the sea,
Through many a nestling town and grassy lea.

XVI

From thence across the Alleghany's crest
I sent my raptured vision, to behold
The boundless prairies of the mighty West,
Where waves of grain in autumn glory rolled,

And here above the wide expanse of lakes,
And there the course the Mississippi takes.

XVII

Far down the verdure with its brighter hue,
Told of a sunnier clime; savannahs wide
Of rice and snowy cotton met the view,
To where the gulf reveals its mystic tide;
Such was the picture, and upon me stole
The thought, it must be always one and whole.

XVIII

But as I stood and gazed there, beauty bound,
Upon the wondrous harmony of all,
There fell upon my startled ear a sound
Of import dire. It was the battle's call,
And lo, where God had shown his love to man,
The fiercest fratricidal strife began.

XIX

I turned away with horror, which I deem
Had well nigh touched my blood with deadly chill,
And cried "Oh save me from this frightful dream.
Can men do nought on earth but slay and kill?
Is the God image on the senseless beast?"
I looked again, the sickening strife had ceased.

XX

It ceased; but in men's bosoms still remained
A deadly hatred, too well told by threats
And vengeful looks, and the blue veins full strained
With angry blood. Such passion, war, begets,
And ruins states. I cried, "How will this end,
Can all the past no saving secret lend?"

XXI

I tried to pier through the dim future's veil,
To see if harmony therein would dwell,
And did but find my baffled senses fail.
'Twas more, far more than human sight could tell,
In vain the Nation's Sybilline leaves. I turned,
That page prophetic had the Sybil burned.

XXII

I urged my thought like wandering Ió through,
From land to land, from age to other age,
Until my brain reeled drunken with the view
And mongrel scene of the fast shifting stage.
Vain task, my search of all this chaos wild,
Beneath whose shadow stood I like a child.

XXIII

But there came one to solve the hopeless maze,
A God-like man o'er whose calm features shone
A light, that told him of another race
Than those who people any earthly zone.
His silvery hair soft o'er his temples ran,
And with a kindling eye he thus began :

XXIV

" My child, I am the guardian of this land,
I know what future for my children waits.
I live or perish, as ye fall or stand;
For from my loins are all these mighty states.
I placed that spark within those men of old,
Which ye in spite of all your sins still hold."

XXV

" I joyed to see your first steps, tottering, fall
Upon the floor of nations ; for I knew
Those steps uncertain yet, would rival all
The proud old march of empires when ye grew,
Which then would tremble at your thundering tread,
And dire forebodings fill the Tyrant's head."

XXVI

" Ye met my hope, and to my gladdened eyes,
By wealth and power that sturdy labor brought
Was reared the fabric whose proportions rise
Far, far beyond my fondest, loftiest thought,
Ah, how I joyed to see it breast the storms,
And cast aside old Europe's rotten forms."

XXVII

" And yet it was no rosy path ye trod,
That which is easy won is little worth,
By iron will and steadfast faith in God,
Your fathers gained this heritage on earth,
Which ye now hold perchance with careless mind,
Nor duly note those darker scenes behind."

XXVIII

And I have seen you when ye roamed afar,
Lost in adulterous intercourse with sin,
Base devotees to Mammon's lurid star,
And deeply, lusting, glittering gold to win,
Until the old world's despots, scornful, smiled
To see you in the ways of death beguiled."

XXIX

" Man is not perfect, nor can nations be,
And wisdom is the offspring of long years."

No human eye can every thing foresee,
Nor shun the rod that rigid Justice bears;
And as ye kept your fellow men in chains,
Ye reaped a deadly harvest for your gains."

XXX

"Prosperity had hidden from your eyes
The source from which your fathers gained their strength;
Success ye thought from human power would rise,
And struggled blindly on, until at length
Ye see the cost, look southward and behold
What mouldered forms there be of human mould."

XXXI

"Old Neptune does not lull the angry sea—
In one brief moment, still its waters seething;
Nor can men's minds in wicked tumult be,
Then turn at once to trust and calm believing,
Storms leave the waters all in wild commotion,
Your bark yet sails upon a troubled ocean."

XXXII

"E'en war's death dealing blasts are sure to bring
A lasting good to nations. From your own,
Think not the blessings meager, that will spring.
The fearless heart in stern old Cromwell known,
The fire that warmed the breast of glorious Tell,
Will yield to you large recompense as well."

XXXIII

"Take hope my child, for these discordant waves
Are but the offspring of the tempest passed.
Heed well the lesson, and the Power that saves
Will bring you to a peaceful port at last.
Then when the years have filled your hearts with kindness,
Ye will be wiser for your former blindness."

XXXIV

"Take hope, my child, ye've borne the chastening rod,
And gained the mighty secret that ye sought.
Ye'll tread with firmer step than once ye trod,
No surer was the future to him brought
On Pisgah's height, than ye can now behold
Your nation's God meant destiny unrolled."

XXXV

"Ye will be truly wise, and great, and strong,
As ye link power with right. By its abuse
Fell all the lands renowned in prose or song.
Of all good lessons of the past make use;
And if ye would your boundless promise fill,
Trust to your own stout hearts and God—Farewell."

XXXVI

I had been fixed with such intense desire
Upon the living torrent of his speech,
Whose earnest tones, his warm heart did inspire :
Such moving emphasis he gave to each
Slow spoken word, that still I seemed to hear
The glorious cadence lingering in my ear.

XXXVII

But then it died, as some sweet music dies,
And left me standing, filled with higher thought
Than e'er before within this brain took rise,
And as I mused, before my eyes was brought
Another scene, whose fair proportions rose
In typical forms the future to disclose.

XXXVIII

I saw a grand old temple then arise,
Whose mammoth dome was lifted toward the sky
By columns long of wondrous strength and size,
And o'er it all a symbol met the eye,
Which told me that it typified our land,
Its power, its beauty, and its wide command.

XXXIX

And there were marks of conflict round it thrown,
Which showed that wind and storm had on it beat,
And weather-stained the fixed and massive stone
That stood like adamant, those blasts to meet.
On dulcet sounds my listening ear now hung:
Within a second Miriam sat and sung.

XL

An anthem sounded to the lofty dome,
And echoed through the aisles and lengthened halls,
Wherein the voice of millions found a home,
A voice that to the future millions calls,
To guard this temple as the gift of God.
Injustice here has ne'er with safety trod.

XLI

Ay, guard it well, for no true safety lies
In dull repose. Man's nature is not built
Of good alone ; within his breast arise
Thoughts, devil born, with specious seeming guilt,
That steal like serpents all unseen around
The unwary sense, then give the mortal wound.

XLII

It is not meet that man should rest supine,
And reap his blessings with inglorious ease.

It is his lot to bear the cares that twine
Themselves into his life, and from them seize
The interlude of pleasure. Watch, watch well
Your temple, or you'll hear its funeral knell.

XLIII

The danger has been told, for there were those
Who came in strength to shake those columns vast,
And aye, they started 'neath their maddened blows,
While those within in watchless sleep were cast;
And not till trembling seemed the very dome,
Waked they to rescue Freedom's periled home.

XLIV

But when they rose and speaking in brave deed
And ready action that gives power to word
With justice joined, to which the world gives heed,
With shame the spoiler's coward heart was stirred;
And when the nation's voice cries "Let it stand,"
Shrunk back precipitate the ruthless band.

XLV

Ay, "Let it stand," and through the temple vast,
The voice went thundering with a mighty sway,
And then into the outer air it passed,
Rolled o'er the land, and when it died away,
From some far unseen mountain to the strand
Came back the sound prophetic, "It will stand."

The Pedagogue.

"Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe."

There are those who believe in the sacred vocation of the teacher. They delight to dwell upon the noble occupation of training the youthful mind and forming the character of the future governors, statesmen and presidents of this glorious nation. I have often wondered whether these enthusiasts ever taught a common school. It cannot be possible, if these pretty phrases express their sincere convictions. Dire reality must lead every experienced person who is possessed of any respect for self, and is not solicitous of prematurely ending their days in a mad-house, to assign this employment to the class presided over

by that Spirit who is supposed to be far removed from the Divine. To speak more plainly, they must come without reserve to the conclusion that this is of the class of temptations which the Evil One is, in the course of his peculiar mode of discipline, permitted to make use of here on this earth. If any, who have never had experience of their own, will be wisely satisfied to learn the truth of the whole matter from the experience of another, let them listen to the revelations of a victim.

It is a common delusion that any one can keep a common school. No idea is more erroneous. It is vulgarly supposed to require perfection in the way of executive ability—better termed knack—to cater to the physical wants of man. So popular has this belief become that “to keep a hotel,” has passed into a proverb as the acme of human experience in executive training. But, if more than ordinary ability is required in ministering to man’s animal nature, what must be demanded of him who is expected to satisfy the intellectual and moral? (This term moral is used here in a broad sense, one that may perhaps offend the connoisseur in the art of delicately delineating the province of words; it is meant to include all that wonderful propensity, which these little embryo statesmen and philosophers exhibit so remarkably in their tutelage, to do everything they ought not to do, and leave undone everything they ought, with a discriminating talent that is really wonderful in devising ways and means.) And not only is there this intellectual and moral craving of the comparatively few, under the teachers immediate charge to satisfy, but the critical, fault-finding, gossiping propensities of a whole community. What a marvel must he be of uprightness, suavity, gentleness, long-suffering and humility; possessed of charity toward all, loving all things, enduring all things, hoping all things! This too without mention of the knowledge requisite, before the first step be taken toward assuming this high dignity.

It is a fact not generally known that the examinations, preparatory to receiving the papers which invest supreme authority, are in reality most severe ordeals. The dictatorship in such matters is usually intrusted to some superannuated physician or aspiring young lawyer. In the former case the examiner is invariably the master of hobbies innumerable, ridden most assiduously for years, which it is expected the young candidate for honor will mount with alacrity, and, once mounted, show off the paces of the old beast to the best advantage. Knowledge of principles will not suffice here; a technical

familiarity with arbitrary and whimsical forms or long-exploded ideas is required. More fortunate, though perhaps not more safe, is he who falls into the hands of the youthful dignitary.

This is but preliminary; the test of qualifications has not yet commenced. This test is left to be applied and passed upon by the discriminating public, who get their facts and data from the graphic descriptions, the youthful reporters of each household are nightly expected to make of their school experience, as well as from all flying rumors, all little items of interest that can be gleaned from the post-master and boarding-mistress. No fault should be found with this just tribunal. It is thus that these dwellers of villages and country places fulfil their destiny. They are merely obeying a law long since laid down by Hazlitt. He states it thus, in his dogmatic way: "All country people hate each other; all their spare time is spent in manufacturing and propagating the lie for the day."

When the new master comes to make his debut, it is well for him if he be soft and well favored, with perhaps a pale cast of countenance and a melancholy air, for it shows a temperament susceptible to the soft passion and at once enlists the sympathies of the most influential half of his pupils, and through them of the most influential portion of the community. There is need of great tact however in using this vantage ground. Favors must be distributed equally. If the Miss with the blue eyes is kissed during a romp, soft words must be whispered in the ears that do service for the dark orbs, and were so shocked at witnessing the proceeding: while she of the curls must receive particular attention at the earliest opportunity. It is a fact, which may seem somewhat remarkable to those who have never reflected upon this subject, that there is not a teacher, however ill-favored or morose, who cannot with little difficulty enlist the sympathies and support of some one of his pupils of the softer sex; the great difficulty lies in pleasing them *en masse*. The reason is obvious.

Avoiding this Scylla care must be taken of the roaring Charybdis just across the way. A fine face and soft hands do not go down among those stolid heads and swinish eyes. They at once begin to peer curiously, and with a knowing look at the convenient box in the corner, or the more classic snow-drift outside, which in their view would be a fine receptacle for this weakly looking exponent of irksome restraint. Here a new development is necessary. It is always well to take the first opportunity to demonstrate either upon some unoffend-

ing urchins or upon some imaginary opponent, the fact that the manly art of self-defence has heretofore formed part of your course of discipline. In other words, to advertise at once, after the manner of Mr. Richard Swiveller, in his active demonstrations upon and about the person of the redoubtable Quilp, that "there is plenty of the article in this shop—a large and extensive assortment always on hand—country orders executed with promptness and dispatch." It will require but a comparatively short time to settle the point, whether you are to remain master of the situation, or whether discretion should be considered the better part of valor and an orderly retreat at once be sounded.

If no urgent call elsewhere interrupts the missionary at this stage, and it be considered as fully settled that discipline can be resorted to if necessary, there yet arise perplexing and delicate questions as to the propriety in all cases of administering the law. For instance: What chivalrous spirit, nurtured on tales of romance and knight-errantry, taught to consider the sex as pure and sacred, not to be irreverently approached by the profane, but rather worshipped at a distance as beings of a higher nature, condescending at times, when most propitious, to be the arbiters of our fate; who, I say, that retains in his breast a spark of the fire that burnt in the breasts of the knights of romance, that animated the heroes of Waverley or gave victory to the banners of the cross; who, of such a nature and with such a training, could ever entertain the idea of whipping a girl! True, it may seem hardly possible that there be any affinity between this ideal being of the imagination and these simpering, giggling forms so prone to nudge each other with their angular, interrogatory elbows, and pass criticism on that curl or this ribbon, right in the very midst of a solemn demonstration of Euclid or some fine point in Murray. Yet, spite of stern realities, traditionary prejudices in favor of the gentle sex in the abstract will interpose to thwart justice. Who dare declare himself master of this situation?

Many difficulties of like, or even worse, character must be passed without notice. There is, however, one curious phase of human nature, almost without parallel, which so invariably manifests itself, that it is well worthy of mention. I refer to the friendly interest universally taken by neighbors in government of all children who are not their own. Every person believes in corporal punishment. There are certain children belonging to their friends who ought to be whipped, and made to know their place; were it in their power they would

continually find delight in such employment. Their motto in relation to such cases is "spare the rod," &c. They take down the "big ha' Bible" and read it to you from the book of Proverbs, and clench their argument with the *verb. sap.* I have said, instances of philanthropy like this are rare. Only one in history occurs to my mind. It is the public spirit shown by Artemus Ward, during the late Rebellion, when he declared his determination "to prosecute the war, if it took all his wife's able-bodied relations."

Journalists of the greatest experience declare that the qualifications for a successful reporter are, that he be either a man of rare ability, or a fool. Both these classes of individuals stick to their text; while persons of ordinary calibre cannot refrain from introducing matters that are not pertinent. After many years experience and a thorough, full examination of the subject it has come to be my settled conviction that the qualifications for a successful reporter and a popular teacher are essentially the same. Let those who aspire to the honor weigh well their claims upon the position.

And yet it cannot be denied that the profession has its advantages. If one is a mechanic and is curious to examine and study into an every day illustration of that myth of mechanism, perpetual motion; if one is a philanthropist and filled with the spirit that would lead him to dive into the depths of dungeons, to visit the lost, the degraded, the diseased, that he might minister to their wants; if one is a missionary imbued with the martyr self-sacrifice, thirsting to carry life to the heathenish and benighted; if one is a theologian and oppressed with doubts of the existence of original sin, or the eternal damnation of infants, let him at once assume the responsibilities of a common school. All others beware!

The lament of Macbeth was broken to form a text to guide us through this slimy subject: it is fitting that the broken thread be taken up and that he be heard in conclusion.

"Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand
No son of mine succeeding."

The Regatta at Worcester.

"Begor! this fete all balls does bate."

Tim Moloney.

"There is reason in this beyond the rules of physic."

Lord Bacon

A more beautiful day never dawned over the roof-tops of a New England village than July 27th, 1866, as the sun looked out of the east from a cloudless sky, first purpling then gilding the landscape about — Mass., where a party of students seated themselves snugly on the top of a stage-coach and paid the fare to Worcester. It was the day of the College Regatta—the collegian's Derby-day; that annual test of muscular prowess between the Universities of Harvard and Yale; waited for with nervous anticipation, probably, by the parties interested, and certainly with curiosity by every student.

When a school-boy in a distant state, the liveliest interest in these aquatic contests was awakened by an old classmate who returned home with glowing accounts of active preparation at Yale, of which narrative I hold in dim recollection only the then enigmatic terms of "shells," "wherries" and "sculls." Now I would see this Pythian game and verify or disprove this wondrous story.

Whoever recalls Tom Brown with his new acquaintances on the Rugby coach can have no poor conception how school boys enjoy the old-fashioned way of traveling. Well, the college student does not differ much. If any one meets a half score of such on car or coach, in a vacation ramble, he will probably remember the incident without a note book. A merry time did we have till the waters of Lake Quinsigamond appeared in sight. The lake, (the driver said,) is two miles east of Worcester; it is over four miles long, and, in many places, thirty feet deep. Across it runs the road on what was formerly a bridge, but has since been made an embankment. North of this stretches away a clear sheet of water, one and a half miles long, wider than the portion to the south, with banks rising gently on either side, covered with verdure, and, in some places, with forest trees. Altogether, one is constrained to believe that, if Providence designed Lake Quinsigamond for any particular purpose, it must have been college regattas.

Worcester has on to-day a gala-day attire, and has made full preparation for the expected ingress. Her male population is in uni-

form, and judiciously distributed about the city and surrounding country to keep the public peace. Let us cross over to the Bay State House where the student crowd is congregated, and surges around in little cliques, augmented by each arriving train. Here is student life for you. Among the throng walk a few sons of Dartmouth, "alone in a crowd," vainly, it seems, searching for familiar faces. Yonder we recognize, however, an Amherst boy, one of nine who, not twelve months since, taught some Hanoverian athletes how to play Base Ball. Beyond him stands a delegation from Williams. Fine fellows they are too, not unlike in physique their representatives whose sinewy arms and long bats sorely tried some fair Harvard fielders, if we noted correctly. Here, all around are the Yale men, happy and confident, ready to wager two to one on the result at the Lake.

And this man approaching us—what! do you not know him? Why, Sir, that large foot shod in pointed boot with fancifully ornamented upper; those breeches so tight he must have pulled them on with boot-hooks; that Shakspeare collar with flaps reaching nearly to the vest-pockets; those pebble glasses across a nose slightly elevated in the air, enabling its possessor to look down upon another many inches his superior in stature; the delicately gloved hand dangling so dextrously a dainty cane; all say *Harvard* in plainer terms than the college color or lettered ribbon.

But it is time to be out of Worcester and at the Lake, for the races, are about to begin. Arrived there what a cheerful scene presented itself. The bridge and wooded banks far up the water were closely packed with spectators. Directly north of the bridge was the Judge's stand whence the boats were to start, rowing one and a half miles north and return, making a three mile course. Already two sculls with single oarsmen, which were to open the Regatta sat lightly in the water; at the word "go" they are off, not without some manifested enthusiasm on the banks. "Twinty to tin" shouted an excited Hi-bernian, "Twinty to tin on Ward." "Taken" replied a passing cockney who was evidently lying in wait for just such opportunities. When the boats returned, between the smoky puffs from Paddy's pipe, dire anathemas were invoked on the head of his quondam favorite, who, he repeatedly averred, had "sould his back." The preliminary races were observed at first with curiosity, afterward with impatience by the spectators who eagerly awaited the appearance of the University boats. They were not long to be held in expectation; for

promptly on time was seen the Yale crew nearing the Judge's stand. A noble crew they were, not unworthy successors to that winning six, who, a year before, pulled to Wilbur Bacon's stroke. A few moments after the Harvards rowed from under the bridge, steering to the allotted position.

- From the causeway above, a fine chance was afforded to scrutinize their movements, of which we gladly availed ourselves. It was remarked that the Harvard oarsmen rowed with a much more equal stroke than their opponents; and the well marked muscles lying like great welts upon the arms and shoulders, the absence of all superfluous flesh, the bronzed complexion (this last quite in contrast with the Yale men) spoke the faithfulness of preparatory discipline. "Ah, my boy," remarked a shrewd looking Yankee peering over the railing, "them arms aint tanned for nothing"! Quickly both shells were in position, and, at the word, started rapidly from the Judge's boat, flew on their course amid loud shouts from the thousands of spectators Yale slightly taking the lead. As the boats vanished from view, the subsiding din gave place to exchange of remarks on the relative merits of the crews, with many speculations as to the probable issue. When some time had elapsed, standing on the bridge beside a Harvard man of the description given above, to my astonishment, he suddenly turned, slapped me several tremendous blows upon the back, exclaiming, "Its Ahvad! Its Ahvad!" It was intimated to the gentlemen that *it* might be Harvard but that this was Dartmouth, and that a less forcible method of making his communications would have a happier tendency to preserve the amicable relations existing between us hitherto.

Soon the cause of this enthusiastic outburst was discernable. Gazing intently down the Lake, he had caught sight of the returning shells and had recognized on the foremost boat the red caps of the Harvard crew. As the distance lessened, the excitement increased, culminating when the boats arrived opposite the throng of spectators. The pale faced crew were in truth, sadly in the rear, but displayed an unflinching purpose to avert the impending defeat. Nor were their supporters to be reconciled to such a result without a satisfying assurance that the utmost endeavor was being exerted, for they crowded to the water's edge to shout encouragement to the crew and call on them by name.

"Well done Yale!—Now or never Bissell—Yale! Yale! Yale!"
"Ahvad!"

"Wheeler can't you pull ?" Could'nt he ? Did'nt he ? Yes, pull till the perspiration beaded his forehead and was beat off by the pelting rain-drops. The rear boat gained somewhat by these efforts but the loss was observed by the Harvard boat and their friends ashore.

"Blakie ! Blakie ! Blak—i—e !"

Blakie was there. A few more vigorous strokes from "them arms which had'nt been tanned for nothing" sent the water whitening in the wake ; the frail shell flies by the goal ; the gun goes off, and Yale has lost her flag.

The scene which followed was, in the main, the same which terminates all contests where much preparation preceds, and many pent up voices await the decision.

The victorious crew after securing the banner, rowed to the main stand to receive from fair hands the plaudits and rewards of a merited admiration. Flowers were profusely showered upon them. Wreaths of roses decorated the light shell and trailed in the bright waters of the Lake. Thence a pull along the bank was made at rapid speed, to demonstrate that their power was anything but exhausted, that they were still fresh and capable of even more exertion ; but this thing was of short duration, the crew soon relinquishing such mere display for needed rest and refreshment.

That night, near the Bay State House, passing through a number of crest-fallen Yalensians inquiring the earliest train for New Haven, I saw my Harvard friend. The pointed boots were all bespattered with the virgin soil of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts ; his collar flaps had, by some facetious friend, been rolled up into little pods which hung beneath his chin ; the cane was gone ; the pebble glasses were broken in the goggle which hung on one side of his nose ; and his whole conduct was a sad commentary on the utter inefficiency of the great Liquor Law of absolute prohibition. "Oh," said he, in reply to the interrogatories of

"A man in blue with legal baton,"

who approached demanding personal identity, as the official hand fell heavily on his shoulder, "It's Ahvad !"

COLLA.

Daniel Webster as a Student.

No orator in the world's history was ever more widely known, by his contemporaries, than Daniel Webster. His fame was coextensive with human civilization. European statesmen, who took an interest in American politics, regarded him as the authoritative expounder of our constitution. Students, in foreign Universities, read his speeches and listened, with eager interest, to any traveler who could describe his person or his eloquence. No other American was so well known and appreciated in foreign lands. When he died nations were his mourners, and the world felt lonely without him. His character and his oratory received unstinted praise from the press and the pulpit. Men of all parties, with the exception of a few "robed and reverend backbiters," admitted his patriotism, commended his eloquence, and admired his genius. Not even Washington was made a more general theme of eulogy than Mr. Webster. A few violent partisans or malicious defamers, even then, delighted to blacken his memory by exaggerating his faults or by propagating gratuitous slanders. He has slept in his own "new tomb" fifteen years by the shore of the "many sounding" sea which he loved so well. It is difficult to ascertain why, at this late day, the editor of the North American Review has chosen to revive old and oft refuted slanders and send them abroad to destroy the reputation of the greatest orator our country has produced. The proverb respecting the "foul bird" and its self-polluted nest applies here with great force. It is the same spirit which prompted Charles II. and his corrupt minions to grace the gallows with the rattling bones of the high-souled Oliver and his coadjutors. The demands of party spirit, in both cases, have required the dead to be disinterred and "crucified afresh." Some reformers are not content with regenerating the present and regulating the future; but, they must drive their plowshares through the unweeded soil of the past and reconstruct a whole eternity *a parte ante*. There are as many "good haters" of Daniel Webster in New England, now, as there were of Socrates in Athens, or Cicero in Rome. But Anytus and Melitus, Clodius and Catiline were heathen, and consequently far less culpable for their murderous spirit, than the reckless defamers of the modern patriot, who cloak their malice under the sacred guise of philanthropy. "It

requires some talent and some generosity," says an old writer, "to find out talent and generosity in others, though nothing but self-conceit and malignity are needed to discover or imagine faults." In the hands of the courtly and dignified Everett, the genial and erudite Felton, or the generous and *christian* Peabody, how different would have been the estimate of Mr. Webster in the North American. It is sad to think that the chief organ of American scholars has fallen to a level with the New York Herald! "*Quantum mutatus ab illo!*" We do not expect with our small arms to overturn this hostile battery; but for the information of Dartmouth students, we wish to bring forward some testimony respecting the student life of Daniel Webster. We have taken some pains to be accurate in our assertions that we may refute, for the hundredth time, the calumny which the North American has revived respecting the idleness and indifferent scholarship of Mr. Webster, while in college. It is an easy thing to make the flip-pant assertion, "Webster was no scholar," but like all unfounded falsehoods, it is hard to prove it. His success in life is a perpetual refutation of the slander.

"Pater ipse colendi

Haud facilem esse viam voluit,"

or, as Mr. Webster himself once said, when informed that his enemies charged him with idleness in college; "What fools they must be to suppose that a man could make any thing of himself without hard study."

He then gave an account of his habits of study when in college, and, by it, left the impression upon the minds of those who listened, that he regarded every hour of his student life as sacred to study and reflection; that his first object was a thorough mastery of his daily tasks, and his next purpose was to store his mind with useful knowledge. His solitary wanderings were devoted to reflection, and frequently to the composition of his themes; his social intercourse was rendered profitable by literary conversation. From gentlemen of the highest respectability, who were classmates or college acquaintances of Mr. Webster, I have the most decisive testimony to his high scholarship, his earnest devotion to duty, and his unblemished morals. One classmate writes: "Mr. Webster's habits, at college, were good. He had the highest sense of honor and integrity. He was sure to understand the subject of his recitation; sometimes, I used to think, in a more extended and comprehensive sense than his teacher. He never liked to be confined to small technicalities or views; but seemed to

possess an *intuitive* knowledge of whatever subject he was considering. He did not find it necessary, as was the case with most of us, to sit down to hard work three or four hours to make himself master of his lesson, but seemed to comprehend it in a larger view, and would sometimes, procure other books on the same subject, for further examination, and employ hours in close *thought*, either in his room or in his walks, which would enlarge his views and, at the same time, might with some, give him the character of not being a close student. He was a favorite with the class generally; interesting and instructive in conversation; social and very kind in his feelings; not intimate with many. His compositions and college themes, exercises in the society and occasional orations, all showed the marks of great genius, and thorough study of history and politics, for one of his years." This gentleman was an intimate friend of Mr. Webster, and still retains more than fifty letters of his, written during his student life. He often wrote to his friends in poetry. Some of these epistles are perfect gems of their kind, written in his happiest moods, and with the warm, gushing affections of his great heart. Many of them are confidential, and will never meet the public eye. Others are playful and humorous; and, perhaps, on that account, will be excluded from the biography of the great statesman. Another classmate, under date of November 12, 1852, writes as follows: "In a class of about thirty, Webster, from the beginning, was one of the best scholars. But, for two years, I doubt whether he was singled out as the *best* by any authority. As the class gave more attention to English branches, the latter part of the sophomore year, and the junior year, Webster's character, particularly as a writer and extemporaneous speaker, became developed; and he was unquestionably the best belles-lettres scholar in the class. The fact that when a junior, he was appointed to deliver a Fourth of July oration to the villagers, shows in what estimation he was held as a writer. He also wrote a long dialogue or drama of an hour or two in length, which the society with which he was connected exhibited on the evening of commencement at the close of his junior year." This gentleman also knew him intimately, and corresponded with him for many years.

The early letters of Mr. Webster which he has preserved show the depth and sincerity of his friendship, whose fires he never suffered to expire, and even kindled them anew but a short time before his decease. The tone of these early letters is sometimes grave and some-

times gay ; but no one of them is destitute of instruction. In all his youthful correspondence are found elevated sentiment and well-digested opinions which would not dishonor his riper years. An extract of two or three sentences from letters written at widely different periods, will show the characteristic sincerity of Mr. Webster's friendship.

In 1803, he wrote to his young friend :

" I thank you for the expressions of friendship your letter contained, and for the assurance that a part of your time is devoted to me. At this period of our acquaintance, I need not tell you what pleasure I received from your letters ; nor with what exultation my heart glows under the impression, that our early congenial attachments will never be sundered." To the same gentleman, in 1849, he wrote : " It gives me very true pleasure to hear from you, and to learn that you are well. Years have not abated my affectionate regard. We have been boys together, and men together ; and now we are growing old together ; but you always occupy the same place in my remembrance and good wishes." Mr. Webster never forgot an early friend. The terms of endearment employed by him, in addressing them, during the last years of his life, are as cordial and affectionate as those employed in his youth. Another classmate of Mr. Webster writes : " Mr. Webster's habits of study were good. I never knew him to waste the hours of study. He was constant at the recitation, and always well prepared. You ask, 'how did he recite?' To the best of my recollection, always well—no one before him. He was peculiarly industrious. He read more than any one of his classmates and remembered all. He would accomplish more business in a given time than any one of his associates. You ask, 'how did he rank?' I say the first in his class, and so would four-fifths of the class say. He was good in every branch of study ; as a writer and speaker he had no equal. The truth is, that, by his thorough investigation of every subject and every study, whilst in college, together with his giant mind, he rose to the very pinnacle of fame ; and, since he left college, all he had to do was to sustain his elevated position, and fame would roll in upon him from all quarters ; and all his classmates have been compelled to look up high to see him, which I have always been proud to do." This language shows us that the friendship formed, before their majority, between the prospective clergyman and lawyer, has not been broken by lapse of years or diversity of pursuits, nor chilled by the frosts of age. Another eminent divine, who knew Mr. Webster well in college, says : " As a classical and belles-lettres scholar, and as a

speaker and debater, he stood far above all the other members in the college. Though young, he gave such unequivocal evidence of a powerful genius, that some, I remember, predicted his future eminence." Another gentleman who has occupied the highest official stations in his native State, and held a seat in the Senate with Mr. Webster, though an opponent in politics, writes from his own knowledge as follows: "He was so decidedly beyond any one else, that no other student in his class was ever spoken of as second to him. The students who knew him best, and judged of his merit impartially, felt that no one connected with the college, at the time of his graduation, deserved to be compared with him. His habits and moral character were entirely stainless. I never heard them questioned, during our college acquaintance." A gentleman who was connected with the college as a teacher, when Mr. Webster was graduated, says that "he was as regular as the sun; always in his place, and with a decorum suited to it. He had no collision with any one, nor appeared to enter into the concerns of others, but, emphatically, minded his own business." The testimony respecting his contempt of disorder, his reverence for the Sabbath and its solemn services, his respect for authority, and his uniformly dignified deportment at all times, is equally full and explicit. I have not yet found the first witness (and I have questioned many,) who can point out a single action, in the student life of Daniel Webster, which would be derogatory to the character of a Christian gentleman. He is represented as being above the suspicion of the least violation of the rules of decorum; so much so, that one of his classmates says, he should as soon have suspected John Wheelock, the President, of disorderly conduct, as Daniel Webster. With this character of the young student, all his early compositions correspond. During the last two years of his college life, he made frequent contributions to a newspaper published at that time in Hanover. His earliest published productions evince an elevation of thought and a solemnity of style above his years. His first printed composition is on "Hope." It is written both in prose and verse. This passage occurs in it: "Through the whole journey of man's life, however deplorable his condition, Hope still irradiates his path and saves him from sinking into wretchedness and despair. Thanks to Heaven, that human nature is endowed with such an animating principle! When man is reduced to the lowest spoke of fortune's wheel; when the hard hand of pinching poverty binds him to the dust; when sickness and disease prey upon his body; yea, when meagre death approaches him, what

then supports and buoys him over the abyss of misery? 'Tis Hope." The close is as follows: "But first of all, go ask the dying soul whose all, whose only portion, lies beyond the narrow confines of this earthly realm, how thus he can support affliction's weight, and grapple with the mighty foe of man. He says 'tis faith, 'tis Hope.

"By these he penetrates death's dreary vale,
And lo! a blest eternity appears."

The next published article is on "Charity." A short extract will show its character.

"Let hate and discord vanish at thy sight,
And every fibre of the human breast
Be tuned to genuine sympathy and love.
When thou in smiles descendest from the skies,
Celestial radiance shines around thy path,
And happiness, attendant on thy steps,
Proclaims, in cheerful accents, thine approach."

His early poetic compositions are all redolent of the truths of God's word. The religious instruction with which his pious parents "trained him up" from infancy, made an indelible impression upon his intellect and heart. One poem of considerable length, in blank verse, contains the whole history of human redemption. Two extracts, one from the opening, and the other from the close, will reveal the character of the entire composition.

"When that grand period in the eternal mind,
Long predetermined, had arrived, behold
The universe, this most stupendous mass
Of things, to instant being rose. This globe,
For light and heat dependent on the sun,
By power supreme was then ordained to roll
And on its surface bear immortal MAN,
Complete in bliss, the image of his God.
His soul, to gentle harmonies attuned,
Th' ungovern'd rage of boisterous passion knew not.
Malice, revenge, and hate, were then unknown;
Love held its empire in the human heart—
The voice of love alone escaped the lip,
And gladdening nature echoed back the strain.
Oh, happy state! too happy to remain:
Temptation comes, and man a victim falls!
Farewell to peace, farewell to human bliss,
Farewell, ye kindred virtues, all farewell!
Ye flee the world, and seek sublimer realms.
Passions impetuous now possess the heart,
And hurry every gentler feeling thence.

Is it now asked why man for slaughter pants,
Raves with revenge, and with detraction burns?
Go ask of Ætna why her thunders roar,
Why her volcanoes smoke, and why she pours
In torrents down her side the igneous mass
That hurries men and cities to the tomb!
These but the effects of bursting fires within,
Convulsions that are hidden from our sight
And bellow under ground. Just so in man;
The love of conquest and the lust of power
Are but the effects of passion unsubdued.
T' avert the effects, then deeply strike the cause,
O'ercome the rage of passion, and obtain
The empire over self. This once achieved,
Impress fair virtue's precepts on the heart,
Teach t' adore his God, and love his brother:
War then no more shall raise the rude alarm,
Widows and orphans then shall sigh no more.
Peace shall return, and man again be bless'd."

A Day at Vassar.

Vassar Female College is pleasantly located on the eastern bank of the Hudson, two miles north of Poughkeepsie, and is justly regarded as the crowning glory of the "city of schools." Like some rambling old feudal castle, its gloomy walls and dark turrets, loomed up before our rustic vision in stately grandeur. As we passed the Lodge House, we glanced nervously around, half expecting to hear the quick challenge of the sentinel, and clang of hostile steel. The grounds are very spacious and laid out with Quaker-like regularity. The soil is of wondrous fertility, being without doubt closely allied to the rich loam of Nevada, where brogans are planted like potatoes, and luxuriant harvests of satin slippers and patent leather boots are reaped. To this terrene fecundity is unquestionably owing the rapid growth of evergreens and shrubs which are scattered about in almost endless profusion. Many will learn with surprise that the ambitious development of this diminutive forest meets with little encouragement from the Faculty. The parental mind entertains grave suspicions that its leafy branches have lovingly screened incipient flirtations. Rumor declares that the star chamber has listened with holy horror to tales that would

fire with jealous rage the hearts of decadescient virgins. Youthful Philanders of romantic aspirations are said to have disappeared mysteriously within its mazy labyrinths. But the evil grew apace. Misses of "sweet sixteen," and upwards, were reported to have disappeared likewise. These heart-rending catastrophes occurring with remarkable simultaneity, the Faculty was compelled to adopt precautionary measures, and now all gentlemen, particularly collegians, manifesting any desire to take moonlight strolls or quote poetry, are positively refused admittance to these worse than Cretan labyrinths. Having passed the required ordeal, and being utterly incapable of repeating a single line of poetry, we were allowed to enter. A quiet, lady-like little Miss of about fourteen summers answered the door-bell and took up our cards. During the forty-one minutes that elapsed, while we were waiting for our friends, we observed that the room in which we sat was furnished with simple elegance, and this, upon farther inspection, we found to be a general characteristic of Vassar. The warm welcome, which we received from our fair friends, was duly appreciated; being the more gratifying, indeed, when we reflected that they had manifested no *unbecoming haste* in presenting themselves. To their suggestion, that we should make a tour of observation, and realize our abstract ideas of beauty, we offered no serious objections. The corridors through which we passed were not frescoed, but, in lieu thereof, were ornamented with well dressed young ladies, arranged in classic groups on either side, and revealing rather more of beauty than Phideas ever saw in chiseled marble, or was extant when Raphael gained a precarious living with his pencil by doing odd jobs for Julius II. The very atmosphere seemed loaded with exquisite perfume. Balmy zephyrs were wafted about promiscuously; and, as we inhaled the aroma, a dreamy, delicious sensation crept over us, such as the Olympian Gods of tippling notoriety must have experienced after tapping a fresh cask of their best, double refined nectar. Things were getting decidedly mixed; objects were growing less and less distinct; masses of golden hair, from which flashed celestial orbs, shining rows of pearls, gleaming forth from lips distractingly rosy, were waltzing through our imagination, keeping time to slow music. With a great effort we shook off the sensation and wondered whether Ulysses, who listened *waxless* to the music of the spheres and enjoyed Calypsonian hospitalities, would not have left this natural gallery of fine arts breathing regretful sighs. Upon inquiry we learned that these charming creatures voluntarily placed themselves on exhibition, without any

compulsion on the part of the Faculty, thus manifesting a truly *philanthropic* spirit worthy of all commendation. We longed for the tongue of a Chesterfield with which to express our gratitude for this unexpected mark of interest in our welfare; but recollecting that once, in a similar case, "*vox faucibus haesit*," we mutely *looked* our thanks and passed on. The collection of minerals and geological specimens is certainly remarkable, when we consider how quickly it has been brought together. The different classes were arranged in excellent order and presented a fine appearance. The general ornamentation of the room, however, is greatly inferior to that of the corridors—more rocks and fewer angels.

Following our conductress, we next entered the art gallery. There are some things on this terrestrial orb quite beyond our powers of description; a circumstance attributable in part to a defective education. We refer to the early neglect and subsequent total extermination of a heaven-born genius. No one, who witnessed our boyish attempts to embellish the wall-paper with original charcoal sketches, could have denied to us the possession of rare native powers. Mankind will learn with regret that, in these childish designs, our "*fond parients*" failed to discover those heavenly endowments, which, under more auspicious circumstances, might have thrilled the world. It is not the first time that aspiring genius has been nipped in the bud. History is filled with these sad mementoes of an age most distressingly practical. It is needless to remark that we have never been in Rome. We never stood spell bound, day after day, before the master pieces of the old world, drinking in their beauties with enraptured gaze, and devouring the tinted canvass. For these and similar reasons, we shall not attempt a detailed description of the artistic merits of the Art Gallery. A full length portrait of Matthew Vassar, Esq., seemed to be the chief attraction. With arm extended he was pointing to some architectural representation in the distance which we at first mistook for his bowery, but a nearer view revealed the outline of Vassar College. A fine cabinet of curiosities occupied one end of the gallery, the rare beauties of which were pointed out by our fair guides and our countenances eagerly scanned for any traces of intense arrangement. We regret that our cool indifference and fanciful recollections of the almost magical treasures of "*Old Dartmouth*," should have damped their enthusiasm or clouded their brows with discontent. Should propitious fates and Uncle Sam's mail bags drop "*The Dartmouth*" within that charming temple for the perusal of eyes Vassarian, it may be some

consolation to know that our *nonchalance* was forced, and that we longed to take one good honest stare.

We believe the future will justify us in saying that the opening of Vassar College, marks an era in the intellectual culture of American women. Whatever theories may be held respecting female education, very few will attempt to eulogize the modern superficial system, that has filled the ranks of society with mere drawing-room ornaments, the green-house flowers of fashionable life. A girl is *not* educated when she has obtained a smattering of French, and can sing a few songs on a *fearful scale*. It is idle to assert that the female intellect is incapable of profound scientific investigation. A slight acquaintance with history will refute this statement. And the very fact that women, with extremely limited resources, have possessed the perseverance and energy necessary for self-education, and that too, in an eminent degree, proves that with proper advantages they might attain an intellectual excellence of the very highest order. With the subjects taught we have no fault to find, but we do protest against that narrow-minded policy that would restrict the course of instruction to the most ordinary branches, and say: "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." It is nothing unusual for girls to study Astronomy, but, with the single exception of Vassar, where will you find a ladies' college able to give its pupils practical instruction in this science, with the aid of a well appointed astronomical observatory, equal, if not superior, to the one Dartmouth possesses. Many examples of this character might be cited in proof of the injustice which attends the present system. Though Vassar has done much to introduce a broader and more complete standard for the mental training of females, there is still room for improvement. What plausible reason can be assigned for excluding the fair sex from our colleges, as though they were to be punished for the possession of so many natural graces? What an affection we might have conceived for the Latin poets from hearing them rendered in the same musical tones with which Dido charmed Æneas' ear! How very euphonic the changes in Greek roots would have sounded falling from rosy lips! Domestic bliss, we opine, will have reached its acme when one may discuss the classics, with his better-half, over the breakfast table.

We trust the day is not far distant when our own Alma Mater shall welcome to her halls the fair daughters of Eve, and "sweet girl graduates, with their golden hair," shall grace the *bema* on commencement day. Meantime let us thank God and Matthew Vassar that the dry bones of reformation have at last left their century-beaten tracks.

Editorial Notes.

Twelve by the College clock, as we sit down to indite our editorial notes. We are in as good trim for writing as ever mortal need ask for. We are, or ought to be, inspired; for but one half-hour ago fairy forms were treading round us the measures of the mazy dance, and merry voices were ringing in our ears. Oh! the dance, the dance, the sparkling brilliant eyes; the ruby lips, red ripe, half opened to display teeth as white and glittering as the fleecy clouds of snow now falling upon the earth; bright faces, the white and red so skilfully intermingled by *nature* and ruddy health, that it seems an alabaster background which has caught the glint from ruby, or is stained with dew from crimson roses; dimpled hands which belie their seeming as their delicate possessors whirl you with unexpected strength through the labyrinths of the "Lancers;" twinkling feet, which as they beat "time, time, time," on the yielding carpet, seem the tread of sylphs in their home of flowers. Oh Willis! Dead poet of Idlewild. Your magic pen, alone, could do justice to the becomingness of colors, the fanciful combinations, the air redolent with perfumes and essences of "farthest Ind." We sit by the fire, and the evening spent in "that hospitable house" is passed before us in review by the artist, memory; in our ear still linger the sweet strains, the bewitching melody of Maggie May. But hark! What sound is this which breaks upon the midnight stillness, and snaps apart the thread of our pleasing reverie. 'Tis the cats of Hanover, those prowlers who disturb our dreams by their infernal screeches. They are now holding their nightly tournament; with claws extended, yellow eyes flashing, and tails erect, the rampant cats combat; they howl, and scratch, and yell, and shriek, and gouge, and spit, and gnash their teeth, and tear fur, and bite, and then, with a dreadful pause as if to gain strength, they caterwaul and howl again. Ejaculating our "By" and hastily raising the window, we send forth our shout of defiance; we are met, however, with cries of increased energy and cat fervor; utterly discomfited we retire, breathing deep anathemas against the laws which protect cat carnivals by forbidding the discharge of fire-arms within the village limits. Truly this is a crying evil and should be speedily abolished. Our pleasant town requires but two new regulations to make it an almost perfect abiding place, viz: The piercing of gossiping tongues with red-hot irons, and a war of extermination against cats. The two are closely allied. At ten the gossip ceases; tongues are weary with much wagging and mote-detecting eyes must recruit by sleep; so gossip waddles off to bed, and her coadjutors, the cats, take *their* turn. There is the big Thomas cat and the yellow cat and the brindled cat and the spotted cat; and the pet cat even, relieved from *lap-duty*, steals out to add its piping tones to the horrible refrain. The proprietors of cats should be indicted for being accessory to the disturbance of the peace.

Oh cats ! cats ! You are diminutive tigers, you are goblins and wicked sprites, you are ghouls, and you feed on human agony. We would rather hear one hundred consolidated snores than the wail prolonged, of a single cat. You will be our death ; from you we will seek sweet rest and oblivion in the grave ; there are no cats there. Upon the plain slab, which will mark our final home, engrave,

Here lies a good hater of cats.

A radical Anti-catist.

Foremost of the defenders of "balmy sleep" he incurred their vengeance and fell a noble martyr—cats killed him.

Requies—cat.

The individual, who placed in our hands the manuscript of "Ye Pedagogue," recently appeared as chief actor in a scene of semi-tragic nature. We trust, pardon will be granted us for the liberty we take in thus publishing the more private sentiments of our worthy friend. Should offence be given, we can only plead, in justification of ourselves, the tribute due the citizens of this place for the tender solicitude they have ever shown in ministering, even in matters of minor import, to our aesthetic sensibilities. Of the scene in question we speak as an eye-witness. 'Twas but the other day, while promenading down the leafless avenue, we chanced upon one, who stood fast gazing with a mournful expression of pity and tenderness toward the portal of that habitation of the dead, indicated by a wondrous sign aloft. Recognizing, with difficulty, in the fixed form, the features of a friend, we awoke him from his painful reverie, and sought to learn the cause. He had been meditating, it seemed, upon the eternal fitness of things—the mournful pleasure there is in ever keeping in view obtrusive evidences of mortality. These are his words: "How happily is yonder school-house situated ! The last three months, while engaged in the duties of my calling, I daily felt I was going to my grave. If only a constant reminder, like this I see here, in one large word built out in staring characters, could have met my eye as I turned to approach the scene of my labors, I had endured my lot with resignation." He sighed. In company with our mourning friend, we passed on, yet more deeply impressed with the wondrous architectural tastes of these kind folk among whom, for a time, our lot has fallen.

We are informed by the Committee of Publication, that only one-fourth of the students of the Chandler Department have yet subscribed for "The Dartmouth." Is this as it should be ? The Magazine is intended to be the organ of the entire college, and, as such, should receive its undivided support. We will gladly publish all items concerning Chandler graduates, which may be placed in our hands. Our enterprise is Catholic. Let no petty sectarian spirit enter here to mar the complete success of an undertaking which is intended to include every interest of our institution—Classic, Scientific and Medical.

Alumni will be glad to learn, we trust, of the yet increasing evidences of renewed vitality in Dartmouth. About a month since a movement was set on foot by certain members of the class of '67, for celebrating the 22d of Feb. The President, upon consultation, entered heartily into the spirit of the undertaking and a plan of the following nature was matured.

Three speakers were to be chosen from each of the respective classes; and these speakers were to select their own themes, subject to the concurrence and approval of the Faculty. To an efficient committee of arrangements, was entrusted the care of decorating the chapel in a manner befitting the occasion.

Great credit is due all those in any way engaged, for the happy manner in which the entire exercises of the day were conducted. The interest taken by the "beauty and chivalry" of this goodly place, the crowded galleries and the well-packed classic forms, but especially the bursts of applause from old as well as young, warrant us in asserting the whole affair a complete success. May this newly-inaugurated custom be handed down from class to class, and from year to year, till at length it takes its place beside the hoary precedents bequeathed us from antiquity.

Below we publish the toasts selected by the speakers and responded to in the following order:

JAMES R. WILLARD, class '67,—Seventy-six and Sixty-seven.

GEORGE A. BLANCHARD, class '68,—Our Trust and Our Responsibility.

EDWIN P. GERRY, class '69,—Our Alma Mater.

WILLIAM H. COLGATE, class '70,—The Aristocratic Institutions of England, and the Democratic Institutions of America—their comparative value as being now tested by the world.

HENRY W. TEWKSBURY, class '70,—John Bright, the great English Reformer, and the Friend of America.

HENRY BRIMBLECOM, class '69,—The Eagle as an Emblem of our Country.

FRANKLIN P. WOOD, class '68,—The Statesmanship of Washington, as evinced in his Farewell Address.

ALFRED A. THOMAS, class '67,—The Puritan Commonwealth.

LEMUEL S. HASTINGS, class '70,—Washington and Lincoln,—Heroes of the Revolution of '76 and the Rebellion of '61.

EDWARD H. CURRIER, class '69,—Our Country—its Present and its Future.

WALTER H. AYRES, class '68,—Individual Integrity essential to a Nation's Glory.

ROBERT G. McNIECZ, class '67,—Posthumous Influence.

A connoisseur in delicate tints has kindly favored us with the latest news respecting colors. The University of Michigan claims azure blue and maize as its distinctive badge. Nearly all the New England Colleges have chosen their colors or combinations; many will doubtless follow the example set by the young Colossus of the West. Red, white and blue yet remains for some patriotic institution to adopt; while lavender and yellow are at present disputed. We may add that Dartmouth claims green.

We are sorry to announce that Prof. Brown has accepted the Presidency of Hamilton College. We had sincerely hoped that many future classes might receive the advantages of his enlarged experience and sound instruction. We, however, congratulate the members of the Senior Class, that they are to be led through the pleasant and interesting, but difficult, labyrinths of metaphysics by the same discriminating and scholarly guidance which first introduced us to the mind-enriching pages of Hamilton, and shall bid him our heartiest God-speed, when he goes forth to his new field of labor. Hereafter, we shall have something to say in regard to his successor; and take this opportunity of mentioning that all speculations among the newspapers at present, concerning the matter, are entirely gratuitous.

The terrible freshet at West Hartford, Vt., on the 10th of this month, whereby one life—that of a young and beautiful lady was lost—and thousands of dollars of property destroyed, will not soon be forgotten by the people of this vicinity. The scene after the overflow beggars description. Mr. H. O. Bly, Photographer of Hanover, has seven views of the catastrophe, taken from as many different points. Those wishing true and actual representations of dangers by “flood and field,” can obtain them by personal application to Mr. Bly, or by mail. The price is 75 cents for a single picture or \$4.75 for the set. Since writing the above we learn that the body of Miss Williamson was found on Saturday evening, the 23d inst.

We take pleasure in informing our readers that the following Alumni have very kindly consented to act as our agents, in sending “Memoranda Alumnorum” and procuring subscribers for “The Dartmouth;” viz: Walter Gibson, class of '58, New York; Fred Chase, class of '60, Washington, D. C.; B. F. Prescott, class of '56, Concord, N. H.; Samuel A. Math-er, class of '34, Cleveland, Ohio. We are greatly obliged to Messrs. Gibson, Chase and Prescott, for many valuable items in our present number.

Among the Class Day appointments at Harvard, we notice the name of Charles S. Gage, of Concord, well known to our base ball friends as Captain of the Kearsarge B. B. C. Mr. Gage has been the “multum jactatus” Æneas of his class and will appreciate our *requiescat* for the rest of his course; we congratulate his class on their selection. Messrs. J. E. Leonard, Orator, and E. C. Clarke, Chief Marshal, are said to possess eminent ability for the places they are selected to fill.

An apology seems due for our failure to acknowledge the kindness of the one who sent us, for publication in our first number, the poem entitled, “Fifty Years out of College.” We were very glad to receive it, and considered it a valuable addition to our pages.

Will Joe Hoyt, class of '70, accept our hearty thanks for his list of subscribers. Joe procured us more than any three men in College. May you live, Joe, to feel the laurels of an editorship of the Magazine, you have so well assisted, settling upon your brow—the reward will be merited.

Our thanks are hereby expressed for the last numbers of the "Yale Courant," "Harvard Advocate" and "Asbury Review."

CORRIGENDA. Page 38, line 30, for "Arthur G. Holmes," read "Artemas L. Holmes."

Page 39, line 5, for "G. R. S. Hubbard" read "G. S. Hubbard."

Page 39, line 19, for "David G. Rollins," read "Daniel G. Rollins."

Page 39, line 28, for "Gen. Judson Patterson," read "Gen. Joab N. Patterson."

Page 39, line 29, for "Geo. A. Marsden," read "Geo. A. Marden."

Page 39, line 35, for "A. S. Morrill," read "H. A. Morrill."

Page 40, line 7, for "G. W. Merrill," read "G. W. Morrill."

Page 40, line 9, for "Henry J. Caldwell," read "Henry M. Caldwell."

Memoranda Alumnorum.

Hon. Geo. P. Marsh, class '20, is U. S. minister to Italy.

Hon. Jonas Cutting, class '23, is one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Maine.

Judge B. W. Bonney, class '24, was elected one of the directors of the Manhattan Gas Co.

Wm. C. Clark, Esq., class '32, is Attorney Gen. for N. H.

Rev. Charles Burnham, class '36, of Meredith Village, has become School Commissioner of Belknap County.

Hon. John Wentworth, class '36, has purchased the interest, of the Springfield, Ill., owners, in the Chicago Republican.

A. J. Phipps, class '38, has resigned the office of Superintendent of Public Schools to accept the more lucrative position of Gen'l Agent of the *Ætina* Insurance Company, for Mass.

Hon. James Barrett, class '38, is one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Maine.

Hon. Sylvester Dana, class '39, is Judge of the Police Court of Concord, N. H.

The following Alumni are Judges of the Supreme Court of N. H.: Hon. George W. Nesmith, class '20; Hon. Jonathan E. Sargent, class '40; Hon. Wm. H. Bartlett, class '47; Hon. Charles Doe, class '49.

Hiram Orcutt, class '42, is Principal of the Glenwood Ladies' Seminary, West Brattleboro', Vt., and of the Tilden Female Seminary, West Lebanon, N. H.

Mon. R. W. Clarke, class '42, has been elected Grand Senior Warden of the Masons of Vermont.

Rev. W. H. Lord, class '43, is one of the Editors of the new Congregational paper in Vermont.

Amos Hadley, Esq., class '44, is Reporter for the Supreme Court of N. H., and also one of the Editors of the Independent Democrat.

The following ministers have been dismissed from their respective charges: Rev. Leonard Tenney, class '40, from the Church in Thetford, Vt., Jan. 2d, 1866; Rev. Charles Seccombe, class '47, from the Church in St. Anthony, Minn., June 7th, 1866; Rev. Joseph C. Bodwell, class '33, from the Church in Woburn, Mass., Aug. 3d, 1866.

The salary of Rev. Horatio N. Burton, class '53, pastor of the Congregational Church, in Newbury, Vt., has been raised to \$1,100.

Rev. Sylvanus Hayward, class '53, contributed the article on page 382 of the Oct. No. of the Congregational Quarterly.

H. N. Twombly, class '54, retired from the firm of Wm. H. Fogg, & Co. on the 1st of January last, and commenced business again at No. 6 Park Place. Mr. Twombly has given largely to his Alma Mater.

J. D. Crehore, class '54, is a member of the firm of Williams & C., wholesale Grocers, Cleveland, Ohio.

Wm. S. Ladd, class '55, is practicing Law in Colebrook, N. H.

Rev. J. M. Chamberlain, of Grinnell, Iowa, class '55, contributed the article on page 354 of the Oct. No. of the Congregational Quarterly.

W. H. H. Allen, class '55, for several years an army Paymaster, has recently become Judge of Probate for Sullivan County, N. H.

C. J. Gleason, class '56, is a member of the law firm of Redfield & G., Montpelier, Vt.

Rev. A. B. Dascomb, class '58, contributed the article on page 388, of the October No. of the Congregational Quarterly.

Maj.-Gen. S. A. Duncan, class '58, recently Treasurer of the Boston Rubber Company, is temporarily in the service of the Treasury Department at the South.

Col. Wheelock G. Veasey, class '59, is Reporter for the Supreme Court of Vermont.

Capt. Henry B. Atherton, class '59, who resigned his commission in consequence of wounds received at Gwynns Mills, in the Peninsular Campaign, is at present practicing law in Nashua, N. H., under the firm name of Barrett & Atherton.

Dr. Lyman B. How, class '60, practicing Physician at Manchester, who during the absence last fall, in Europe, of Dr. E. R. Peaslee, filled with rare success, the position of lecturer on Anatomy, &c., in Dartmouth Medical School, was married, Oct. 10, 1866, to Mrs. Mary L. Taylor, of Hanover. The ceremony was performed at New Bedford, Mass., by his father, Rev. Moses How, who had previously in his life, married 1,775 couples!

Dr. M. L. Brown, class '61, C. S. D., is in Paris pursuing his medical studies.

Asst Prof. Hall, class '61, C. S. Dep't arrived in Paris early in Dec. He expects to spend about a year in Europe.

W. J. Tucker, class '61, was ordained pastor of the Franklin St. Church Manchester, N. H., Jan. 24th, 1867. President Smith, of Dartmouth College preached the ordination sermon.

G. H. Tucker, class '61, is a Law Student in Manchester, N. H.

Wm. W. Colburn, Esq., class '61, is Principal of Manchester High School, Manchester, N. H.

Arthur S. Lake, class '62, is Principal of the Thomaston Academy, Thomaston, Conn.

E. E. P. Abbott, class '63, is a student at Andover Theological Seminary.

Edward DeForest, class '64, is about to engage in business, in Cleveland, Ohio.

C. H. Patterson, class '64, has received an appointment in the N. Y. Custom House. Previous to his appointment, Mr. Patterson had been admitted to the Bar.

H. T. Fuller, class '64, who has been for the past three years, Principal of the Academy in Fredonia, N. Y., has resigned his position, and is about to enter the Theological Seminary at Andover, Mass.

D. M. Elliott, class '64, is a medical student in Manchester, N. H.

A. P. Charles, J. P. Bartlett and J. L. Foster, class '64, are law students in Manchester, N. H. Mr. Bartlett was recently married.

F. J. Drake, class '65, is engaged in the wholesale grocery business, at Nos. 9 and 11, Manchester St., Manchester, N. H.

E. B. Hale, class '65, is Principal of Lawrence High School, Boston, Mass.

Charles A. Chase, class '65, has recently been elected Principal of Moody Grammar School, Lowell, Mass.

F. A. Benton, class '65, has just been admitted to the bar.

E. B. Powers, class '65, has just been admitted to the Boston Bar.

The following have been recently ordained ministers: W. F. Harvey, class '64, at Webster City, Iowa, Aug. 14th, 1866; Josiah W. Kingsbury, class '62, at Queeche, Vt., June 28th, 1866; W. W. Dow, class '61, at West Brookville, Me., May 23d, 1866; Charles Caverno, class '54, at Lake Mills, Wis., Dec 4th, 1866.

W. A. Sellew, class '66, is at present engaged in the Iron Foundry at Gowanda, N. Y.

G. E. Chickering, and Levi Rodgers, class 66, was married in a few weeks after commencement—the former to Miss Hattie Barnes, of Manchester, N. H.—the latter to Mrs. Ellen Dimick, Queeche, Vt.

Charles E. Lane, class '66, is Principal of the Academy in Westfield, N. Y.

J. H. Chapman and J. P. Neal, class '66, are connected with the "Harris Cloth" establishment, at Woonsocket, R. I.

N. P. Hunt and Henry Whittemore, class '66, are law and medical students, at Manchester, N. H.

H. C. Ide, Valedictorian, class '66, is Principal of the Academy at St. Johnsbury, Vt.

Waldemar Otis, class '66, is a member of the firm of "Otis & Son," Wholesale Produce Commission Merchants, Cleveland, Ohio.

W. Gookin Hutchins, class '66, is diligently pursuing the study of medicine, in Hanover, with Dr. A. B. Crosby, class '53.

H. S. Sherman, class '66, is studying law at Mansfield, Ohio.

We continue the record of deaths furnished us by Dr. Chapman, of Newburyport, Mass. :

- 1798, Rev. James Davis, May 28, 1821, 41, at Abington, Mass.
 1808, Solomon Cummings, M. D., Nov. 14, 1866, 79, Circleville, Ohio.
 1810, James Hawkes, — —, 1828, 51, at Maysville, Ky.
 1810, Moses Moody, Jan. —, 1862, New Sharon or Hallowell, Me.
 1811, David Aiken Gregg, May —, 1866, 78, Derry, N. H.
 1811, Charles Lewis, Aug. 7, 1865, 80, Malden, Mass.
 1811, Samuel Morse, Jan. 1, 1865, 80, Croydon, N. H.
 1811 Joseph Perry, Jan. 17, 1865, 76, Keene, N. H.
 1812, John Bixby, Dec. 19, 1865, 75, Keene, N. H.
 1812, Thomas Hardy, March 3, 1864, 79, South Berwick, Me.
 1813, Rev. Charles Johnston, Oct. 10, 1866, 77, Ovid, N. Y.
 1813, Samuel Wells, Oct. 4, 1864, 71, Northampton, Mass.
 1813, Frederick Wood, — —, 1864, 72, Leominster, Mass.
 1814, Rev. Warren Day, May 19, 1864, 74, Richmond, N. Y.
 1815, John Fletcher, Aug. 1862, 71, Natchez, Miss.
 1815, Dr. Elisha Huntington, Dec. 13, 1865, 69, Lowell, Mass.
 1815, Amos Wood, Sept. 6, 1865, 72, Pomfret, Vt.
 1817, Dr. Lyndon Arnold Smith, Dec. 15, 1865, 70, Newark, N. J.
 1818, Rev. David Choate Proctor, Jan. 17, 1865, 71, Frankfort, Ky.
 1818, Rev. Seneca White, Jan. 11, 1865, 70, Amherst, N. H.
 1818, Rev. Silas Wilder, Oct. 29, 1865, 77, Herkimer, N. Y.
 1819, Rev Jacob Cummings, June 20, 1866, 73, Exeter, N. H.
 1819, John Dwight Willard, Oct. 16, 1864, 64, Troy N. Y.
 1822, Rev. James Bates, Dec. 9, 1865, 66, Granby, Mass.
 1822, Dr. Benjamin Hatch Bridgman, Aug. 20, 1863, 63, Grafton, Vt.
 1824, Hon. Charles Hazen Peaslee, Sept. 20, 1866, 62, St. Paul, Minn.
 1826, Ebenezer Allen, — —, 1863, 67, Richmond, Va.
 1829, Charles Guilford Burnham, June 29, 1866, 62, Montgomery, Ala.
 1829, Joseph Mills Glidden, May 7, 1865, 57, Portsmouth, Ohio.
 1829, Dr. Moses Greenleaf Hazeltine, — —, 1863, 55, Youngstown, Ohio,
 1830, Rev. Austin Hazen Wright, Jan. 4, 1865, 53, Oroomiah, Persia,
 1831, Dr. Benjamin Rush Palmer, July 15, 1865, 52, Louisville, Ky.
 1834, James Greenleaf, Aug. 22, 1865, 51, Cambridge, Mass.
 1835, Nathaniel Marsh, July 18, 1864, 48, New York City.
 1835, Rev. E. Richard Tucker, Jan. 11, 1866, 50, Newburyport, Mass.

Completed in our next.

Camp in Egypt

THE DARTMOUTH.

VOL. I.

MARCH, 1867.

No. III.

EDITORS.—SPRING TERM, 1867.

ROBERT G. McNIECE;

JOHN N. IRWIN,

CHARLES H. MERRILL.

Daniel Webster as a Student.

Near the commencement of his senior year, Mr. Webster was called to mourn the death of a classmate to whom he was warmly attached. During his illness, he alludes to him with great solicitude. To a friend he said: "My first object is to inquire about Simonds. Oh that I could be assured that he is recovering! But perhaps that is a happiness, never to be allowed us. Let our prayers ascend together for his well-being."

After the decease of his friend, he was invited to pronounce his eulogy, which was published. In that he takes occasion to speak in the highest terms of the Christian character of the deceased. "To surviving friends," he said, "gladdening is the reflection, that he died, as he lived, a firm believer in the sublime doctrines of Christianity. * * * Whoever knew him in life, or saw him in death, will cordially address this honorable testimony to his memory,—

'He taught us how to live, and oh, too high
The price of knowledge, taught us how to die.' "

He then discourses, at length, upon the power of religion to sustain and console, the believer, in scenes of sorrow, persecution, and death. The thoughts and style of the whole eulogy are such as might have been expected from the pen of Jeremy Taylor, rather than from a

youth of eighteen years. After listening to the warm commendations of a classmate, he remarked, "If the funeral oration be thought decent, I am contented; equal to the subject it is not. The death of Simonds was a theme on which the first writers ought to be proud to point their pens. *'Hei mihi, qualis erat!'*"

He loved his young friends with the intensity and sincerity of woman's affection. In his heart there was a native gentleness, which shrunk instinctively from all rudeness to others, or thoughtless trifling with their feelings.

A little incident in his college life happily illustrates this trait in his character. A fellow-student had a fond conceit of his own powers as a poet. He measured his verses with a pair of dividers. The manufacture of an acrostic was quite original, and entirely mechanical. After marking the termini of the lines, he placed at the beginning of them those words whose initial letters would make the required name; and at the end words in pairs, that would rhyme with each other, and then filled (or stuffed as the phrase was) the intermediate spaces. Of course, such a poet had frequent calls for public recitations. Mr. Webster pitied his simplicity, and, in company with a friend, called on the poet, and revealed to him the true state of public sentiment. The deluded youth very promptly informed them that "they were envious of his fame, and only designed to injure him."

*"Nullum ultra verbum, aut operam insumebat inanem,
Quin sine rivali seque, et sua solus amaret."*

Mr. Webster early manifested a deep-seated aversion to cruelty, oppression, and war. An extract from an essay published by him, in his seventeenth year, shows how early in life he entertained pacific sentiments.

"Cry havoc and let slip the dogs of war!"

"For what was man created, but to cultivate the arts of peace and friendship, to beam charity and benevolence on all around him, to improve his own mind by study and reflection, to serve his God with all the powers of his soul, and finally, when the days of his years are numbered, to bid adieu to earthly objects with a smile, to close his eyes on the pillow of religious hope, and sink to repose in the bosom of his Maker? Why, then, is the object of our existence unattained? Why does man relentless draw the sword to spill the blood of man?"

Why are the fairest countries on earth desolated and depopulated with the ravages of war? Why are the annals of the world crowded with the details of murder, treason, sacrilege, and crimes, that strike the soul with horror but to name them? Oh, corrupted nature! Oh, depraved man! Those who are delighted with tales of bloodshed and destruction find a rich repast in the daily accounts from Europe, where

‘Gigantic slaughter stalks with awful strides,
And vengeful fury pours her copious tides.’

But to the child of humanity, to the man of true benevolence, it is a sad and painful reflection that iniquity should usurp the reign of justice, that the liberties and the lives of millions should be sacrificed to satiate the ambition of individuals, and that tyrants should wade through seas of blood to empire and dominion. War, under certain circumstances is proper, is just. When men take arms to burst those chains which have bound them in slavery, to assert and maintain those privileges, which they justly claim as natural rights, their object is noble, and we wish them success.”

The whole essay is of a like tenor; and in reading it, we are forced to exclaim, for the thousandth time, “How forcible are right words!”

From all the statesmen and patriots of the world, Mr. Webster selected Washington as his model to study and imitate. In one of his earliest poetic compositions, there is found a beautiful apostrophe to “the Father of his Country.”

“Ah, Washington! thou once didst guide the helm,
And point each danger to our infant realm;
Didst show the gulf where Faction’s tempests sweep,
And the big thunders frolic o’er the deep;
Through the red wave didst lead our bark, nor stood,
Like Moses, on the other side the flood.
But thou art gone—yes, gone—and we deplore
The man, the Washington, we knew before.
But when thy spirit mounted to the sky,
And scarce beneath thee left a tearless eye—
Tell! what Elisha then thy mantle caught,
Warm’d with thy virtue—with thy wisdom fraught?”

The question that interested the youthful poet has been once solved; and we are now prepared to repeat it, with pensive earnestness, over the tomb of Webster. The recorded opinions of his early life

furnish abundant proof of his rooted aversion to war, and his warm devotion to peace. He often wrote upon political topics. The young student discoursed ably and eloquently upon those very subjects which afterwards called forth the mightiest energies of the peerless orator and statesman. The *Constitution* and the *Union* were as dear to him at seventeen as at seventy. At the age of eighteen he wrote a political letter to a friend, which was published in the *Dartmouth Gazette*, from which I will copy a paragraph.

"Internally secure, we have nothing to fear. Let Europe pour her embattled millions around us; let her thronged cohorts cover our shores from the St. Lawrence to the St. Mary's, yet *United Columbia* shall stand unmoved; the name of her deceased Washington shall still guard the liberties of his country and direct the sword of freedom in the day of battle. Heaven grant that the bonds of our federal union may be strengthened; that Gallic emissaries and Gallic principles may be spurned from our land; that traitors may be abashed, and that the stars and stripes of *United Columbia* may wave triumphant!" Two years later he wrote as follows:—"Our constitution has left, it is true, a wide field for the exertions of popular *intrigue*, while it has strongly fortified against executive encroachments. This is the general nature and construction of governments perfectly free. They are much better secured against tyranny than against licentiousness. Yet it has been said, with as much truth as eloquence, that 'the thunderbolt of despotism is not more fatal to public liberty than the earthquake of popular commotion.' It would be a phenomenon in history; it would be like a comet which appears but once in a hundred centuries, if there should be found a government advancing to despotism by regular and progressive encroachment. The path of despotism leads through the mire and dirt of uncontrolled democracy. When this government falls, it will owe its destruction to some administration that sets out in its career with much adulation of the *sovereign people*, much profession of economy and reform, and it will then proceed to prostrate the fairest institutions of government by the *pretext* of saving *expense*, but really with the purpose of destroying constitutional check."

Poetry was a favorite species of composition with Mr. Webster while in college. Besides his contributions to the press and poetic epistles to his friends, he often wrote in verse for public exhibitions.

Early in his college course, he wrote his own declamations for the stage, while others were permitted to speak selected pieces. A class-mate of his informs me that he remembers one poetic composition which he spoke, of which every line ended in i-o-n.

Mr. Webster also took a prominent part in the exercises of the literary society of which he was a member. There existed at that time an intense rivalry between the "United Fraternity" and "Social Friends." They were then secret societies, and embraced a majority of the members of college. The Fraternity was somewhat depressed. Mr. Webster became its champion, and gave it a more elevated position in the college. The records of that society have been mutilated, and the manuscript oration of Mr. Webster, which was delivered by him at the time of his graduation, before the society, has been purloined by some literary thief, who ought to be disfranchised from the republic of letters.

—— "Is intestabilis et sacer esto."

The records, so far as they exist, contain the following entries respecting Mr. Webster :

"His initiation occurred Nov. 7, 1797.

"The society met, according to adjournment, at Brother Webster's room, Nov. 21, 1797."

"At the election of officers, Aug. 14, 1798, Freshman Webster was chosen 'Inspector of Books.' "

"May 7, 1799, Sophomore Webster was chosen 'Librarian.' "

"Aug. 20, 1799, Messrs. Webster and Brackett were chosen to write a 'Dialogue' for exhibition at the next commencement."

"Oct. 15, 1799, Voted to deposit in the archives of the United Fraternity an Oration delivered by Junior Webster."

"Nov. 25, 1799. A voluntary oration from Brother Webster closed the exercises."

"Dec. 3, 1799. "An oration from Brother Webster opened the meeting.' "

"May 27, 1800. At the choosing of officers, Junior Webster was 'Vice-President.' "

"May 19, 1800. Junior Webster was appointed 'Orator' for the ensuing commencement."

"Oct. 7, 1800. An oration on 'ambition,' by Brother Webster, completed the exercises."

"Nov. 25, 1800. Daniel Webster was elected President of the Society."

The entire record of Mr. Webster's senior year is lost. His labors during that year are said to have exceeded those of the three preceding years. It should be remembered also, that it was not the custom of the secretary to record the names of the speakers who participated in the extemporaneous debates, which at that period were very frequent. Here Mr. Webster was unanimously admitted to be *facile princeps*; and, so far as the society or college was concerned, it might with truth be said :

"Unde nil majus generatur ipso,
Nec viget quidquam simile, aut secundum."

At a public exhibition of his class, in the Sophomore year, "a poem" was assigned to Mr. Webster, which he wrote and recited. My informant further remarked, that whenever the class or society had a difficult task to be performed, *it was always laid upon Webster*. His ability as a writer and debater gave rise to the opinion that he was a very extensive reader. He selected his authors with great care, and read with fixed attention. He was, however, no literary gourmand. He devoted very little time to works of fiction. His taste inclined him to works of history, literature, and philosophy. In 1802, he described to a friend, his own method of reading. "So much as I read," said he, "I made my own. When a half hour, or an hour at most, had expired, I closed my book and thought it all over. If there was any thing particularly interesting to me, either in sentiment or language, I endeavored to recall it and lay it up in memory, and commonly could effect my object. Then, if in debate or conversation afterward, any subject came up on which I had read something, I could talk very easily, so far as my knowledge extended, and then was very careful to stop." In later years, when his knowledge and experience had become more enlarged, he had no occasion to stop till the subject was completely exhausted. His memory, which was very retentive, served as his commonplace book. A college acquaintance says of him: "By reading twenty, or even more pages of poetry twice over, I have heard him repeat their contents almost verbatim." This power of memory he turned to good account, both in retaining the thoughts of others and in fixing the results of his own reflections. He was accus-

tomed to arrange his thoughts for debates and declamations in his solitary rambles upon the borders of neighboring brooks, angling for trout, or while scouring the surrounding forests in quest of game. This practice he continued in subsequent life. When his thoughts were once arranged in his mind, the business of writing was merely mechanical. Amusement and study were so strangely wedded, that careless observers mistook the profound thinker for a heedless trifler. He *composed* his college themes at his leisure, and *wrote* them just before they were due. Accordingly, he was often known to commence the writing of a public declamation after dinner, which he was expected to speak at two o'clock the same day. In one instance, while writing, with open windows, a sudden flaw of wind took away his paper, and it was last seen flying over the meeting-house. He appeared upon the stage, notwithstanding his loss, and spoke with his usual fluency and eloquence.

His recreations were all manly and invigorating. He had little fondness for games of chance, and far less for noisy, convivial entertainments. He looked with ineffable contempt upon that low pleasure which mischievous idlers derive from the annoying of others. In his eulogy upon his deceased classmate, he bestows marked commendation upon his lofty scorn of the vile arts of college demagogues. Even then the youthful student showed the same self-respect and dignified deportment which he afterwards exhibited at the bar and in the senate. He also practised the same untiring industry. In 1846, he wrote to a friend: "I have worked for more than twelve hours a day for fifty years, on an average. I do not know experimentally what wealth is, nor how the bread of idleness tastes." These fifty years would cover his entire college life. There can be little doubt that, while a student, for months together, he devoted more than twelve hours a day to study. During his vacations, for two winters at least, he taught school. Several of his earliest pupils are still living. They affirm that, during the winter of 1797, he taught a school in the house of his uncle, William Webster, in Salisbury, for four dollars a month; and that after the erection of a new school-house in the same district, "at Shaw's Corner," he taught in 1798, for six dollars a month. One of his scholars still remembers that he was "*right smart at figures.*"

We must not estimate the ability of the teacher by the amount of wages he received. It must be remembered that the country was then sparsely settled; the people were poor, the soil was unsubdued

and rugged, personal labor was low, and specie was exceedingly valuable. Mr. Webster, after he was graduated, taught the academy at Fryeburg, Me., for three hundred and fifty dollars a year, and submitted to the drudgery of copying deeds for the register of the county, during his leisure hours, to eke out his scanty support and save something to aid his brother in securing an education. Such was the student life of one whom his friends delight to call "the foremost man of all this world." His example rebukes the indolent and disorderly student, while it is full of encouragement and hope to the industrious and faithful. It is worth more than hereditary wealth to the earnest and truthful scholar.

Representative Men.

No. 2.

"A chiel's amang you takin' notes
And, faith, he'll prent it."

Our second class are those known by the names of fast men, *rowing* men, bummers *et id omne genus*. These appellations possess the same meaning and may be, and are, applied indiscriminately; but as the term *rowing men* is peculiar to colleges, we shall give it the preference. Of the *rowing man* then we proceed to speak. We shall treat him tenderly, "handle with care," for it may be that our path has sometime necessarily crossed his; it may be that our feet have sometimes trod his perilous track, or it may be otherwise. If you, who scan these lines, are disposed to be evil-minded and venomous-tongued, then say we have and let it pass; if, on the other hand, you are a large hearted charitable reader, then think as you will; but if you doubt, give us the benefit thereof.

This class might be separated into several divisions, such as the sporting, the literary, the rough and gentlemanly *rowing men*; but for our purpose it will suffice to melt them all in one crucible, and present to you the "conglomerated aggregate," without attempting so delicate and minute an analysis as would over-task our powers.

The *rower* is emphatically and undeniably a character and not, essentially, a bad one. Start not, good friends, at this statement. We

shall advance no heresy. We are true blue ourselves—one of you. The strawberry mark may be found on *our* left shoulder as well as *yours*. Again we say and dare maintain that the *rowe* is not necessarily bad; that he has bad *traits*, we do not pretend to deny; as he is, good and evil, we shall essay to paint him. The *rowe* is easily, readily, and universally recognized by the cognoscenti; his walk, dress, manner, and talk all combine to betray him. See him on the way to Chapel or recitation; the quick, springing step, the neat dress sometimes faintly bordering on the shadowy domains of the *bizarre*, the easy don't-care manner. To the uninitiated he would appear, the model man, and judging by the fair outside alone, might seem the moral one of the College. Nor is he immoral in every sense; for be it understood that we are not depicting the swearing, expectorating, ill-looking, foul-mouthed ruffian, but one who has great faults, yet is a gentleman withal.

We venture to assert, then, and we think our experience will bear us out, that the slickest combed, nattiest cravatted, smoothest collared, brightest booted men at morning service are the “persons now considered.” For these things sufficient reasons exist. Ask a *rowe* and he may tell you why. We do not choose to disclose secrets which have come casually and unsought under our notice. Observe the *rowe* on a summer evening; the well-brushed beaver and the unspotted broadcloth; so modest and unassuming is his demeanor; so natural and unpretending is his conversation; so quiet is he *generally*, that you would express unfeigned astonishment if told, that from those lips, half concealed by the silken moustache, issued the direful noises which make the “night hideous” of a college town.

But 'tis not in the broad glare of day you should see him; it is only at night that he stands forth fully revealed; that he flings off the veil and stands forth the true *rowe*—*in propria persona*; it is only then that he is in his element, that he sings, dances, jokes, imbibes; he is as full of quip, and song, and jest as ever was poor Yorick. Let a dozen *rowes* have a supper. Will's Tavern, with its uproarious assemblage of wits and literati, would not be ashamed of the comparison, could its former guests rise—the “disembodied ghosts,” and view the revels of those upon whom their festive mantles have so gracefully fallen.

The *rowe* usually plays an average game of billiards, is a good hand at whist, is up to all the mystical signs and tokens of the an-

cient and venerable game of High Low Jack, and knows when to 'call' and when to "go better" in that classical and pleasing amusement of draw poker. He handles the ribbons deftly and is *au fait* in all matters pertaining to the horse, horse-y. He is a great admirer of pretty women, and thinks he knows one when he sees her; he is a frequenter of theaters during vacation, and returns to College with the entire *repertoire* of a minstrel troupe, with which elegant and refined productions he regales his less cultivated and wondering classmates. To sum up all his vices, he smokes, chews perhaps, drinks sometimes, likes fast horses and everything above the common, adores ballet girls in his way, and swears by his reigning goddess. In short he *is* fast and don't deny the "soft impeachment."

Now it must not be assumed that he has reached this giddy height at one leap, by a single effort; on the contrary, it has been a work of time, a gradual ascension. A humble, bashful Freshman, he enters College; beyond a sly game of billiards, or a glass of ale, during this year, he rarely goes. A Sophomore, he is fond of turkey, and therefore becomes a *gobbler*, or a "snapper up of inconsiderate trifles," or, to use a Partonism, is not particularly regardful of *meum* and *tuum*. It is during this year that he takes his first "spree;" usually at the winding up of Sophomore mathematics. Fortunately for him, however, it is generally very "mild." But the Junior is the "year of all years" for the *rowe*. It seems as though he seeks to soften the asperities clustering round the studies of this period, and to promote mental discipline as a gardener causes his plants to grow; the difference is small—merely a *nominal* distinction—the gardener uses water while the rowing Junior—don't. Of the *rowe's* Senior year, we are yet not qualified to speak as "one having authority," We opine, however, that the speed he has hitherto maintained begins to slacken, as near the terminus of his journey; whether he ever makes a full stop, or continues running on slow time, like a neighboring railroad, we are unable to say.

Let us now "go the rounds" with a *rowe* for one night. Shrink not, kind reader, for, even should we be asked to "smile," we have the option of refusing, besides, *our* armor is of proof, is impervious, impenetrable. Will you go? How—"afraid of being seen," you say. Why, there is not the least danger. We will wrap our mantles about us so that none can recognize us, and, too, we can have such a nice

time afterward in talking of what we have seen and heard; we will have *so much* to retail to our dear five hundred; we will be such acceptable callers, so vivacious, so entertaining, so sparkling; it isn't gossip, you know. Ah, you'll go, then. Well, let us drop in the saloon,—this way, through the door; here we are; a counter on one side and a dozen little alcoves on the other. Now, in our spiritual character, we glide through the wooden partition, as if it were a morning mist; around a deal table, six by two, we see our lost sheep, or, more classically, our golden fleece; before him, (we select one of the party,) are an oyster stew and a glass of ale, the russet colored October, the nectar of Hebe. Oh, ale! ale! under thy snowy foam, thy creamy covering, what another world, than our cold every-day affair, lies concealed! No Mussulman ever imagined a paradise so gorgeous as thou canst confer upon thy worshipper; no dreamer ever dreamed a dream so beautiful, so ever-changing, so endlessly varying, so enchanting, so like a fairy tale or an Oriental poem, but in thee can be found its counterpart. From thy aureate body flash rays more radiant, beams more dazzling than ever gleamed from polished diamond or glowing ruby. Thou hast an eternal blush like that mantling a young girl's cheek, but which never fades, or dims with age, or tampers with the tints of art; thy carnation is undying, thy glow immortal. Peering into thy amber depths, before me flit images more ærial and fantastic than were ever formed by the rich-hued Kaleidoscope, or the play of sunbeams on the leaves of Autumn. Sounds, I hear, more tuneful than the reeds of Pan, or the spring-time birds; sweeter than the swelling notes of some skilled songstress, or even the

“—bells of Shandon,

Which sound so grand on

The pleasant waters of the river Lee.”

With this he declares himself “as dry as a fish,” and, as if by magic, the contents of the goblet vanish in a twinkling. “All this,” murmur we to our attendant, “for one dime or more, depending on your calibre.” To one glass another quickly succeeds. The eyes of the *roue* sparkle and glitter like a dew drop in the sun, his lips quiver with half-suppressed fun, and the song, and jest, and pun, go merrily round. Asked for a toast he gives—

“To her whose eyes brightly luminous,
Expressive as the twins of Leda.”

By this time 'tis ten by "Shrewsbury Clock;" a proposal of adjournment to a room is readily acceded to, so with a bucket of ale as *compagnon du voyage*, he trudges gaily off. We, of course, follow. Arrived at our destination, all the glasses and mugs, cracked and whole, are at once, pressed into service. Song follows ale, and ale treads quickly on song's retreating footsteps. The fun grows fast and furious. Now can be heard old-fashioned stave and roundelay, couplets from poets coëval with the conquest, odes from Anacreon, or at least from Moore; snatches from songs long since buried beneath the rubbish of ages, and extracts from modern devotees of Bacchus. Asked why he drinks, he replies with a sorrowful shake of the head—

"My muse, too, when her wing is dry,
No frolic flights will take,
But round the bowl will dip and fly,
Like swallows 'bout a lake.
If then, my muse must have her share
Before she'll bless her swain,
Then isn't *that* a reason fair
To fill *my* glass again.

He next evinces his contempt for the cap-setting of some artful feminine—

"'Tis true thou art handsome and tender,
But when you can catch me again,
As last night on a desperate bender,
Then I'll submit to thy chain."

As the ale begins to mount upward to the "pale dome where thought like a king sits enthroned," the claims of friendship seem to call for—

"But before I go, Tom Moore,
Here's a double health to thee."

By this time the announcement is made that the "ale is out." The effect is immediately seen in yawns and other indications of extreme weariness and lassitude. No metaphor is worthy of place here to describe the sleeping stillness after the waking noise, except that used in a far different scene, when the "silence which ensued was like the deep slumber of all nature after a furious thunder storm."

But our *rowe* is not thus to be balked, so by shaking and pulling he at length arouses his comrades. Together then they sally forth into

the open air. The winds of heaven excite their vocal powers, and they raise "Old Dog Tray", varying the usual chorus by no very laudatory commendations of that faithful canine's descent. "Annie Laurie" is not permitted to rest under her native heather, and "Fairy Belle" is kept carolling to the streams until she retires, suffering with an inflammation of the mucous membrane of her fauces. Becoming, however, quickly tired of a road which is just the right length, but entirely too narrow, our hero leads his bacchanalians to the nearest room—then woe to the occupant thereof, ruthlessly torn from his couch, and imperatively ordered to "lamp the light," he can but obey and must stand, shivering by, while the revellers search his room for sardines, crackers, or any "eats" which may happen to be hidden there.

But all things must end. Disappointed in their search, our *rowes* depart leaving behind them traces vivid; for broken chairs and *loun- ges*, overturned tables and spittoons, are inevitable marks of a room once honored by their presence.

Winding up the orgie with "He's a jolly good fellow," and a parting cheer for the good things which "lie upon the knees of the Gods," the party separate. Our *rowe* plods across the common, to or from the "buildings," as the case may be, happy if he escape a *swelled nose* or a black eye. Arrived at his own "den" and wondering what *could* affect the stairs so, he deliberately proceeds to hang his garments on the floor, and to make desperate efforts at the bed as it comes round, telling it to hold on for he'll be with it in a moment; this process of course confuses his ideas and immediately, he begins to practically exemplify the story of the whale, after which, much relieved, he successfully retires and soon lapses into (from his own account) very unpleasant dreams.

So far have we accompanied him. Did space permit, we would visit him in the morn and hear his comments, freed from all unnatural excitement, upon the amber ale. The "creamy covering" he would now call scum from some turgid frog pond; the "snowy foam," dirty soap suds; the "gorgeous paradise" is a mouth like a heated oven; the dream is a "fairy tale," wherein the elves convert the head of the unfortunate into a goblin saw-mill; the rays from the "aureate body" *are* beautifully red and dazzling, as proved by the watery eyes and the carbuncles so copious; the "immortal glow" is the brilliantly painted nose, and the "tuneful sounds" resemble more, the grating of runners upon gravel or the filing of a saw, than the rare melody of music.

In class the *rowe* is wholly out of place. can never be depended upon ; sometimes reciting well but oftener, "flunking;" his attitudes are well expressed by the slang phrase of "lying round loose;" neglecting his lessons outside, he is compelled to use the broad back of his neighbor as a screen, behind which to cram, safe from the Professor's watchful eye. Entering the recitation room with a heavy heart and an empty head and undergoing a "borous" hour, he departs with a gladsome heart and the same *vacuitas capitis*. It should be readily inferred, therefore, that his standing is very low, and this is generally the case, as *his* part at Commencement is usually that of a respectful listener.

Our lengthy sketch must now end. We feel a little sad as we part from our *rowe*. Under different influences he would have been a better man, for his errors are rather of the head than the heart; his vices are not those of calculation but arise from the generous spirit of hearty good-fellowship and love to his fellows. The love of social pleasure is the cause of all his short-comings, (to use no harsher term;) and, doing a great deal of evil, at the same time, he means none. Yet we cannot excuse, though we may palliate, his vices, for these reasons; they are as much a sin as though coolly premeditated, and their result is inevitably the same. Should one of those, whom our pen has feebly attempted to portray, see these lines, let him accept a friendly warning. We write no tale followed by an idle moral, but before him we see a black abyss, a yawning gulf, a hell.

MIM.

To Mount Ascutney.

I.

Fair Mount, in sharpest outline showing,
Athwart the clear, blue, wintry sky,
As long I gaze with moistened eye,
How weird the fancies thickly growing,
What scenes, long past, are flitting by !

II.

Again, with childhood's ken, I'm marking
Thy star-crowned peak, thy evergreen,
Thy summer garb, thy snowy sheen ;
Again, with childhood's ears, I'm harking
To winds that rise thy cliffs atween.

III.

Again—a college boy—I'm glancing
Adown the vale thou watchest well ;
Old hopes anew my bosom swell—
Fair castles airy readvancing,
Called up as by the olden spell.

IV.

But how, like mists that morning brought thee,
Those baseless fabrics vanished soon ;
And now, at manhood's sober noon,
The golden lesson thou hast taught me,
I deem a truer, richer boon.

V.

Old friends are in the valley sleeping,
That by me stood to look on thee ;
And youthful years how swift they flee :
Her solemn ward is memory keeping
O'er things that were—but may not be.

VI.

But thou, symbolic, still uprising,
Speakest of good that lives for aye,
And truth of an eternal day ;
Of good, all real joy comprising—
A glory fading not away.

VII.

So, as from day to day I view thee,
I count earth's shadows lighter still ;
And, with an humble, chastened will,
To God's own Mount uplooking through thee,
Immortal hopes my spirit thrill.

Dartmouth College, Feb. 15, 1867.

What is a College?

No. 3.

A more prevalent and pernicious error is that which opens our colleges for the admission of young men, of whatever aim, taste and talent. The advocates of this opinion, adapting the course of collegiate training to the popular wish, reducing its dimensions within the compass of an average grasp, and arranging it, as they suppose, on the principle of the highest public utility, would divest it of much that has heretofore been deemed essential to a liberal education; would destroy its unity, limit its range, terminate its equipollency upon the faculties, and, in short, convert the whole system into an assemblage of heterogeneous departments,—*monstrum horrendum,—undique colatis membris*. Abandoning all broad and noble views of human culture; overlooking the fact that nothing but a symmetrical development of the intellect can enable any *one* power to exhibit its highest energy; ignorant of “our being’s end and aim,” and the lofty satisfaction attendant upon genuine scholarship; forgetting that

“Order is Heaven’s first law, and this confessed,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest;”

and losing sight of that obligation to superior service incumbent on those whom God has honored with superior endowments;—they treat man as a mere earthling, created to toil and drudge in some paltry segment of the great circle of life; and would therefore make his highest education a direct and rigid preparative for the particular business in which he must spend his days. Some, it is to be feared, with a yet more contracted and despicable view, value art, science and literature, only as they can be rendered subservient to that chief end of most men,—*money-making*; and would subject our schools, colleges and universities, as they have already yielded themselves, to the dominion of Mammon.

Hence arise all manner of short cuts to knowledge, patent republican roads to learning, mental-labor-saving machines, colleges made easy, popularized universities; until wisdom is simplified to silliness. Hence our classical departments, scientific departments, our departments of literature and the arts, civil engineering departments, and

material perused by the reading public. This is a very serious matter, when it is considered that nearly all that information which is so valuable and indispensable, and most of that mental discipline, without which, the dividing line between brutal instinct and human intellect becomes well nigh indiscernible, are secured to us through reading. Yet this morbid taste for fiction, mocks at both knowledge and discipline, for it turns its back on the sources of the one and the auxiliaries of the other, by neglecting alike history and poetry, metaphysics and theology, science and philosophy. Of course, no one is fool-hardy enough to assert that all novels are useless, and all novel-reading injurious. It is freely admitted that there are some novels which are really deserving of attention and which every one should read. We should as soon think of ostracizing the works of Gibbon and Hume, as those of Scott, Dickens and Bulwer. But the really meritorious writers of this latter class may be counted on one's fingers—literally on one's fingers; and if the productions of all the rest could be somehow placed irrecoverably below the "Potsdam formation," or piled together in one huge bonfire, whose ashes would be blown to the ends of the earth, the world would be the better, both morally and intellectually.

With those who read an occasional novel during the intervals of severe study, or the weariness of convalescence, we find not the slightest fault. Indeed that seems to be the most proper way to read such things. It is that large class in all communities, nine tenths of whose entire reading is made up of the mere froth and bubbles of the human brain, that we wish to include within the scope of this article; those who select books which appeal merely to a disordered fancy and morbid imagination, calculated to entertain only for the moment—and to satisfy only the capricious whims and unstable fancies of the passing hour, with no reference to permanent advantage and sound intellectual growth.

There are several reasons why we would shun, as we do the deadly viper, all such books, and why we think others should shun them. First, the world, through the increasing facilities for publication, is so flooded with books of every description, that during our little lives, even with the utmost diligence, we can read but a very small section of the *best* volumes; so there is no time whatever for that most rapid, inane and profitless of all human productions—a second or third rate

novel. The more one reads of what is worthless, the less time there is for what is substantial. What folly more absurd, what stupidity and short-sightedness more complete, than to sort out of all literature the chaff, the dry husks, and linger on the borders of mental starvation, while the clear, shining wheat is rotting under one's very feet, from sheer profusion !

Says that most sagacious observer and clear thinker, John Ruskin, on this very subject : "Do you know if you read this, that you cannot read that—that what you lose to-day, you cannot gain tomorrow ? Will you go and gossip with your house-maid, or your stable-boy, when you may talk with queens and kings ?" If there is anything of this nature which calls for deepest commiseration, it is to see one exhausting the energies of a brain, naturally clear, in the frivolous, bootless, childish task of cheap novel-reading ; frittering away the golden, priceless hours, in scanning the barren pages of some George Augustus Sala, or Miss Braddon, or the "Author of East Lynn ;" peering through the mud to find some insignificant, scraggy pebble, while holding all the time, the key which unlocks treasures, whose richness and immensity, neither gold of Ophir nor mines of Brazilian diamonds can even illustrate. This is bad enough in the case of the illiterate, but to see the educated and those seeking education thus engaged, is soul-sickening. Nor is this some imaginary practice. There are, we regret to say, students about this college not a few, who, day after day from year to year, visit the libraries and go back to their rooms loaded down with a ponderous collection of superannuated, magazine stories, and the poor, senseless trivialities of some Wilkie Collins, Sylvanus Cobb, Mrs. Southworth, Tom Toodles, Stephen Shallowbrains and Jupiter knows what not ; then cheat themselves of sleep while their shrivelling, drooping souls plead in vain for something on which to feed besides such effeminate, mental hash. They pass by with unpardonable indifference the rich, life-giving pages of Bacon, Sir Thomas Browne, Milton, Addison, Swift and Coleridge, look with silent contempt on that imposing array of historians, which support with columnar dignity the eastern wall of the "Fraters" and "Socials," and shamefully turn their backs on that imperishable column of British essayists, including Lord Jeffrey, Lord Brougham, Sidney Smith, Christopher North, Carlyle, Alison, Talfourd and De Quincey, any one of whose volumes contains more of noble thought, solid merit, grand

our English departments, where university-men, (Heaven save the mark!)—three feet high, and nine years old, study grammar, geography, arithmetic, reading and penmanship! And that no bee, not even a drone, may be left unprovided with an appropriate honey-spot, in addition to all these provisions, a special class of university students, *κατ' ἑξοχήν*, are suffered to roam at large through all manner of departments, browsing here and there, like stray calves, upon the sprouts and twigs of literature.

All system and unity are thus subverted. The general principle adopted is simply this; let every young man select for himself, or let his parents select for him, those branches of study that suit his taste, his genius, or his anticipated pursuits. Has not even a classic poet taught us that no other studies can profit him?

Tu nihil invita dices faciesve Minerva.

Or if there must be some degree of system, let the old curriculum be broken up into as many distinct curricula, as the varied interests, inclinations and employments of the people may require. Why stretch every youth upon the bed of Procrustes? Of what avail is Latin, cries one, to a farmer? Does not a modern *Farmer's Magazine* contain more valuable agricultural information than the united works of Varro, Columella and Virgil? Can you cure a back-woods fever with a prescription out of Galen, or Hippocrates? asks an embryo medicine-man. Can Greek set a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Greek hath no skill in surgery, then? No. What is Greek? Words. What is in those words? Air. Therefore I'll none of it. Greek is a mere scutcheon; and so ends my catechism.

"We thought," murmur a hundred,—“we thought that Hebrew had ceased with the Mosaic dispensation!—We intend to be merchants, lawyers, mechanics, politicians, ministers, shout a thousand;—how can geometry, surveying, navigation, the calculus, or astronomy, profit us? A section of land is worth more to a Western man than all the conic sections ever discoursed of. Aye, aye, exclaim a clique of reformers. Away with your silver-gray sciences, your farrago of antiquated scholasticism, your musty metaphysics, your tread-mill of old fogysm; give us something modern, practical, useful. Bury Latin in the tomb of popery; Greek in the grave of Christianity; and He-

brew in the whale's belly. Substitute modern politics for ancient history, the art of wealth for the art of poetry, the problems of social life for the problems of Euclid, phrenology for psychology, manifest destiny for moral philosophy, for calculus the calculation of the area of freedom by the iron rule of democratic expansiveness, the types of mankind for the types of Moses, the revelations of Poughkeepsie Davis, Miss Fox and Senator Talmadge for the old prophets and apostles; and so train up the rising generation in the nurture and admonition of Young America!

I have purposely grouped together the various opponents of the established system of collegiate education, and have presented even the most ultra views; views which I know to be abhorrent to many of our educational reformers; not for the sake of caricaturing the whole body, nor of charging upon *all* the excesses of a few; but because in this way only can the whole aspect and force of that opposition be ascertained; because the fundamental doctrine of all parties to that opposition is identical,—to wit, that in our college training the apostolic maxim should be reversed, that our students should not walk by the same rule, mind the same thing; and chiefly, because the correction of all these erroneous theories is one and the same, namely a simple recurrence to the first principles of human nature and human society.

ARNOLPHUS.

Modern Novel-Reading and its Victims.

At the risk of running directly against the predilections and opinions of many, for whose judgment and taste, in general, great respect is entertained, and of incurring the averted face and frowning brow of some of the better part of humanity, we undertake, candidly and deliberately, to enter an emphatic protest against the wholesale patronage of novels, by nearly all classes at the present time. Under the head of novels, by implication, if not technically, may be included all that trashy, fictitious, flippant, unsatisfying, mind-dissipating literature, which the modern, Minerva Press, like the dragon of the Apocalypse, is vomiting forth.

It is doubtless within the limits of truth to say, that novels, frothy romance and cheap, magazine vapor constitute seven-eighths of the

that he had read all in the College Library, to boot ; for he could not speak ten minutes on any question, in a connected and logical manner, with a month's preparation. His orations were worded very prettily, but one would be as safe in offering a hundred dollars for the discovery of an idea in one of them, as would our excellent Professor of Geology in giving the same sum for the finding of a fossil in the formation of the Connecticut Valley. If any cause, demanding argument, reason, common sense, were in danger and needed a champion, this individual would be the very last we would select to uphold it. But if some romantic, boarding-school Miss were pining away in loneliness for lack of some "hifalutin," sentimental conversationist, who could pour forth by the hour, one incessant flow of delicious nihilisms and charming effeminacies, one who was perfect death on "the weather," then we should have dispatched our friend on the first train. We think his mind was naturally bright and quick, but his constant dwelling amid scenes of fictitious unreality, where passion and emotion are ever appealed to and reason and judgment are at a discount, his entire mental training, so far as reading went, had been carried on so long under circumstances whose sole tendency is to check and restrain mental activity, that his intellect had become dwarfed and enervated. But we have said that such reading vitiates the taste for meritorious books. Does this need proof? One has only to look around him. Who ever knew a great novel-reader to be a great reader of history, or a great reader of history to be a great novel-reader? The two do not cohere. If the novel-reader ever does read history, is it not because he knows he ought to, rather than because he likes it? We have in mind several persons who read nothing but novels, and who hate the very sight and sound of history. They can't even endure a good novel. 'Tis too heavy—not excitement enough in it.

They have clung to novels so long that the very idea of a history, or a good biography, or a volume of essays, is distasteful and even terrible ; and we presume they would consider it a very severe punishment if required to read through, thoroughly and carefully, some substantial, well written history. And so effeminate does the mind become at last, that nothing but *stories* is interesting; and even these must be of the most thrilling and sensational character. Volume after volume is devoured, no part of the mind being exercised except the emotional, which becomes unnaturally active, and the result to the

intellect is what might be expected—enervation and complete vacuity. If one picks up a novel for relaxation or entertainment, after the mind has been severely taxed by sterner things, it may do, though even here it would seem that something less ethereal might serve the purpose.

De Quincey, in his charming and instructive way, tells us how on one occasion, after being greatly exhausted by that severest of all studies, German metaphysics, he hung delighted on the pages of a new work which accidentally fell into his hands, viz: Ricardo's Political Economy. One would think it something comparatively light and easy. But a noted English Essayist, still living, whom we consider second only to Macaulay, and in some respects his superior, (we refer to the author of "The Christian Life, Social and Individual,") in speaking of the same work, says,—“Butler and Edwards are by no means drawing-room authors, yet the perusal of their works seems to us to approach the nature of an intellectual recreation, compared with that of this book of Ricardo's. We consider it that volume which, of all we know, requires the highest tension and effort of intellect.” Yet De Quincey took it up for recreation, which shows that recreation need not necessarily be of a trivial nature. A change is all that is necessary. It is quite amusing to hear some, who devote so much attention to novels, urge as a reason that they wish to be benefited by the style. The suspicion at once arises that their consciences are ill at ease over such a profuse waste of time. If one novel-reader in ten, ever looked at the style there might be more force in the reason. And even then if one wishes to study style, what novelist offers a comparison, in beauty of diction, in power and majesty, in melody and versatility of expression, to Prescott, or Macaulay, or Bolingbroke, or Addison, or Swift, though we readily grant that Bulwer and Scott are by no means to be despised even in point of style.

Want of space forbids us to dwell at length on a third reason which might be urged with peculiar force against incessant novel-reading. It is the deleterious and deteriorating influence upon our national literature. Authors write to be read, and there will hence be a supply of that for which there is the greatest demand. If the reading public demand a literature that is light, airy, sensational and temporary, in preference to that which is grand, vigorous and immortal, then

ideas and intellectual pabulum, than the combined volumes of all the novels that have been published for the last dozen years.

It is a fact of ominous significance that nine-tenths of all the books in our Libraries, which, on account of constant usage, have from time to time, to be revamped with new covers, are not the standard works in history, poetry, biography, philosophy, criticism, and general literature, but novels, and the poor, paltry ones at that.

Now the right of any one to read what book he pleases, in his life, liberty and pursuit of happiness, so far as we are concerned, is not for a moment called in question. So let our undisciplined novel-reader keep his temper and not accuse us of wishing to take away his right of habeas corpus, nor of meddling in his domestic affairs. Let him take the wings of the morning and flee to the uttermost parts of the sea, and read a copy of Mrs. Oliphant's latest, on the way, if he chooses. His right thereto shall not be curtailed one jot by us. We, however, on the other hand, must not be defrauded of the liberty of speech and of the press, and of mildly suggesting, as we have attempted to do, the supreme foolishness of preferring the swine's husks to the fatted calf; the unstable, unavailing shadow, to the satisfying, eternal substance. The fact is, our reading is limited, and there comes inevitably a choice between Marian Harland and Mrs. Browning; between Charles Reade with his contemptible Griffith Gaunt, and Macaulay with his matchless essays, his stirring "Lays" and his immortal history; between worthless newspaper and poor magazine literature, and the magnificent pages of the "Edinburgh," the "Spectator," and the "Rambler;" in short, between the puny Lilliputs who mount their little dunce-blocks and speak forth their impotent common-places, and the great immortals who sit upon Parnassus and indite those profound and mind-searching volumes which give impetus to human thought and mental growth, and redound to the glory of the human intellect and its wondrous Maker.

But this brings us to our second reason for shunning novels, viz: such reading almost invariably destroys a taste and a love for books of genuine worth, and enfeebles the mental energies instead of disciplining and strengthening them. Why does any one read at all? For mere amusement—"to kill time?" He who reads thus is unworthy to have a book. Does not reading have, at least, two main objects—instruction, or information and discipline? And does not

the kind of reading to which we refer totally defeat both these objects? The more novels, the less history, the less philosophy, the fewer essays, the less sterling biography. If one had diligently read all the novels that have been published during the last ten years, how much wiser would he be than now? As for mental discipline, novel-reading is its most fatal foe. It leaves the mind in a state of abject passivity. It is the very thing to break down all discipline, all mental acumen and healthy intellectual development. Certainly, Sir William Hamilton is valid authority on this point. He says "self-activity is the indispensable condition to improvement; and the most improving books are precisely those which most excite the reader to understand the author, to supply what he has omitted, and to canvass his facts and reasonings; to read passively, to learn—is, in reality, not to learn at all."

Take the students in this college, those that are here and those that have been here for the last five years. Recall them—analyze them. Draw a line through every class. Put on one side, the reading men who abstain chiefly from novels and other trash, whose predominant reading is of a higher order, and you have the sharpest and most vigorous intellects in the class. Put on the other side of the line, those who gulp down novels, sensational stories, and fifth-rate poetry, and miscellany, and you have the "goats,"—the mental imbeciles—the dull-heads—the men who crawl through college and who will crawl through life, like the worm whose little track is discerned only by the microscope, and whose pace you have to squint by a tree to perceive. If any one wishes to change from one side of the line to the other, he has only to change the books he reads and he can cross over without a passport. Select any student, or any other person. Find out what he reads, you find out his character, intellectually. Or the reverse, find out the nature of his intellect, you can judge pretty accurately his course of reading. There is here and there an honorable exception, we admit, but our observation confirms the general truthfulness of the principle. If you find a person, flat, silly, disconnected, sentimental, you find, in nine cases out of ten, a gormandizer of third class novels,—that is, if the person reads at all.

A student, who graduated here two or three years since, told us that he had read nearly every novel in the Frater and Social Libraries. We should have suspected as much, if he had not told us, and

the former kind of books will be multiplied, and the latter will be few, which seems to be the case at present. The *Atlantic Monthly*, conducted by perhaps the ablest corps of living magazine writers, must meet this demand and consume its pages from time to time with a lot of trifling stories. The only way to elevate the standard of our American literature, and make it potent and enduring is to elevate the taste of the reading public, which can never be done while the great majority prefer such empty, volatile, ephemeral writers as N. P. Willis, Edmund Kirke, Gail Hamilton and Mrs. Ann S. Stevens, to the neglect of Prescott, Motley, Tuckerman, Whittier, Emerson and Whipple.

Agricultural Colleges.

It was about two years ago that Congress passed an act, granting to the several States, in proportion to their population, sections of public land for the establishment of agricultural colleges: possession of these grants subject to acceptance of them, by the State Legislatures, upon a few prescribed conditions. New Hampshire has fulfilled the conditions, received the land, (about 95000 acres, equivalent to as many dollars,) and connected the institution with Dartmouth College.* The next step necessary is the appointment of Professors, and selection of a course of study; then students may be received.

But the question presents itself, What in the world is an Agricultural College? Can any collegiate course in "Agriculture and the the Mechanic Arts," be agreed upon, which shall be practical and supply existing wants in New Hampshire among the "industrial classes," for such are the persons whom the Congressional enactment expressly designs to benefit. Now we claim as full a right as any one to the above appellation; that the occupations of the scholar, the teacher, the professional or business man, are entitled to be called industrial: although it was clearly the intent of the framers of the bill, to designate those who gain a sustenance by manual as opposed to mental labor.

Before any important work is entered upon, it is essential to have an object; the less vague and disputed this is, the greater are the

probabilities of success or advancement. What is the object of an Agricultural College? To train young men to till the soil? That were better done on a farm. By experiment to advance the science of Agriculture, pursuing it into its various ramifications of Vegetable Physiology, organic Chemistry and Geology; to classify and explain the results of observation and thus popularize the acquired knowledge? That can be done only by the agronomist, the scholar of accurate knowledge, close power of observation, wide and liberal culture, acquired by years of patient discipline and toil. It is a proposition to which assent may be safely given, that no man of collegiate education will willingly consent to manual labor on a farm, and that no number of men who gain a livelihood by manual labor on a farm, expecting to remain there, will afford a college education.

But admitting that a school, for such a purpose as that under discussion, is a desideratum with us, the next step in the process of its organization is the selection of a curriculum: this is as important a part in the establishment of a college, as the bell-mouse was in the plans of that general assembly of rodents, told in fable; or as the rabbit in the old lady's receipt. We have had the curiosity to note as far as possible in what manner the different States have disposed of this gratuity. Connecticut promptly gave her few sections to the Scientific School of Yale: Rhode Island likewise to an institution in her own borders, we believe. Vermont has connected hers with the University of Vermont, at Burlington.

In most of the Western States, the subject is in that state of advancement which offers occasion for country members of the Legislatures to deliver themselves of "buncombe" speeches on the dignity of labor and education in the abstract. New York has with her funds endowed Cornell University; Mr. Cornell donating \$500,000 to provide for the purchase of grounds and the erection of suitable buildings. We have had, through the press, many commendations of the horticultural and architectural plans adopted by the trustees. Buildings, lecture-rooms, gardens, grounds, to be adorned by every embellishment of art; not one word on the course of study to be pursued in such an institution. What would be thought of him who should title, motto, bind and emboss a volume, and then set himself to consider what he should put in it? There is scarcely one educator of eminence in our land, who will agree with another in determining a cur-

riculum for an agricultural college. Nor should such perplexity create surprise. A course of training, in the higher branches of education which shall be methodical, practical, and permanent, can no more be arbitrarily and instantly created, than can a system of jurisprudence, which shall be comprehensive, equitable, and effective. That must be of gradual growth which boasts of stability and efficiency. Take the classical system, as it is called, or the present collegiate course in the United States. The scheme of studies here adopted has been modelled on the English. Their system adjusted itself after centuries of trial and experiment. Originating in mediæval times, it has received innovation and counter-innovation as experience demonstrated the utility or fruitlessness of some branch. Many *isms* which temporarily enjoyed popular favor have become obsolete. It was not until the close of the fifteenth century that the study of the Greek language was introduced and fought its way to permanent regard, in the face of determined opposition. At one time Scholastic Philosophy was in such ascendancy that little attention was given to aught but "undistributed middles and illicit processes of the minor:" against which young Milton raised his unheeded protest. At another, by Latin disputation solely, was it permitted to win academical distinction. For two hundred years the University of Cambridge awarded its honors wholly for mathematical proficiency. Prior to this, all its energies had been absorbed in Speculative Theology. Eventually these deflections were rectified, until the English system of education became that complete and solid fabric which substantially, we, in outline, have inherited.

In the absence of a curriculum for this mythical college, either in the minds of men, or in pre-existing institutions at home, the projectors of the enterprise must look abroad. Our government before the rebellion was compelled to send Maj. Delafield and Capt. McClellan to Europe, to learn the art of war, and thither it seems we must yet go, to learn the arts of peace. England has no Agricultural schools. Ireland supports about thirty-two; but the deplorable condition of her Agricultural interests does not testify to their merit. France has such schools, as she has all other kinds, but they are rather for the assistance of her savans by experimenting to advance the science, than to instruct the masses. Among the Germans only, is professional scientific instruction attempted for those intending to pursue the vo-

cation of tillage. We have before us the report of a minute examination of their agricultural methods and condition, together with such educational facilities as are in operation to promote these interests, by a gentleman largely interested in the success of the prospective institutions, who was sent abroad by the Legislature of his State to discover what an Agricultural College was. In the narrative of his tour can be found much information unobtainable elsewhere. There are at present no less than one hundred and forty-four agricultural stations, institutes, schools and colleges, in the Germanic States. A few only of these are colleges in the proper sense of the term; among that number is Hohenheim, the oldest of them all, established in 1818. It is the most famous one and may be taken as a fair sample of the better class. It is divided into three departments, viz., the Academy, the Agricultural and Horticultural Schools. The course of the first embraces two, of the second, three years. Our curiosity is now gratified by the long-sought curriculum which is presented.

AGRICULTURE.

A.—AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS.

1. General Agriculture and Plant Culture.
2. Special Plant Culture.
3. Meadow Culture.
4. Grape, Hop, and Tobacco Culture.
5. Fruit Culture.
6. Culture of Vegetables, (kitchen.)
Breeding of Domestic Animals.
7. Horse Breeding.
8. Cattle Breeding.
9. Sheep Breeding.
10. Breeding Small Animals.
11. Silk Worm Culture.
12. Bee Culture.

B.—FOREST ECONOMY.

5. Forestry.
6. Forest Taxation.

C.—STATE FORESTRY.

7. Wurttemberg Forest Leaves.
8. Practical Forest Business.

COLLATERAL BRANCHES.

A.—MATHEMATICAL COLLATERALS.

1. Arithmetic.
2. Algebra.
3. Planimetry.
4. Stereometry.
5. Trigonometry.
6. Practical Geometry.
7. Valuation of Forests.

B.—NATURAL SCIENCE COLLATERALS.

8. Mechanics.

B.—PROFESSIONAL.

13. Taxation.
14. Book Keeping.

C.—AGRICULTURAL TECHNOLOGY.

FORESTRY.

Encyclopedia of Forest Science.
Agricultural Encyclopedia for Foresters.

A.—FOREST PRODUCTIONS.

1. Forest Botany.
2. Growing Woodlands.
3. Protection of Forests.
4. Profits of Technology of Forests.
9. Physics.
10. General Chemistry.
11. Agricultural Chemistry.
12. Analytical Chemistry.
13. Introduction of Geognosy.
14. Geognosy.
15. Special Botany.
16. Vegetable Physiology.
17. General Zoology.
18. Special Zoology.
19. Veterinary Science.

C.—POLITICAL ECONOMY COLLATERALS.

20. National Economy.
21. Principles of Law.

D.—TECHNOLOGICAL COLLATERALS.

22. Economical Architecture.
23. Draughting Plans.

In addition to the above are lectures, on the study of wool, horse-shoeing, kitchen-gardening, "the exterior of domestic animals," manures, and other kindred topics. Note in the schedule to *what*, predominance is given. Mathematics and the exact sciences are collateral and subordinate studies. He is a foolish man who builds his house on the sand, but what is he who constructs his frame-work of tiles and shingles and paint, using brick and mortar to adorn the structure? We presume after thorough instruction in zoology, animal propagation, &c., the mathematics are taken up for the same purpose for which young ladies are consigned to a New York boarding-school,—to receive "the finishing touch."

It should be remarked that the main object of Agricultural schools in Germany where they flourish chiefly, is to furnish forest-keepers and overseers to noblemen. Gentlemen in New Hampshire, of vast patrimonial estates, wishing to employ for those estates, superintendents of collegiate education, are rare.

But if the German system be adopted at Dartmouth, so be it. Any improvement in kitchen gardening introduced into these parts by lectures on manures, will probably be hailed with delight by the Hano-verian aborigines, certainly by the student population. If, as at Hohenheim, a day is appointed for the public auction of bucks and Spanish Jacks, surely on that day, the Freshman may lay aside his Livy, the Senior his metaphysics; nor can the Faculty be so inconsiderate as to exclude the other departments from "Lectures on the breeding of small house animals!" What a frown of sorrowful rebuke would chase the smiles from off the happy countenance of our worthy President, should a student, at examination, when called in the presence of a committee of "practical men," fail to correctly trace the pedigree of an aristocratic Durham calf!

But the difficulties presented, are not all in the execution of this project. The institution must not only be agricultural but classical; not only classical but military! Are there any three departments of industry more widely separated in thought and habits, than the avocations of the farmer, the scholar and the soldier? Not homogeneous, they are repellant. The State Superintendent in Massachusetts recognized this truth, when in his letter of resignation, he bitterly complained that he was expected to march his students into the lecture-room of Amherst College to the tap of the drum. Such an institu-

tion, the resultant of incogruous elements,—a college, classical, scientific, mechanical, military and agricultural, unwittingly recalls the Beast in Nebuchadnezzar's vision. "Behold a great image: his head is of fine gold, his breast and his arms of silver, his belly and his thighs of brass, his legs of iron and his feet of clay."

Well, the treasury milk has been spilled. Congress has appropriated \$8,000,000 to try an experiment. New Hampshire has selected Dartmouth as the locality. It can be done as well here as elsewhere. Let the students come. They shall in all things have the hand of fellowship and of friendship, but we reserve the privilege of a keen eye to the success of the undertaking, and a smile at the exceeding burlesqueness of the attempt.

William Wordsworth.

One clear morning in the Fall of 1805, a tourist, through the Lake Region of England, set out to make the ascent of Mt. Helvellyn. The inhabitants of the quiet vale of Grasmere took note, as he passed through their midst, that he had with him no guide; but, solitary and alone, save in the companionship of a small terrier dog, he went out from them, and was soon lost to sight among the steep mountain passes, and forgotten. The following spring, a shepherd passing that way, in quest of a lost portion of his flock, had his attention arrested by a low, plaintive moan as of some animal in distress. Following this sound whence it came he was led through a long, deep ravine to the foot of a precipice, where he discovered the mere shadow of a dog keeping his lonely watch over a wasted skeleton. The snow for a short distance about was trodden hard where he had paced his lonely beat. For three long, dreary, winter months had this faithful sentinel stood guard over the lifeless remains of his friend, never once leaving his post, so far as could be ascertained from the tracks about, and, how supported, only He knows who hears the ravens when they cry, and supplies the wants of the least of his creatures. If we may be permitted to compare this faithfulness of instinct, mere blind, unreasoning faithfulness, that requires simply the suffering, the gradual destruction of the physical body; if we may compare this with the

faithfulness of reason, the steadfast, unyielding, intellectual adherence to truth and principle, which involves the wasting of the highest powers of man's nature; no more fitting illustration could be given of the long life-work of the poet Wordsworth. For more than the allotted threescore years and ten he stood guard over a bare, fleshless principle. Neither cold neglect nor heartless indifference, neither calumny nor persecution, neither the sneers and bitter gibes of enemies nor the clear cutting sarcasm of critics could for a moment dishearten or swerve him from the post he had assumed. And when at length, after he had paced his lonely beat for years, and friends and followers began to flock to his standard, when the trust was taken from his hands to be sacredly guarded by myriads of others, it was allotted to him to pass quietly, peacefully away with the calm consciousness of a work well done.

William Wordsworth was a radical, a revolutionist, a reformer. He was born in an age ripe for reform and he was the man for the hour. Of a stern, unyielding nature, self-reliant, seeking from others no assistance or sympathy, looking within only for aid and guidance—in a word, most intensely individual, he possessed that firm, fixed faith in his own high destiny that in Napoleon was called fatalism. In his breast was the spirit that ever beats time to the foot-falls of the onward march of liberty. When Opportunity made him a poet, the masses lost a political champion for Freedom and Equal Rights—a leader ready and zealous, if occasion required, to incite them on to war, against hoary abuses and precedental wrongs. Passing a portion of his youth amid the horrors of the French Revolution, his earnest nature there received impressions that neither time, nor peaceful studies could ever after efface. Barely did he escape renouncing his own nationality and plunging heart and soul into the struggle, that was to result merely in exchanging the reign of one weak, degenerate tyrant, for the reign of a licentious, hydra-headed mob. The wrongs he daily witnessed, the cry of anguish he heard wrung from an afflicted people, but above all his communion with the gallant Beaupuis, the philosopher, the patriot and the martyr, had almost made him dye his hands in the bloody sacrifice. Fortunately he was rescued at the critical moment and turned to a more bloodless, though not less fierce and relentless warfare. To him was left the work of a reform in literature.

Wordsworth appeared as a poet at a time when poetry had become a simple, school-boy task for any who could string together rhyming, decasyllabic couplets of the most common-place ideas. It was the culmination of the Popean Era. It has been said by an eminent critic that, "next to the man who forms and elevates the public taste, he who corrupts it is commonly the greatest genius." This was the genius of Alexander Pope. After him arose a school of poets that flourished upon Homeric epithets and pretty, poetical phrases and turns of thought, that had been handed down from age to age, and from bard to bard, since the good old times when the Gods were wont to favor mortals with true, Parnassian inspiration. It required but a good ear, a classic taste and a retentive memory to set up the merest driveller in verse a rival of Spencer and Milton. If we were to believe contemporaries, there were many immortals in those days, but now all that remains to mark their former glory is to be found only on the musty shelves of antiquaries, or, it may be, in some volume of *Elegant Extracts* of ancient date. It was to war against a taste that looked to such as these for models, it was to bring men back to the pure forms of nature, that Wordsworth consecrated his life-service.

We talk of the mighty conquerors of this earth; we talk of patriots bleeding for their country—of Phocion, Lafayette and Hampden, and what are they? In mere brute force they trusted, brute force they used, and with it they overcame the mere brutal resistance of men—not their wills, nor their intellects. There are nobler victories than these. The heroism of action pales beside that of thought, and he who comes a conqueror over error, superstition and prejudice has greener laurels to bind upon his brow than ever decked a warrior's mighty crest. It was in these lists Wordsworth entered; it was from these he came a conqueror. His was the heroism of him who suffers, of him who endures to the end. For more than one decade of years, through all that period of life when habits and moods are formed, when sympathy and success are most needed to incite to perseverance the humble aspirant for honors, when most, if ever through life, are encouraging words and smiles of approval highly prized, he experienced only mockery and derision, only petty spite and cold neglect. During the first stage of his poetical career only two men in all England believed in his divine mission of reform. These two men were Samuel Taylor Coleridge and William Wordsworth. It was an exceeding-

ly small amount of leaven to leaven the whole lump of English pride, self-will and obstinacy; but before this bold reformer lay down his relentless pen, even that last stronghold of bigotry and conservatism, the Halls of the University of Oxford, rang with the loud bursts of applause that greeted the victor as he came forward to receive his honors.

It is rarely granted a great leader to reap the full fruits of his labors; but to Wordsworth it was given. He saw the end; at the age of eighty he reached the goal. Among his earliest poems he wrote his own biography and epitaph.

“My heart leaps up, when I behold
A rainbow in the sky.
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old
Or let me die!
The child is father of the man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.”

And they were if ever mortals have been upon this earth; the child, the youth, lived in the old man and the patriarch—a child of nature, a revealer of her charms, a participator of her secrets, till, in the fulness of years, quietly, peacefully did he come to

“approach his grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.”

Editorial Notes.

There is some speculation and inquiry abroad, as to who will be the successor of Prof. Brown. While we can give no information about the matter, it is very earnestly hoped that unusual wisdom and circumspection may be exercised in his selection. It were better that the chair should remain vacant for the next five years, than that it should be cumbered for the next twenty by one who shall not be thoroughly master of the position.

The studies, which come under the direction of the Professor of Intellectual Philosophy and Political Economy, are among the most important in the entire curriculum, not only in their eminent practical utility, but in their general scope, and the mental caliber which they so amply furnish. Mere acquaintance with facts and even a specific knowledge of the particular branches to be taught, are by no means sufficient qualifications for such a chair. There must be, not only the broad, deep scholarship and well-trained intellect, but the rare power of communicating, with clearness, precision and felicity, that which it is indispensable to know; and also the happy faculty of infusing into others that enthusiastic interest and manly industry which such great subjects certainly demand.

Take, for illustration, metaphysics. The inherent difficulty of the subject, its profundity, and the continued, vigorous, mental effort which is the indispensable condition to even a limited mastery of it, are sufficient to repel perhaps a majority of students from the pursuit of it, and the finest discipline which any study can give is wholly lost. But in the hands of a skillful teacher, who is himself awake and thoroughly interested—with an occasional lucid statement of the point at issue—and a well-timed characterization of the great thinkers who have won immortality, either as advocates or antagonists of the particular question under discussion, the subject is invested with an interest which compels even the reluctant to profitable study and investigation.

A single Professor of the right stamp may have the power, within the narrow limits of the recitation room, of giving an impetus to mind and thought, to reflection and energetic action, which is immeasurable. That Peter Bayne can write such cogent essays, and wield the pen of such a judicious and trenchant critic, is due in great part, doubtless, to the fact that, in logic and metaphysics, he sat at the feet of the great Hamilton himself, and received his literary training under the guidance of that eccentric, but profound and regal chief in literature, Thomas Carlyle. The impression cannot be avoided that it will be a great mistake, if the studies of the department to which we refer should be merged into some other. Rather let it stand, and merge others into it, if necessary. Dictation about the matter is not assumed, but we have spoken simply from the experience of advantages derived from the instruction of some Professors under whom, at times,

It has been our happy lot to sit, during the past four years, and also from a sense of the increasing demands of the age for a more comprehensive and rigorous scholarship, and more careful, accurate and solid thinkers.

We take the liberty of publishing the following letter from a member of the class of '46.

Messrs. Editors of "The Dartmouth :"

Gentlemen :—Enclosed herewith I remit my subscription for the current year and acknowledge reception of No. 1, of your new series of "The Dartmouth,"—I say *new series*, for to me *The Dartmouth* as a college magazine is not a novelty.

I have before me the first copy of the *original* "Dartmouth," commenced in '39, and continued through five creditable volumes until July, '44, when, for no sufficient reason, and greatly to the surprise and indignation of the three lower classes, it was strangled, (in aurem dicebo,) by the class of '45. The deed was discovered too late for prevention or remedy, and though afterwards much regretted, even by the assassins themselves, no effort was made at the time to revive it. It is often more easy to perpetuate than to create. The first issue of the original "Dartmouth" was in Nov. '39,—"*vos nondum in cunabulis*," Messrs. Editors—being nearly 30 years ago. It seems well printed (by a certain *Emery A. Allen*,) bears President Wheelock's old motto, "*vox clamantis in deserto*," on the title page, presents a fair table of contents, and is in all respects a comely periodical, even compared with those of the present date. It announces among other items of college news, the completion and naming of Reed Hall; also the death of Prof. Peabody and the appointment of the Rev. Samuel G. Brown as his successor in the department of Oratory and Belles Lettres. The "editorial salutation," is sturdy and self-reliant, honestly admitting that "our writers are young men; young in years and young in letters, with no "extraordinary advantages or resources. We are not however without ambition. We are of a hyperborean race; vigorous, patient and happy. "Our Granite State and her Marble Sister on the other side of the river, "are the cradle of hardy and beneficent enterprise. We are content with "our position and proud of the Northern Hive. And if these attempts of "our unfledged muse awaken any hope among the friends of learning and "truth, that as we migrate southward, or westward, we shall carry with us "the family likeness and bear the impress of our native scenes, it is all we "dare anticipate."

Time has not contradicted the aspirations of those youthful Editors, and I can give you, gentlemen, no kinder wish than that your own first efforts shall be the fore-runner of a career as useful and as creditable. May I ask, in behalf of the Alumni, that you will make your *Memoranda* as complete as possible from month to month. It will add largely to your subscription list

as well as to the interest and value of your publication. Old Dartmouth has proved no *arida nutrix* and can well afford to see her children's names in print without blushing.

Believe me, gentlemen, with warmest wishes for the success of your enterprise,
Yours, &c.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following College periodicals.

The *Yale Courant*; a healthy paper and well edited. It is too well known to require further comment or commendation from us.

The *Asbury Review*; "published fortnightly under the auspices of the Class of '67" a paper for which the Institution, from which it emanates, need not blush. Its editors are Messrs. Wilkins, Smith, Iglehart, and Pittman.

The *University Chronicle* of Michigan University; Edited by Messrs. Clay, Quarles and Tarlton. The second number, we are glad to say, is much in advance of the first as regards matter, and the paper appears as if meant more for use than show. The *Chronicle* promises well and, we doubt not, will soon place itself in the front rank of College publications.

The *Harvard Advocate*; a spicy periodical whose advent we always hail with pleasure both for its intrinsic merit, which is great, and because it was the first College organ which gave us a hearty welcome when we entered the "charmed circle". We thank the *Advocate* for its complimentary notice of our last number and, especially, for ascribing half of our articles to "their Faculty and Alumni". The flattery is sweet, but justice to our Faculty and Alumni compels us to state, that not more than one seventh part of the matter, in either of our issues, was ever seen by them until its appearance in the *Dartmouth*. We may be permitted to say, that College publications *everywhere* would *perhaps* be improved by contributions from their respective Faculties. Will the *Advocate* accept a gentle chiding from its "Country Cousin" and amend its Latin. We, though distant from the *hub* and Parkers, always quote correctly. We may be in the wilderness, but we know the points of the compass. We may not be *sans reproche*, but we are *sans peur*, and the "vox clamantis in deserto" may waken troublesome echoes.

The *Collegian*, College of the city of New York; typographically a very neat but pretentious sheet, claiming to be the "organ" of American Colleges, to which claim we beg leave to demur. If we are to have one "organ" of transatlantic colleges, we prefer to see it in an older college than that of the city of New York—not that we would decry that Institution or its noble aim and purpose, but because we think the *Collegian* aspires beyond its ability to accomplish. Won't Oxford, Cambridge and the "Silent Sister," Heidelberg and Berlin march under the *Collegian's* banner and beseech it to be their "organ?" The *Yale Courant* or the *Harvard Advocate* could advance a better claim to be the universal mouth-piece, if one were necessary. Let

every college support its own "organ." Will the editor of the Collegian look once more over our January and February No's. and see if one half our pages are filled with "historical or critical articles on Dartmouth College," and, if not, do us the justice to say so. If we had set up for a general "organ" we might be open to criticism as such, but we don't—we only speak for *Dartmouth*. The Collegian would improve, if it would change its proof-reader. On the whole, however, we can honestly say that the Collegian, notwithstanding its *organ-ism*, is a superior paper, and one of our most valued exchanges.

Memoranda Alumnorum.

Rev. Jacob Little, D. D. class of '22, after a long and very successful pastorate at Granville, O., removed to Warsaw, Iowa, a few years ago, where he now resides. Few pastors have wielded a wider or better influence than Dr. Little.

Rev. Ansel R. Clark, class of '26, is pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Huntington, Loraine Co., Ohio.

Rev. Daniel C. Blood, class of '28, has resigned his pastorate over the Presbyterian Church, Massillon, Ohio, on account of ill health and increased and confirmed deafness.

D. F. Merrill, class of '36, is a clerk in the office of the 2nd Auditor of the Treasury, at Washington. He was for many years engaged in teaching at Mobile, Ala., where he acquired some property, which he was compelled to abandon at the outbreak of the war, and which he for a long time believed to have been confiscated or destroyed, but has recently learned that friends have preserved it intact for his benefit.

R. D. Mussey, class of '54, late Brevet Brigadier General, U. S. A., and Military Secretary to President Johnson, is in Washington.

Two members of the class of '55, are filling the positions of Assistant United States District Attorneys, with eminent ability, viz: W. A. Field, (formerly Tutor in Dartmouth, and one of the three who received a perfect mark for the entire College course,) at Boston, and J. K. Vallentine, at Philadelphia.

Daniel Avery Crosby, class of '57, died of consumption at Manchester, N. H., Dec. 5th, 1866. He was born at Laconia, N. H., in 1836, and moved to Manchester in 1844, where he fitted for college. After his graduation he read law with Hon. Daniel Clark and Isaac W. Smith, Esq., and was admitted to the bar in 1860. Leaving Manchester in 1862, he went to Frazer's River and thence to Vancouver's Island, arriving there the following winter. In the summer of 1863, he went to San Francisco, where he

immediately opened a law office, in which he was quite successful, but, on account of failing health was obliged to give up his practice. He arrived home in July last, and continued to decline until Dec. when, at the home of his childhood, amid the friends of his kindred, he quietly breathed his last. He was warmly attached to his friends, and his generous and correct deportment, regard for truth and integrity, gained him the esteem of all with whom he was associated.

F. H. Goodall, class of '57, Chandler Dept., was married August 24th, 1865, to Miss Ophelia P. Brewer, of Boston. He served in the 11th N. H. Vols. in the late war, and has been, for nearly three years past, a clerk in the office of the second Auditor of the Treasury at Washington.

E. B. Goodall, of the same class, married in May 1863 to Miss Louise Bartlett of Portsmouth, N. H. is now located as dentist in that place.

P. C. Burbank, same class, occupies a position in the Boston Custom House.

Rev. J. Q. Bittinger, class of '57, is chief editor of the new Congregational paper, published in Montpelier, Vt.

Thomas L. Sanborn, class of '58, is Collector of Internal Revenue at Alexandria, Va., where he has taken up his residence with wife and family.

Albert S. Bickmore, class of '60, has been, for more than two years, travelling among the South Sea Islands and in Asia. When last heard from, in October, 1866, he was on his way from Shanghai to Peking and the Great Wall, and intended to continue his travels a year or two longer.

George B. Brooks and Charles H. Camp, both of the class of '60, formed a partnership in the practice of law, at East Saginaw, Mich., in November last, and are having a good business. Mr. Camp married Miss Irene Wellington, of Walpole, N. H., in Sept. 1864.

V. J. Hartshorn, class of '60, is at present supplying the Congregational Church, at Enfield, N. H.

S. C. Kimball, class of '60, known as the poet, is settled as pastor of a Baptist congregation at North Weare, N. H., and was married Feb. 12, 1866, to Miss Julia A. Ayer, daughter of Daniel Ayer of Albany.

— Abbott, class of '63, is a clerk in the Paymaster General's office, Washington, D. C.

H. M. Baker, class of '63, is a clerk in the office of the Commissioner of Customs, Treasury Department, Washington, D. C.

Charles B. Converse, class of '63, is a clerk in the Quarter Master General's office, Washington, D. C., and a student in Georgetown Medical College.

M. V. B. Perley, class of '63, is proprietor of a Ladies' Furnishing Establishment, Gloucester Mass. Immediately after graduation, Mr. Perley had charge of Brownington Academy, Vt. In the spring of the following year he became Principle of the Danville, Academy, C. E., which position he retained until the fall of 1865, when he was obliged to resign on account of ill health.

Frank A. Spencer, class of '63, is a clerk in the second Auditor's office, Treasury Dep't, Washington, D. C., and a member of the Senior class in Columbian College Law School.

Isaac Walker, class of '63, is Principal of Pembroke Academy, N. H. Mr. W. has been connected with this Institution since his graduation.

Charles D. Barrows, class of '64, is Principal of Fryeburg Academy, Me. Daniel Webster was the first Principal of this Institution.

D. C. Greene, class of '64, is a student in the Chicago, Ill., Theological Seminary, and takes high rank.

Charles Caldwell, class of '64, is a student in Harvard Medical School, Boston, Mass.

John C. Proctor, class of '64, has been connected since his graduation with Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass. Mr. P. enters the Theological Seminary with the incoming class.

John C. Webster, class of '64, is attending the Harvard Medical School, Boston, Mass.

L. S. Morrill, class of '65, is reading law in Concord, N. H.

W. B. Stevens, class of '65, in August last, sailed for Joppa. After traveling through Palestine, and visiting the Pyramids and other places of note in that region, he journeyed to Italy, thence to Paris, London and Glasgow, returning to Boston about a month since, greatly improved in health by his six months' tour.

Wm. B. Fisher, for a time connected with the class of '66, is superintendent of freight for the Northern R. R., at Concord, N. H.

L. C. Frary, class of '66, is a member of the Theological Seminary, Andover, Mass.

Henry A. Kendall class of '66, is a student of the Harvard Medical School, Boston, Mass.

George Moore, class of '66, is Principal of the Marietta, Ohio, High School,—salary \$1000 a year.

G. H. Pillsbury, class of '66, is attending the Harvard Medical School, Boston, Mass.

James Powell, class '66, is a member of the Theological Seminary, Andover, Mass.

James A. Spaulding, class of '66, is a student in the Harvard Medical School, Boston, Mass.

CORRIGENDA. In our last issue we were made to say, that W. F. Harvey class of '64, had been ordained minister at Webster City, Iowa; we should have said, that Mr. H. is in the Treasury Department at Washington, D. C., and attending lectures in Georgetown Medical College.

We complete the list of deaths kindly furnished us by Dr. G. T. Chapman, Newburyport, Mass.:

- 1804, Rev. Allen Greeley, Oct. 25, 1866, 85, Turner, Me.
1817, Rev. William Goodell, D. D., Feb. 18, 1867, 75, Philadelphia, Pa.
1820, Rev. Thomas Goodwillie, D. D., Feb. 11, 1867, 55, Barnet, Vt.
1836, Rev. Samuel Beane, May 8, 1865, 53, Boston, Mass.,
1836, Rev. James Boutwell, April 21, 1865, 50, Sanbornton, N. H.
1836, David Joseph Clark, Sept. 3, 1866, 53, Manchester, N. H.
1836, Zenas Paine Wentworth, Sept. 2, 1864, 55, Houlton, Me.
1838, James Kelsy Colby, Aug. 13, 1866, 54, St. Johnsbury, Vt.
1838, Rev. Benjamin Franklin Hosford, Aug. 10, 1864, 46, Haverhill, Ma.
1840, Charles Foster, Aug. 21, 1864, 44, Cincinnati, Ohio.
1840, Rev. Frederick Foster, March 6, 1865, 51, Weare, N. H.
1841, Rev. Daniel Foster, Sept. 30, 1864, 47, Chapin's Bluff, Va.
1841, Rev. George Franklin Goodhue, Nov. 8, 1865, 44, South East, N. Y.
1841, Dr. Joel Henry Brown, March 19, 1865, 49, West Newton, Mass.
1841, Dr. George Washington Moor, Sept. 9, 1866, 46, Hampton, N. H.
1843, Francis Brown Clark, Oct. 12, 1864, 43, Empire City, Cal.
1844, George Canning Williams, Dec. 10, 1865, 38, Lancaster, N. H.
1845, Clark Gilman Pease, June 27, 1864, 43, Janesville, Wis.
1845, Franklin Webster, May 4, 1865, 40, Munich, Bavaria.
1847, Justin White Spaulding, Sept. 28, 1865, 42, Atkinson, N. H.
1847, George Ticknor, Dec. 25, 1866, 44, Keene, N. H.
1848, Benjamin Willey Dean, July 6, 1863, 36, Grafton, Vt.
1851, George Bell, Sept. 2, 1864, 35, Cleveland, Ohio.
1854, Charles Franklin Smith, April 23, 1864, 31, Hancock, Mich.
1854, Dr. Bela Nettleton Stevens, July 5, 1865, 31, Washington, D. C.
1856, Billie Chenault, May 10, 1863, 30, Horse Shoe Narrows, Ky.
1856, Mark Davis, Aug. 22, 1865, 29, Townsend, Mass.
1856, Rev. Zenas Goss, Aug. 28, 1864, 31, Marash, Turkey in Asia.
1857, Daniel Reynolds Carter, May 17, 1865, 30, Wakefield, N. H.
1857, Henry Doane, Sept. 2, 1865, 31, Orleans, Mass.
1857, Rev. Henry Martyn Frost, Feb. 20, 1866, 30, Thetford, Vt.
1858, Rev. Charles Henry Boyd, Jan. 5, 1866, 29, Manchester, N. H.
1858, Rev. William Augustine Haselton, Aug. 13, 1864, 30, Swissvale, Pa.
1858, Dr. Alexander Ingram, July 30, '65, 28, at sea near St. Francisco, Cal.
1858, William Frederick Durant Kimball, Jan. 6, 1865, 28, in Texas.
1859, Calvin Howard Brown, Jan. 8, 1865, 30, at sea on the way to Hilton Head, S. C.
1859, Charles Herbert Stanley, June 8, 1864, 26, Beverley, Mass.
1860, George Ephraim Chamberlain, Aug. 22, 1864, 26, Winchester, Va.
1861, David Farnum Cole, Jan. 7, 1865, 28, Point of Rocks, Va.
1861, Dr. Jasper Spurzheim Grant, Aug. 14, 1865, 27, Washington, D. C.
1863, Charles Willard Morrill, March 7, 1864, 24, Cairo, Ill.
1863, John Milton Proctor, Feb. —, 1866, 26, Townsend, Mass.
1864, Samuel Newton Bartlett, Dec. 28, 1864, 26, Townsend, Mass.

THE DARTMOUTH.

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No. IV.

EDITORS.—SPRING TERM, 1867.

ROBERT G. MCNIECE,

JOHN N. IRWIN,

CHARLES H. MERRILL.

Thoroughness.

Emerson in his "English Traits" remarks that "England is a garden, her fields being combed and rolled, till they appear to be finished with a pencil instead of a plough." The muscle and brain-work, which have converted an ungenial and rude soil into a paradise of plenty, must have been immense. Nature is wholly changed. Art has put a new look upon the British Isle. Nowhere has agriculture been so complete and exhaustive. Nowhere have industry and toil left their impress so visibly. Her heaths and waste-places have been transformed into rich and arable lands, and her bogs and morasses have been reclaimed from the domain of water, and made blooming and fruitful as a garden.

Our English friends pride themselves on their thoroughness. They are more thorough than we are,—in almost everything. They have brought the results of science and experiment more accurately and fully to practical arts and industry. They are more substantial in their enterprises. Time and necessity have made them so. They build completer rail-roads and steam-ships, and run them faster with greater safety than we do. They are less given to tinsel and show, although John Bull in some respects is the most "magnificent swell" of the age. Still he wants to know "what is what." He believes in things more than in theories. If he build an ocean steamer he wish-

es to know every available item of fact which can be adduced. He wants to know her speed by actual test, not by the engineer's figures. We like John for that. We like to know what can be known on any subject, and not to be satisfied with a hasty and superficial survey. We don't like to take for granted what ought to be reduced to actual knowledge. We have quite too much of that. It is decidedly "gassy."

Now thoroughness is a rare thing,—rarer in this country than in Europe. As a nation we are considered superficial, and we shall have to admit the charge as a whole, though in some respects we have no competitors. Our reapers, and sewing-machines, and iron-clads, and scales, these are world-wide known, and are unsurpassed, if not unrivaled anywhere. Still the Americans are superficial, and we need not look far for the cause of it. It grows out of our "newness" in part, partly out of our institutions, which are popular, and so far therefore tending to diffusion rather than to concentration, at least for the present, until the reaction sets in, partly also from the general spirit to get hastily and quickly at results,—a thing implying almost of necessity a superficial doing of things. Great and solid results come slowly, gathering strength as they move on, and having time to assimilate and work up and over the vast amount of material which is collected in the process of maturing.

Take an illustration. You want to explore thoroughly and exhaustively the course and basin of a vast river. You enter the broad estuary where the mighty current pours forth its imperial waves into the sea. You ascend slowly the open river, investigating with care the finny tribes, and settling their number and character, gathering full and complete data of the fauna and flora that line its course, and fixing the geological formation of the territory which the mighty river drains. Would your exploration be as complete as you mean to have it, you must extend your investigations and survey not only to the main trunk of the basin, but also to all the tributaries that feed it, ascending these to their mountain homes, and bringing to light whatever can be known. And when from the broad mouth of this mighty river, sweeping across the vast continent, you have ascended through its score of larger feeders to the head-waters in the region of mountain and perhaps perpetual snow, have numbered its tribes of fishes, its animals and birds, its trees, plants and flowers, its drift and earth-forma-

tion, and have collected whatever goes to make up a complete knowledge of the subject, then you may be said to have thoroughly and accurately explored this mighty river and the basin through which it sweeps.

This illustration somewhat amplified may serve as an example of how the student should enter upon the pursuit of any branch of study. It must be done broadly and leisurely too. There are no doubt degrees of speed with which different minds grapple and master the details of a problem, but any one, even the most prodigious scholar, must reckon time and patient toil as elements in thorough work. And as he ascends,—to borrow the figure above used,—the broad current of a subject, he will have occasion, if a spirit of completeness rule in his mind, to broaden his view by following out the collateral and related branches, which on every hand touch the main stream. Nor in intellectual pursuits can a man be said to have thoroughly mastered any department of study, until he has carefully canvassed all the facts and the literature which legitimately belong to it. This more than anything else marks the Continental scholars. There is a completeness and a fullness when they treat a subject, which as yet we do not find in this country, but which we may trust with ample means and leisure will at some day be ours as well as theirs.

In one sense all knowledge, however remote it may seem, is related. Still there are within the range of all possible knowledge definite departments or sections. These are within the reach of men to survey with thoroughness, if patience, industry and time are given. Thoroughness here is possible at least, whether we see much of it or not. The science of language, for example, is large and full of details. Can a man in the ordinary time which an earnest student may command, gain such mastery of the principles and facts of language, as may be styled in truthful speech to be a thorough canvass of the subject? Yes; for it is not necessary that he be acquainted in any degree with all the languages now spoken, or which have been spoken. He needs only a knowledge of the trunk-languages so to speak, and even these he may know merely in their root-structure, whilst if he pursue a single language his knowledge must be more specific and in detail, in order to entitle him to the claim of mastery. Still the one acts upon the other, on the principle that all linguistic studies and facts are somewhat related.

Specific and definite pursuits are essential to thoroughness. No merely general survey of a subject can be complete and exhaustive. Narrowness of range,—at least within the possibility of filling out that range,—is a condition of successful mastery. Some minds may cover one or more departments of knowledge thoroughly, but it is idle to look for a universal scholarship that shall be exhaustive on all subjects. No man can do everything well. He must of necessity be superficial and incomplete in some. The prodigies of linguistic accomplishment are rather fictitious. Any one can be a smatterer here. So of other branches of study. Hamilton and Humboldt are wonders not often to be repeated. The latter perhaps comes the nearest to universal scholarship of all men that have ever lived, and yet no man more than Humboldt would have confessed that his knowledge, vast and astonishing as it seems to minds of more limited acquisition, was far from universal exhaustion on all subjects. Still it is a laudable ambition for every one to aim at the highest possible results even in this direction. He gets highest and farthest who puts his standard up above the common.

Generally, however, we do only one thing well, if at all. Exceptions there are to this. Milton wrote good prose as well as unequalled verse. Michael Angelo's name rests upon a triple pillar of immortal fame,—sculpture, painting, and architecture. Cæsar fought well and was his own best historian. But most of the world's best workers and thinkers contributed only in one direction or one thing to posterity. Plato, Aristotle and Kant are the world's great philosophers. Augustine, Calvin and Edwards are still our only cosmopolitan theologians. Homer, Milton and Shakspeare are our universal poets amongst those who are competent to judge. They did their work thoroughly and well, and for the most part they did only one thing. Bishop Butler spent twenty years on the "Analogy," but it would be useless for another to go over the same ground in the hope of adding anything new. When a thing is done well it is done for all time. The thorough work stands the test, whilst the superficial workers and thinkers are swept away like the trestle-work on which some immense and solid structure was built. The men who do the most for the world are the men who work up one thing completely. Harvey settled the question of the blood's circulation. Copernicus disclosed the laws of siderial motion. Newton discovered the fact of gravitation

as 'the universal law of matter. Watt gave us the steam-engine, and Fulton the steam-ship. He who settles one single fact in nature, or adds one discovery or invention to the world's knowledge and use, does more for the world than a score of dreaming theorizers.

But the thorough men are the few, the superficial are the many in the world. We are not confined to scholars in this view. They are as thorough as any class of persons. Some men are naturally thorough-going. When you get such a man, put him where you please, and he is thorough. He would be so in any occupation,—in the workshop, in the professor's chair. It is in him, and he cannot be any thing else. He is so in his make, not by education.

But such persons are the exception. Men generally are superficial, and satisfied with whatever will do, and with the great majority of people almost anything will do. They have no business or professional enthusiasm. They do not love to finish things for the sake of achievement. They have little or no ambition to excel. With most men labor of any sort is a drudgery, and they are governed simply by the demands of the world. If we demand a thorough architect, we shall have him in time, because he will come as the product of reward and want. If we demand thorough mechanics, we shall have them too, otherwise the great majority of people take little interest in doing things well for the sake of doing them, for the love of it, irrespective of any immediate rewards and results. About the most thorough things we have are thorough politicians, thorough villains, and thorough humbugs, and the reason of the latter lies in the fact, not very flattering to us, that nine-tenths of the world are willing to be humbugged.

Few are masters, whilst the great mass of people are little more than bunglers,—in thought and act. They do not get to the root of things. They do not touch hard-pan. They are content with what will barely pass, not with what cannot but pass. They accept things on any or no evidence, as Macaulay said of Southey, that he believed a thing without a reason.

The object of our higher Academies and professional course of studies is to make men more complete in their intellectual furnishing. Our education at best is hasty and partial. We spend ten years in all,—academy, college, professional school,—and do perhaps as much in that time as could reasonably be expected. But we need

sadly, —we shall have it by and by, —a university course, where men of thorough make and habits can avail themselves of all the means for complete culture and study, which are now enjoyed at European Universities, where a man can learn anything that may be learned, and where teachers and lecturers are trained by the most patient and exhaustive course of study for their work.

Whatever defect may now exist in our educational system is greatly emphasized by the fact that few of our liberally educated men press on after completing their professional course, filling up and finishing what is merely outlined in the academic and preparatory studies. Not that men do not study, all of them in some sense, but few are earnest and thorough students, willing to take hold of the tougher branches of culture and knowledge, and mastering them completely. We read too much easy matter, —the scores of clever publications, —and settle down into indifference to all the more erudite and profound treatises. Who even of our educated men read the great authors? Very few comparatively. We think the quarterlies rather heavy and dull, and the great majority of cultivated minds are content with such effusions as our popular monthlies, which are swarming thicker upon us, for their daily intellectual food. What is the result? Why, just what every thoughtful person would predict: a general superficiality even amongst persons of considerable intellectual training.

Look at the results in two directions. The thoughtful preacher is considered dull and heavy, because the mass of hearers do not want to think. They want simply to be entertained, and what goes beyond this is too severe a tax upon them. The clergy are in one sense responsible for this, themselves drawing their inspiration and impulse from too shallow a source. It was the remark of a thorough theologian, that as a general thing no minister should spend his study-hours in reading what he himself could produce. And every wise preacher will cultivate habits of critical and thorough study, since the temptations to superficiality are very considerable to him as one who is constantly addressing popular and untrained audiences.

Where are our well-read lawyers? They are few. The majority of them pursue the law as a secondary business, giving little time to the mastery of the great principles of jurisprudence, being content with the merest superficiality, and carrying on rather the business of note-shaving, insurance, brokerage of every sort and speculation

in general. They are not thorough-bred lawyers. Said a distinguished jurist in regard to the junior alumni of one of our oldest and most influential colleges, who were pursuing the profession of the law in the great metropolis of the nation, that only one of the number, — and it was not small, — was what might be called in strictness of speech a well-read lawyer. The rest were for the most part mere dabblers. The Pinckneys, the Choates, and the Binneys will be rarer than ever.

But whilst superficiality is so general amongst men, it is pleasant and refreshing to think that our colleges are or should be the seats of ripe scholarship and thorough training. Here if anywhere we should expect to see men not afraid to grapple with the hardest and most difficult studies, and carry them to a successful issue. Here if anywhere there should be an ambition to reach the farthest limits of attainment in all that previous research and study have brought to light, and even to press beyond this. Here we should find true scholars, broad, catholic, thorough and complete, whose influence shall be felt far beyond the college walls, moulding and directing the national thought to ampler and fuller perfection, raising our educated classes to as great a prominence as our artizans and workers of wood and metal occupy.

Plagiarism.

At the risk of incurring the charge of presumption, we venture through the columns of *The Dartmouth* to say a word on the great theme that has of late been so thoroughly and, on the part of certain authors, passionately discussed. We leave to the Round Table the metaphysical discussion; we leave the heated language of passion, and the unchristian epithets to Charles Reade & Co. We have not yet reached the high position that entitles us to such license. It is a common-sense view we wish to take of the matter: no new discoveries are here heralded. This claims simply to be, errors excepted, a brief posting up of facts to date. From the rich materials we everywhere find spread out before us, when Dickens and Dumas publish in their own names volumes they have never even seen; when the plot of such a master novel as Griffith Gaunt is found in the public docu-

ments of a French criminal trial, and the subject matter of the *Caxtons* in *Tristram Shandy*; when old Robert Burton, Isaac Walton, Sir Philip Sidney, and Sir Thomas Browne are constantly renewing their youth in the popular essays of the day; we do not deem it difficult to show that all writers are more or less liable to the charge of Plagiarism. This is our starting point. If now some grumbler should aver that what we may hereafter say is nothing new, he will but tell the truth; for it is our candid belief that there *is* nothing new, that all modern, and some ancient, productions are mere plagiarisms; and surely no one need be so witless as to suppose that we here attempt to run counter to what, in our opinion, is, has been, and must be. Nay, we will go farther and risk the assertion that, if this afore-mentioned critic had been over the same course of reading that we have been, and had chanced to stumble upon the same stray passages and thoughts that we have met in our desultory wanderings, he would have become possessed of all that may be learnt from the perusal of this paper; and we hope, for his credit, as well as our own, would have arrived at the same conclusions. For let us add here, we are drifting to the belief that this Plagiarism is not a necessary evil as some suppose, but rather a positive good, an inestimable blessing, a part in the divine economy of literature that is indispensable to its completeness, its utmost perfection. But we are anticipating. The receipt in the old *Cookery Book* commences with the sound advice, "First,—catch your hare;" and it may be well for us first, before showing the beauties, to demonstrate the universal prevalence of this imputed sin of authors.

Macaulay has somewhere said that he may be considered the most successful writer who takes the universal thoughts of men, and gives them back to their originators, clothed and beautified. This simple thought, embodying the result of this great autocrat's long experience among men and books, we may be satisfied, gives us the ready clue by which we may trace to their secret source the hidden charms of our universal authors. To bring this to the test of experience; notice with what a feeling of surprise and delight you find now and then, scattered through Milton's great epic, thoughts so common that elsewhere they would seem insignificant and trite; and yet here, set in such a mosaic of elevated and sustained imagery, clothed in such full, sonorous language, music of itself, they acquire a loftiness and dignity never before deemed possible. You seem yourself to have acquir-

ed grandeur and nobleness from having before entertained such thoughts, and you are ready to worship him who has dignified you by giving you back your own. It is this peculiar power that gives to Shakespeare his title of the myriad-minded. And in general may it be said that in so far as it is found the characteristic of any writer, so far may he be esteemed eminently successful. Arguments of this nature, however, come more properly under the last part of our discussion,—plagiarism a good; it is our purpose here first to dwell more upon facts.

It is interesting as well as curious to note the uniformity of plan, in the manner of introducing characters and topics to the reader, that recurs again and again in different ages, and in the writings of different authors. . Examples will readily occur to the mind of every one who reads. We note a few of the more obvious. Macaulay sets the two old worthies Milton and Cowley afloat on the river Thames, a moonlight night in an open boat, to discuss the merits and demerits of the Long Parliament, and the characters of Charles and Cromwell; giving of course, after many home thrusts on both sides, the final victory to the blind champion of his own views. More than a century before, Dryden had sailed under much the same circumstances,—it must have been on the identical river, and under the same silvery moon,—discussing with his celebrated friends the Unities of the Drama, and the classic purities of the French tragedies as contrasted with the Shakesperian degeneracy of the English; wearing the night away, and never once thinking of weariness or return, till he had buried beneath his own rhetoric the arguments of his antagonistic companions. We all recollect too that Cicero was wont to hold discourses with much the same result, in the presence of his peripatetic friends at Tusculanum. Another expedient originated long ago, we will not attempt to say where, has been at different times quite popular. Chaucer induced a company of pilgrims, on their journey to the shrine of Thomas à Beckett, to while away the tedious hours by recounting a series of stories,—many of which had long before been told by Boccacio,—that he might afterward collect them in the form of the Canterbury Tales. Many centuries later, Wordsworth accompanied a pedlar in a summer's ramble among the Westmoreland Hills, drawing wisdom and philosophy from the wild lessons of nature; or at intervals listening, while his friend called up to mind some touching scene of patient

suffering and endurance, which he had in early life witnessed in his round of visits among the rude peasantry. In our own time, Longfellow collected a crew of jolly fellows in a Wayside Inn, and made them recount a series of Tales of different lands. And only last summer Whittier gathered a band of sweet singers in his own hospitable Tent on the Beach. The Tales of my Landlord and Irving's Bracebridge Hall may be considered members of this same convivial brotherhood. The crowd of imitators that spring up in the shadow of every great light in literature, we do not attempt to note; we have only to do with those, who are the source of all inspiration, who may be considered to their several little worlds the *principium*. It has been clearly proved by the *au fait* that Dante found the model for the entire edifice of his poem in the vision of the boy monk Alberico, and here too he gathered some of his most striking details. "He adopted everything he could turn to advantage, and left his commentators to make his acknowledgments to the youthful visionary." Todd ruthlessly traces back the source of much of Milton's inspiration. And it is well known that Shakespeare was a re-vamper of old worn-out plays, and that he took his ancient history and mythology solely from Plutarch.

Parallelisms in sentiment between different authors are too common to need more than a passing notice, and the work of exhibiting them little more than mere mechanical drudgery; yet, as this favorite method of showing up plagiarism lies directly in our line of argument, we will give it a moment's attention. Proverbs are continually thrusting their familiar faces forth from the literature of nations differing widely in language and custom, with a brotherly resemblance that is really striking. Often the pet expression of the day, attributed to some man of actions rather than words, turns up among the old musty classics. Tacitus the first century of the Christian Era wrote, "*Deos fortioribus adesse.*" To Napoleon of the nineteenth century is attributed the remark, "Providence is always on the side of the heaviest artillery."

In the Suppliants of Euripides the line occurs,

"καὶ τοῦτ' οἱ τάνδρειον, ἢ προμηθεῖα."

Many years later Falstaff declared in that famous military report of his, "The better part of valor is discretion."

It is said that Alfieri, the great tragic bard, deduced from his own experience the idea embodied in these words: "Man is a continuation of the child." A line in the fourth book of Milton's *Paradise Regained* runs,

"The childhood shows the man,
As morning shows the day;"

which is but a different version of the popular quotation from Wordsworth:

"The child is father of the man."

And De Quincey in the sequel to his *Opium Eater* says: "Whatsoever in a man's mind blossoms and expands to his own consciousness in mature life, must have pre-existed in germ during his infancy." While Cicero earlier than all, in his *Dialogue on Old Age*, has clothed the same thought in a beautiful Allegory. "Youth is the vernal season of life, and the blossoms it then puts forth are indications of those future fruits which are to be gathered in the succeeding periods."

The simile in Shakespeare

"How like a younker, or a prodigal,
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay!
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
How like the prodigal doth she return;
With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!"

(Merch. of Ven., Act II, sec. 6.)

may be compared with Gray's

"Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,
Youth at the prow and pleasure at the helm;
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That hush'd in grim repose, expects its evening prey."

In fact Gray must have been an unpardonable sinner; for a careful critic has said that the whole of his *Elegy in a Country Churchyard* contains scarcely a single image or sentiment that is entirely new. And the same might be said with truth of Longfellow's *Psalm of Life*. As an illustration take the single oft-quoted stanza,

“Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.”

With the first line compare D’Israeli, (*Mis. of Lit.* Vol. III, Chap. XI,) where he says, “surely men of genius, of all others, may mourn over the length of art and the brevity of life.” With the last three you may parallel the lines in the lament of an English writer over the death of his wife :

“But hark ! my heart like a muffled drum
Beats my approach, tells thee I come,
And slow howe’er my march may be
I shall at last lie down with thee.”

And good old Bishop King of the Elizabethan Age says in one of his hymns,

“The beating of thy pulse when thou art well
Is just the tolling of thy passing bell.”

For a similarity in sentiment between two writers nearly contemporary, witness the lines in Burns’ Lament for Glencairn :

“Oh ! why was worth so short a date,
While villains ripen gray with time ?”

and compare with the passage in Wordsworth’s *Excursion* :

“Oh sir ! the good die first,
And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
Burn to the socket.”

Still another we give place to, and that more for the quaint beauty of the conceit than for the mere purpose of argument. The poet Clinch feigns that a certain dumb boy was asked to tell the meaning of forgiveness ; when, seizing the ready pen, he wrote,

“The odor which the trampled flower
Gives out to bless the foot which crushes it !”

In the *Zophiël* of Maria Brooks occurs the passage :

“Lone in the still retreat,
Wounding the flowers to sweetness more intense
She sank.”

We had others noted, but more than enough have already been given to illustrate the point in hand.

Proceeding in our investigations from plots and sentiments still farther to sentences and words, we find that the language of many of our modern writers has come to be made up for the most part of coined, pithy expressions, and terse, epigrammatical phrases that have been appropriated from the mint of some original genius,—no one at this late day attempts to say who,—and used so familiarly that now they may be considered common plunder. To illustrate: “Kiss close” has come down through the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher, and their contemporaries, till at length it has become safely incorporated in the established poetical diction of the day; and “most admired disorder” needs now no acknowledgment. In fact it seems to be one of the distinguishing traits between the dashing professional and the poor novice that the latter acknowledges his obligations, while the former scorns the imputation of assistance, disdains to be thought so simple and honest, and steals with a high hand. Let him who has the curiosity to put this to the test, take up a number of the *Atlantic*, turn to almost any page and see if he cannot justly throw around many of the phrases there used,—fair expressions of a thought we mean,—the much-abused quotation marks. The simple fact is, there appears to be a sad failure in this branch of punctuation. Then, if this same curious person is so happy as to be a student of this institution, let him take up a copy of any edition of the *Ægis*, published we care not what part of the present century, and see how wittily erudite its regal editors have ever shown themselves. Why, the inverted commas, italics and parenthetic interrogation points seem fiercely running a muck, and are in a highly jubilant state over their newly-acquired freedom. And yet we dare assert that, after just acknowledgment has been made up on the columns of the *Atlantic*, a fair comparison, between the two, so far as quotation marks are concerned, would not be so unfavorable for our College Friend as one might at first be led to suppose.

Plagiarism then may be considered a fact, however much authors dislike to own it. And why this dislike? What's in a name? For our part we had far rather be a brilliant plagiarist than a dull prosier of original ideas. A collector of gems in the rich mines of English and Classical Literature is, to our mind, far better employed than he who delves at a slow, starving rate in his own barren soil. If there were

less presumption; if the labor employed in rearing baseless, dreamy fabrics for immortality, were spent in removing the accumulated dust and rubbish from the magnificent structures already existing; if men would only crucify their own pride, and delight to do honor to those to whom honor is due; there would no longer be occasion for the familiar wail over a vitiated public taste. And by honor we mean, not the grandiloquent lecture upon some great age or epoch, not the labor-ed eulogium of poets which is designed to exalt the orator more than the bard, but the simple, unadorned display of what in the writings of each may best illustrate his character. Though Lord Jeffrey could himself be called no common writer, yet he but told the truth when he said that his readers are far more interested in the passages cited from the books under review, than in the introductory pages of pure criticism in which he is wont to indulge before he brings his victim upon the stage. And is there not true philosophy in this? Who would not prefer the winnowed grain even though of inferior quality, to the freshly-garnered sheaves?

We have often admired the good tact of certain divines, who bring stately before their people a sort of literary *potpourri* of all the heterogeneous items of wit and wisdom that can be collected during the week. Such a course to be sure is slightly at variance with the established rules of sound logic; nevertheless real living ideas are presented, if they do at times appear in bad company, and that is what cannot be said of the common run of sermons. It is far better that a man go into the pulpit with one fact that can be fastened upon the consciousness of some individual, or a bundle of discordant facts adapted to different capacities, some one of which shall have the power to produce a permanent impression, than that he be furnished with a severely smooth discourse of moral platitudes of no penetrating or adhesive force,—a discourse that is sure to glide over the bald pates of the drowsers with an unctuous facility really delightful. Men, good men, are continually repeating such a farce, under the sublime delusion that in no other way can they conscientiously discharge their duty. It is only by a practical application of one of their pet doctrines that we can conceive of such persons in any other light, than that of mere nonentities in their profession. We can account for the measure of success that attends their efforts, only on the supposition that the virtue of their office is imputed to them. A solemn obliga-

tion rests upon such, if they could but see it, to plagiarize, and thus infuse new life into the dry bones of their discourse,—galvanize their body of death; if, however, the disease will not admit of so mild a remedy, then let them away with all pretensions to originality and attempt only to select, compile, and read.

Sir Roger de Coverley has always been esteemed a wise man, but he never in our estimation did a wiser act, than when he presented his chaplain with all the good sermons that had been published up to his time, with the charge to make use of them in their appropriate order. “—upon the Knight’s asking him,” says the Spectator, “who preached upon the morrow, for it was Saturday night, he told us the Bishop of St. Asaph in the morning, and Dr. South in the afternoon. He then showed us the list of preachers for the whole year, where I saw with a great deal of pleasure Archbishop Tillotson, Bishop Saunderson, Dr. Barrow, Dr. Calamy, with several living authors who have published discourses of practical divinity.”

The same rule holds good in other departments of literature. Some of the most popular and effective writers of the day,—men who wield a vast influence,—are little more than compilers of facts and statistics. The great charm of their writing seems to lie in their bringing to light concealed or neglected bits of information on subjects of common interest; and comparing statistics, in themselves separately well known, for the purpose of employing the old expedient of contrast to magnify in the eyes of others both their themes and themselves. For examples; look at Parton in his new book,—“Famous Americans of Recent Times,” and Carleton in his Letters from abroad. The popularity of these men, so far as it is due to these causes, is well deserved. They are on safe ground; they are pursuing a right course.

We did purpose to speak of the desirableness of editing old, standard works, and in this way, by introducing the masters in person to modern readers, of accomplishing far more to popularize these old worthies than all that the tame eulogies and repetitions of fulsome praise can ever effect; this, in connection with the work of compiling and introducing to public notice the fresh discoveries in modern science,—and not leave the task to those who ought to devote their entire attention to the investigation of some single branch,—we had left for the space that we find is wanting. There is only room left us to record our

conviction that, when the perfect book shall be written, it will not be the fruit of a single powerful, well-disciplined mind; like the native heath uniform in its very richness, monotonous in its own luxuriance; but rather, like the cultivated garden, laid out in variegated loveliness and adorned with the choicest fruits and flowers from foreign climes, it will combine from all sources whatever is lofty in conception, whatever beautiful in diction, whatever noble in sentiment.

"One more Unfortunate."

[Suggested by the case of suicide, which occurred here not long since, by drowning in the Connecticut.]

I

She stood alone on the sullen pier,
 With the night around and the river below;
 And a voice, it seemed to her half-crazed ear,
 Was heard in the water's plashing flow:
 "You are tired and worn, come hither and sleep,
 Where your poor dim eyes shall cease to weep,
 And no morning shall break in sorrow."

II

The long grass hung from each wave-washed pile,
 And the water amid its loose locks ran,
 And she thought with a strange and ghastly smile,
 Of a long-fled day and a false, false man;
 How her fingers had combed his damp, brown hair,
 But he and the world had left her there,
 With no friend but the beckoning water.

III

Was Heaven so far that no angel arm
 Might round the homeless in love be thrown,
 To keep her away from hurt or harm?
 Or was it in truth a mercy shown,
 That left her at night alone to think
 Of her manifold woes upon the brink
 Of that deep and pitiless river?

IV

She looked to the far-off town and wept,
And, oh, could you blame the poor girl's tear?
For she thought how many a maiden slept
With Love and Honor as wardens near;
While she was left in the world alone,
With none to miss her when she was gone
Where the merciless waves were calling.

V

No human eye and no human ear
E'er saw a struggle or heard a sound,
And the curious never could spare a tear,
As they looked at morn on the outcast drowned;
But ah, had speech been given the dead,
Perhaps those motionless lips had said
"No homeless are found in Heaven."

Female Suffrage.*

It would have been better for the fame of Walter Scott had he died before composing *Castle Dangerous*. Milton's reputation was not increased by *Paradise Regained*. Examples could be cited *ad infinitum* of authors who added not a jot to their glory by their later writings. But this is not the case with the Author of "Female Suffrage." His,—we will call him a man—last effort raised him at once to the top of fame's pedestal. He can now forever rest upon his merited laurels—no need to write more; his future is secure; he deserves well of his country for his mighty effort in her behalf; having rolled tumultuously back the aggressive wave of universal suffrage which for a time threatened to engulf him, he may now sit under his own vine and fig tree for the remainder of his life, and peacefully enjoy the safety and prosperity he has so greatly contributed to secure.

It has been said that, "fools rush in where angels fear to tread." Now the Author of "Female Suffrage," judging him by his article, can not, with propriety, be called an angel, though he has certainly "rushed in." We have here two judgments from which to form our syllogism. He must be either an angel or a fool. He is not an

* A reply to the article on this subject in the February number of "The Dartmouth."

angel—therefore he is a fool—proved so by inexorable logic—but we won't call him names.

We are told to "answer a fool according to his folly." In regard to the Author of "Female Suffrage," it would be the height of folly to answer him at all, did not the slanderer seem to require a castigation, and then poetic justice would be meted out if he were punished on the very stage where he appeared in all the pomp of lying legends and false antitheses. But let us not vituperate. Let us be calm and cool. Let us examine and dissect the article in question with all deliberation, impartially giving justice where justice is due but showing no mercy where none is deserved.

During some six years of Classical research we have never met with the "legend told in musty classics,"—we have made inquiries of those who have taught the classics for years, who have made them the study, the business of their lives, who have gone over every inch of ground, and they deny that such a legend has an existence in any known book. (It may perhaps be found in the Lost Tales of Miletus.) We challenge the Author of "Female Suffrage" to produce a single proof of the authenticity of his legend. He cannot do it. It is entirely and gratuitously mythical, emanating from an imagination that would have done credit to Sinbad, and which would have preserved the life of many a poor Sultana. But suppose the legend to be true,—suppose it to be a genuine story and what does it prove. It only weakens his own side of the question. We quote, touching this point, from a letter received from a lady: "The Legend related speaks for *the sex* as well as against it. It proves the weakness of man and not of woman. He was the government—yet this beautiful woman—this 'weaker half of humanity' with her small brain and her power of fascination gained 'entire control' over the 'Lord of creation' and ruled in his stead. Who was the 'weaker half' in this legend; the man with his mighty intellect, his reasoning faculty, his strong arm; or the woman 'fair of face and form,' her weak arm (but strong heart) her few brains 'given her unwittingly?' Her brain may be small but ah! don't she use it well?"

Next we find gossip looming ominously up like a scaffold in a jail-yard. We had thought this old charge exploded. From Eve down, the sex has borne it. With men it has been an endless and never-dying sarcasm. "*Penelopes telam retexere.*" The question here arises,

Does woman talk more than man. Xantippe scolded in the arcana of home, but old Socrates the wise, babbled in the streets of Athens. Where can we find a female Thersites; what woman ever wrote so gossip a book as Samuel Pepys or Hamilton or Wraxall; what woman so loved to propagate a scandal or a slander as Horace Walpole? Where in all time do we meet a feminine Boswell? It won't do to appeal to History or Literature to substantiate this charge. The Author of "Female Suffrage" knew this, and fortunately for himself avoided the rock. But for evidence on our side of the question we dare and do appeal to History, Biblical, Mythological, Classical and Modern. Gossip is a two-edged sword and cuts both ways. We might here be pardoned for descending so low as to indulge in personal reflection upon the character of our Author. Were we certain that he possessed one, we could not successfully withstand the temptation. But, as it is, we will not. Rag-picking is not our trade.

"Imagine, if you can, a congress of women," &c. This was truly an unfortunate blunder. Were we disposed to press our advantage, we need but ask, How many times has Congress "as it is" balloted for a Speaker and secured an organization only by a sacrifice of principle. As for the "vituperations," what could we not say of Pryor and Brooks and Rogers and Bingham and Butler and Grinnell.

Let us now proceed to inspect the only part of "Female Suffrage" which can pretend to be an argument,—the only place, with one exception, where its author dropped his part of a reviler and attempted to apply fact. He asks the question, "Can woman rule a state?" and cites Zenobia, Cleopatra, Bloody Mary and Elizabeth,—isolated instances all, and even then not pertinent. Zenobia was conquered by superior force after a long and valiant contest. So was Hannibal. Cæsar subdued Cleopatra and the world. Did Mary burn more heretics than Philip? In regard to Elizabeth, an assertion is made which all history disproves. New Jersey, so say the statistics, was never more prosperous than when property was the only qualification necessary for a voter.

Our Author next brings up the Poets in battle array to sustain his position. Facts failed him. History furnished him no arguments. Poetry was his last resort, the last ditch, and 'twere better he had died there. Searching through a book of poetical quotations and choosing whatever seemed sarcastic or biting without regard to truth and to the

many commendatory lines, he has dished up a dozen verses with as little relevancy to the question as the answer of Poe's Raven. We present a few extracts from the same "Dictionary :"

"From Women's eyes this doctrine I derive :
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire ;
They are the Books, the Arts, the Academics,
That show, contain and nourish all the world."

Shakspeare.

We give the whole of the quotation from Scott which the Author of "Female Suffrage" cut short with an "&c.," when he had taken what seemed to answer his purpose :

"O woman ! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering Aspen made ;
When pain and anguish wring the brow
A ministering Angel thou !"

"The world was sad !—the garden was a wild !
The Man, the Hermit, sigh'd—till Woman smiled."

Campbell.

Even Byron, whose satires were chiefly hurled at Woman, thus lays a lance in rest for her defence :

"The very first
Of human Life must spring from Woman's breast ;
Your first small words are taught you from her lips,
Your first tears quench'd by her, and your last sighs
Too often breathed out in a Woman's hearing,
When *men* have shrunk from the ignoble care
Of watching the last hour of Him who led them."

"It is beautifully ordered by Providence, that Woman who is the mere dependant and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity ; winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head and binding up the broken heart."—*Irving.*

We might fill the entire "Dartmouth" with similar quotations, for woman has been, from Father Chaucer down to Alexander Smith, the subject of poetic praise and laudation. But there is little need. We have but to remember our mothers and sisters, and laggard would be

our hands and craven our hearts did we not at least attempt to strike a blow in their behalf.

We now arrive at the peroration of "Female Suffrage." On this, the writer seems to have chiefly bent his energies. With the sneering interrogation, "Woman vote?" he launches himself into the sea of antitheses, degenerates into a tirade against dress and fashion, winding up with an unmanly slur against WOMAN and FREEDOM.

And here we leave him, regretting that no abler pen has offered to apply the castigation. The field has been open, but others have probably thought with us, that no reply was necessary; that assertions backed by no arguments need no rebutting testimony; that the article was a mere tirade and a tissue of worn out, effete sarcasms unworthy of notice. We only reply for the purpose of exposing the "trick of words," and to vindicate the "Dartmouth's" name for fairness and equality. The Author of "Female Suffrage" deserves not to be treated with mercy, and the feebleness of our pen must be our apology, if he has received any. We can not speak of his arrogance and unmanliness, of his conceit and assumption of superiority as they merit. He appears as the champion of men, as the born rulers, and lays down his opinions as thinking in the fullness of his vanity,

"The time is out of joint! O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right."

This article has not been written as an argument,—as can plainly be seen,—nor even with an affectation thereof; not but that arguments in favor of universal suffrage are at hand, but because none are deemed essential. We can, however, examine a little the position taken by the opponents of Female Suffrage in regard to what they call a woman's sphere. We find nowhere a better definition of this term than in an article by John Stuart Mill, with an extract from which we close:

"When a prejudice which has any hold on the feelings finds itself reduced to the unpleasant necessity of assigning reasons, it thinks it has done enough when it has re-asserted the very point in dispute in phrases which appeal to the pre-existing feeling. Thus many persons think they have sufficiently justified the restrictions on women's field of action, when they have said that the pursuits from which women are excluded are *unfeminine*; and that the *proper sphere* of women is not politics or publicity, but private and domestic life.

"We deny the right of any portion of the species to decide for another portion, or any individual for another individual, what is and what is not their 'proper sphere.' The proper sphere for all human beings is the largest and highest which they are able to attain to. What this is, cannot be ascertained without complete liberty of choice.

"Let every occupation be open to all, without favor or discouragement to any, and employments will fall into the hands of those men or women who are found by experience to be most capable of worthily exercising them. There need be no fear that women will take out of the hands of men any occupation which men perform better than they. Each individual will prove his or her capacities in the only way in which capacities can be proved,—by trial; and the world will have the benefit of the best faculties of all its inhabitants. But to interfere beforehand by an arbitrary limit, and declare that whatever be the genius, talent, energy, or force of mind, of an individual of a certain sex or class, those faculties shall not be exerted, or shall be exerted only in some few of the many modes in which others are permitted to use theirs, is not only an injustice to the individual, and a detriment to society, which loses what it can ill spare, but is also the most effectual mode of providing, that in the sex or class so fettered, the qualities which are not permitted to be exercised shall not exist.

"But if those, who assert that the 'proper sphere' for women is the domestic, mean by this that they have not shown themselves qualified for any other, the assertion evinces great ignorance of life and of history. Women have shown fitness for the highest social functions exactly in proportion as they have been admitted to them. By a curious anomaly, though ineligible to even the lowest offices of State, they are in some countries admitted to the highest of all,—the regal; and, if there is any one function for which they have shown a decided vocation, it is that of reigning. Not to go back to ancient history, we look in vain for abler or firmer rulers than Elizabeth; than Isabella of Castile; than Maria Teresa; than Catherine of Russia; than Blanche, mother of Louis IX. of France; than Jeanne d'Albret, mother of Henri Quatre. There are few kings on record who contended with more difficult circumstances, or overcame them more triumphantly, than these.

"In the centuries immediately before and after the Reformation, ladies of royal houses, as diplomatists, as governors of provinces, or

as the confidential advisers of kings, equalled the first statesmen of their time; and the treaty of Cambray, which gave peace to Europe, was negotiated, in conferences where no other person was present, by the aunt of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, and the mother of Francis the First."

Unwritten History.

A CHAPEL SPEECH, DELIVERED FRIDAY, MARCH 29.

In the public gardens of Ratisbon, one of the oldest towns of Germany, is an imposing monument bearing the name of John Kepler, and the date, 1803, almost two centuries after the remains of that illustrious pioneer of science, had been laid in the earth. An enthusiast, a wild dreamer among his cotemporaries, time at last proved the inestimable value of his discoveries, and gave him a name and proper place on the list of the famous dead. He is an example of those who, preferring enduring fame to fleeting popularity, have left their great achievements as the only memorials of their lives. Such men have made the past a mighty treasure house of truth and wisdom and goodness.

We speak of the shades of the mighty dead. Imagination brings them back to us, and we fancy we hear their stately footsteps, as we muse on the scenes in which they bore so conspicuous a part. The Artist's pencil and the Sculptor's chisel restore to us the forms of those whom we delight to honor. The zealous Biographer attempts to delineate their lives. But after all, how little remains of the beings who once lived and thought and acted. The triumphs of their genius herald their greatness and their virtue, but their vices and the weaknesses, that made them mortal, lie buried with them in the tomb.

The Historian records the events of great eras; the Biographer the distinguishing characteristics of great men. Nothing ordinary or commonplace finds its way into the annals of the past; and though our libraries are crowded with the history of departed years, little is left us but the more prominent outlines. The characters of the dead, as represented by the biographer, are rather ideal than real. The

artist depicts their features on the canvas as they wish to appear to posterity; so the biographer delineates their character, softening down their more repulsive features, carefully excluding everything that would make them appear ordinary and commonplace, and presenting the more prominent points of their character in the most favorable light. Oftentimes, as in the case of John Kepler, generations and perhaps centuries pass before the world progresses sufficiently to appreciate the worth of men who, living in advance of their age, have died in obscurity and neglect; and the biographer can collect but a few isolated facts as materials, out of which to construct his work. Every man, whose life is of sufficient interest to posterity to authorize its publication, must be remarkable in some respect, and few biographies have come down to us in which it is not clearly proved that the subject of the work was the profoundest philosopher, the wisest statesman, the most eloquent orator, or the greatest man that ever blessed the human race with the light of his genius; or that he was the most cruel tyrant, the most depraved debauchee, or the most insignificant poltroon that ever brought a blot on humanity by the turpitude of his crimes. Such is written history. The case would be far different could we know all the unwritten.

Ancient fable peopled Olympus with the spirits of departed heroes, and ancient bards sung their exploits as the deeds of immortal Gods. We, with the same spirit, immortalize the names of the Pilgrim Fathers, and associate with their memory, virtues which with all their worth, in many respects did not belong to them. The objects of our reverence, our ideals of excellence, and the examples we imitate, all shine brightest through the dim vista of intervening years. Familiarity with the present breeds contempt; and, in comparison, the olden time appears grand, heroic and noble. The conviction is irresistibly forced upon us that the brightest places in history have all been filled. If we exult with patriotic pride over the victories of our own Grant, Abbot brings before us a mighty Napoleon, who made the old world tremble with the sound of his cannon's rattle. If we venerate the memory of the martyred Lincoln as the preserver of our country's weal, we remember that amid the gloom attending the outbreak of the Rebellion, Parton's Andrew Jackson loomed up majestically before the frightened people with scowling brow and threatening eye, awing the South into silence and submission. Or if our thought take a

philanthropic turn, and we would pay a tribute of praise to the great reformers of the present age, we are reluctantly forced to consider them but as humble imitators of the matchless examples delineated in Headley's Luther and Cromwell. The history of the past is the history of courts and camps. The patient labors of the devotee of science; the memory of lofty endeavors terminating in defeat, of heroic energies kept dumb and motionless by poverty; the memoirs of the worthy obscure do and ever will constitute Unwritten History.

Education of American Girls.

Learned critics, eloquent reviewers and brilliant essayists never tire of dwelling on the glories and unrivalled excellencies of the literature of the Elizabethan Age. They portray with fluent and appreciative pen the prolific genius, profound learning, versatile talent and varied accomplishments of the great men of that day who have filled the wide world with their merited fame. But it is only casually and indefinitely that one hears of the remarkable women of that age. It seems to us patent that scarcely less to them than to their masculine coadjutors, is due that marvellous intellectual activity which renders the sixteenth century one of the most glorious and attractive periods in the history of the world's literature. .

If a Camden, Spenser, Hooker, Philip Sidney, Bacon, Shakspeare and Hobbes appeared to vindicate the dignity of learning, and shed new lustre upon literature by their vast attainments and splendid achievements, let it not be forgotten that during the same period lived a Lady Jane Grey, whose almost incredible knowledge of Greek, Latin, Hebrew, French, Italian, Chaldee and Arabic would terrify modern University Professors; Mary Sidney, Countess of Pembroke,—sister of Sir Philip Sidney, to whom was dedicated his *Arcadia*,—who possessed talents almost equal to those of her illustrious brother,—understanding Hebrew sufficiently well to translate not a few of the Psalms into English; the three daughters of Sir Thomas More, Margaret, Elizabeth and Cecilia, who were skilled in all the learning of the schools, so that they wrote with elegance Latin prose and verse, understood astronomy, philosophy and theology, and gave emenda-

tions of some of the ancient classics which elicited the praises of the most profound scholars, besides cultivating with practical success the lighter branches of music, painting and poetry. Indeed to such an extent did they carry their learning and study that the great European scholar Erasmus was forced to apply to More's house the elegant and forcible epithet of "musarum domicilium." Beside these were Mary, (daughter of Henry VIII. and Catharine of Aragon,) who when but twelve years of age wrote Latin with such accuracy as to receive the praises of Erasmus, understanding, in addition, Spanish, French and Italian; Mary, Countess of Arundel, Catharine Parr, and the five daughters of Sir Anthony Cooke, (tutor of Edward VI.,) who were sought in marriage by the most eminent men of the time, on account of their remarkable attainments in scholarship. Anne, the second of these sisters, became afterwards the mother of Lord Bacon. In addition to these were many of humble birth but equal in learning and endowment. What a magnificent picture is this which good old Roger Ascham draws of a young lady of the sixteenth century. He says,—“Before I went to Germanie, I came to Brodegate in Leicestershire, to take my leave of that noble Lady Jane Grey, to whom I was exceeding much beholdinge. Her parentes, the Duke and the Duches, with all the househould, gentlemen and gentlewomen, were hunting in the parke. I found her in her chamber, reading *Phaedon Platonis in Greeke*, and that with as much delite as some gentlemen would read a merie tale in Bocase, (Boccaccio.) After salutation and dewtie done, with some other taulke, I asked her why she would leese, (lose,) such pastime in the parke? Smiling she answered me: ‘I wisse, all their sport in the parke is but a shadoo to that pleasure I find in Plato. Alas! good folke, they never felt what trewe pleasure ment.’”

But what has all this reference to the learned women of three hundred years ago to do with our topic? Why it simply shows what women may accomplish, to what noble heights of learning and influence they may raise themselves, by shunning the common paths of frivolity and intellectual idleness, and pursuing the more solid studies which an unreasonable custom seems to think fit only for masculine minds. Who can doubt that this striking development of lofty feminine character of which we have spoken, was due in great part to the superior vigor and scope of the studies pursued, calculated in their

very nature to give stability and dignity to character, and depth and astuteness to intellect?

Leaving to those, whose particular business it is to write and legislate on such a subject, the specific details of that education which the present age demands, we wish to speak of two very prominent defects in the present system of educating American girls. First: its predominant tendency to ornament, vain show and superficiality, and its great lack of solidity, as well as both disciplinary and practical utility. For this, women are to blame but in part. The fault lies almost wholly at the door of those who claim to have a superior amount of brains, who assume to be God's vicegerents in the matter and arrogate to themselves the right of marking out with square and compass the distinctive sphere and duties of one half mankind, voting and legislating for them, smothering, so far as in them lies, their individuality, and transforming them into mechanical automatons. Scarcely any reason seems to us more valid than this for putting the franchise into the hands of women and giving them some just share in deciding questions immediately affecting their temporal and immortal destiny, questions in regard to which those who now bear rule are so stupidly indifferent, or blindly prejudiced,—remunerative occupation, controlling property, &c. But the objection is urged that girls are essentially different from boys intellectually, and hence the studies pursued by them should be radically different. It is a very current remark that girls are impulsive, imaginative and illogical; never stopping to reason out a matter, but skipping like lambs upon the mountains from point to point, and arriving at conclusions by an inexplicable sort of Leibnitzian intuition; hence their studies should be light, easy and fantastic, not appealing to the stern dictum of reason, which would be useless, because on this theory there would be no reason to appeal to; but boys are prosy, deliberate, thoughtful and argumentative, therefore require the weightier matters of the law, such as mathematics, logic, comparative philology, and metaphysics. This theory has been harped on so long by those who are really afraid lest they should be deprived of their boasted superiority, by the discovery that women with the same training and privileges are their intellectual equals, that multitudes really believe it, not only to the extent in which it may be true, but also to the extent in which it is utterly false. This notion seems to us "the fiction of a fiction," at least

in the extent to which it is carried and the application which is made of it.

Very apt on this point are the words of that man whom we adore, that trenchant essayist and witty scholar, that persistent enemy of shams and humbugs, Sydney Smith. Says he,—“That there is a difference in the understandings of the men and the women we every day meet with, everybody, we suppose, must perceive; but there is none surely which may not be accounted for by the difference of circumstances in which they have been placed, without referring to any conjectural difference of original conformation of mind. As long as boys and girls run about in the dirt and trundle hoops together, they are both precisely alike. If you catch up one half of these creatures and train them to a particular set of actions and opinions, and the other half to a perfectly opposite set, of course their understandings will differ, as one or the other sort of occupations has called this or that talent into action.” To be sure our experience here is somewhat limited, never having any girls of our own, and giving only a very moderate share of observation to other people’s girls, but so far as it goes, it corroborates the above opinion. In some score of village schools up and down the country, both east and west, have we tested the matter, and if any intellectual difference between the two sexes has been perceived, it is certainly in favor of the girls. If a difficult problem in arithmetic or algebra presented itself, there was always some imaginative, illogical girl, who could find a clew to its solution as quick as any thinking, syllogistic boy.

That there is some natural difference in the “original conformation of mind” between men and women, some natural dissimilarity of character between the two, we firmly believe, and endeavor to be thankful for it; but that this difference and dissimilarity are of such nature and extent as of necessity to prove mental inferiority, and justify the great disproportion both in the manner and matter of the education of boys and girls, and also in the time devoted to the education of each, we are compelled strenuously to deny. So pertinent and forcible are the following words from the Westminster Review that we cannot forbear quoting them: “If precisely the same means of strengthening the intellect, and improving the knowledge of both sexes were pursued, the difference in their character would spontaneously arise, in consequence of the different materials on which the ex-

periment was made. This natural difference is necessary; but any peculiar fostering and forcing of the dissimilarity is pernicious." This seems a complete refutation of the argument—that the difference in the mental training must be in proportion to the natural dissimilarity between the minds of boys and girls.

Now let no one suppose that this disproportion of which we speak is some man of straw conjured up by our imagination, arising from some distorted view of our percepts. It is one encouraging sign of the times, that men are waking to the necessity of a more enlarged and comprehensive education for girls as well as boys. As to the wisdom of admitting both sexes as members of the same College or University, we are in much doubt, though the plan is worthy of a more extended trial. Those who know the numberless intrigues between College students and Seminary girls, when both institutions are in the same village, or neighborhood, will be slow to commend the propriety of the proposed plan, although Oberlin, and perhaps Antioch, may seem forcible arguments in favor of it. It strikes us if we were the "fond and indulgent parent" of two or three blooming and attractive daughters, we should deliberate at considerable length before sending them to as upright, virtuous and staid a College even as Dartmouth.

But Vassar College is certainly a stately step in the right direction; and to show further that we are not beating the air, and not unreasonable in demanding a thorough renovation and remodeling of the present system, let us refer to a meeting held in New York about three weeks since, to take measures for establishing a "central educational institution" for the better education of women, and note the following paragraph in a letter read in that meeting from the Rev. Howard Crosby, D. D., formerly a Professor at Princeton. Says he,—“I have long felt very deeply the need of this movement. Our women are fast becoming butterflies for want of a true training. Most of our female schools are fashionable hot-houses, to encourage the growth of listlessness, affectation and extravagance. I trace nine-tenths of the flippancy and falsehood of modern society to the mockery of an education which the daughters of the land receive.” These are stern and significant words.

We have said that our present educational system for girls is superficial, tending to ornament and vain show rather than to thought

and sound, judicious culture. There fell into our hands very recently the catalogues of three of the foremost of the Female Seminaries of New England; if not the foremost, they are certainly above, rather than below, the general average in the breadth and depth of their courses of study. In one the general course is three years, in each of the others, four. After a careful examination, we find that a boy, prepared to enter the Freshman Class in any of our New England Colleges, could pass examination in about two-thirds of the entire studies pursued in that seminary whose course is three years, and the same boy could pass examination in almost three-fourths of the studies pursued in those seminaries where the course is four years. There is no intention of making any unjust comparisons, or drawing any unwarrantable conclusions, but it has seemed to us that the Seminaries above referred to are fair representatives of the whole class throughout the country. If so, it will be seen that when the sister has completed her entire course of study in the seminary, run with triumph the gauntlet of the fierce examining committee, received, with all the pomp and ceremony becoming to the highest universities, her diploma, and gone forth into the world with her "blushing honors thick upon her," she has passed over scarcely more ground than her plodding inductive brother who is just through his Freshman year. We do not say that a boy thus far advanced could pass examination in all the studies completed by his sister, because the one studies some things which the other does not. But if the amount of education, received by each up to the time indicated above, be carefully noted, we think there will be a balance in favor of the Freshman. To be generous, however, and give the full benefit of the doubt, throw in Sophomore year. Now we do not hesitate to aver that there is not one public Female Seminary in fifty where the entire amount of education received from its whole course of study is equal to that which a student has received who has passed through the first two years in almost any one of the New England Colleges. It matters not whether the comparison be made with ancient or modern languages, mathematics or natural science, rhetoric, history or general literature. Granting now that the preparatory education of girls and boys before entering the seminary and college is equal, which we do not for a moment believe, it appears that the latter receive twice as much education as the former. But the disproportion in the education of the two

classes does not stop here, for with the one, all intellectual training well nigh ceases when the curriculum of the Seminary has been passed over, while with the other a four years' drill in college is but the prelude to a more vigorous course of professional study, extending two, three, or four years farther; so that in reality girls receive only about one-third the education of boys, and hardly that if the nature of the studies pursued by each is considered, which we propose to do hereafter. The highest and broadest training which American boys receive is attracting criticism on account of its narrowness and shallowness. But when two-thirds or three-fourths of this are set aside as superfluous, and the remaining third or fourth doled out for girls, it may well be called "the mockery of an education." If the theory that some hold be true,—which we deny,—that the feminine mind is by nature inferior to the masculine, this, so far from justifying a limited education, is the most decisive argument in favor of a more extended and comprehensive one. And if the theory be true,—which we do not deny,—that the most elevating, potent and enduring of all influences which go to shape destiny, mould character, incite genius, and give effect, characteristic and munificent harvest to great national epochs, is that of refined, intelligent and learned women in the capacity of mothers and teachers, then certainly here is the most cogent of all reasons for bestowing upon them the most ample, varied and extensive culture which the best and wisest instruction can give. Indeed who doubts that there would be less to lament and criticise in the superficiality and hollowness of the education which even American boys receive, if the mothers, who round their cradles sang songs, the very memory of whose sweetness lingers fondly in the heart and causes the unbidden tear to flow even when grey locks have bedecked the brow, had been like Anne Cooke, the mother of Lord Bacon, skilled to lay the foundation of lofty scholarship, vast attainment, practical wisdom and exalted manhood even when those whom they taught were but prattling children? Hereafter, if circumstances permit, we propose to say something further upon some of the more prominent and practical features of this important topic.

Editorial Notes.

With the April number of "The Dartmouth" the present corps of its Editors close their editorial career. With feelings of sadness, because of the many links which have bound us to our readers, we now say farewell to those who have so kindly aided our youthful enterprise, not alone by their subscriptions, but by fitly spoken words of cheer and hope; words which, when almost heart-sick and faint, when despair was settling upon us like a pall, roused anew our drooping energies and incited us to strive once more for the goal of our ambition, to place "The Dartmouth" in the same position with regard to college publications as Dartmouth College, of whose honor and good name it has aimed to have jealous care, occupies among the Colleges of our land. If we have, in the opinion of our friends, forwarded in the least degree the accomplishment of this design, our hopes are fully realized, and we will carry with us in our retirement the satisfactory assurance that our efforts have not wholly failed to please. Our faults we have never attempted to conceal or extenuate, but have sought criticisms from every source, and have amended whatever has been pointed out as requiring amendment, as best we could. That there is still need of pruning and grafting we are aware, and we doubt not that our successors will be ever ready to follow any suggestions which will tend to the improvement of the Magazine. If we are possessed of any virtues, may we not ask that *they* be assumed as the criterions by which we are judged, and that our friends may be

"To our faults a little blind,
To our virtues very kind."

To the Gentlemen, Messrs. King, Thomas and Willard, whom the Senior class has selected to take charge of "The Dartmouth" for the ensuing summer term, we extend our warmest congratulations and sympathies. Congratulations because of the many pleasant connections they will form with the Alumni and Friends of Dartmouth; sympathies because their road as Editors, will be no pathway strewn with roses. May we bespeak for our successors at least as kind a reception as was given to us on our advent before the Dartmouth public. To that public we commend them, as far as our words may go, as gentlemen in whom all confidence may be placed; as scholarly, persevering students; as able, logical writers, and as worthy successors of the Editors of the original "Dartmouth" of '39; being equally with them of a "hyperborean race."

Last, but not least, we thank the Ladies of Hanover, especially those connected with the College, for their hearty encouragement and commendation of our Monthly. Woman wields a mighty influence, and who can say that, but for her, failure would have been our allotted portion.

To our friends all, we say good bye; dropping the curtain over the numbers of "The Dartmouth" born mid snow and storm, and ushering in those which will follow clothed with the radiant smiles of the merry months of spring and early summer.

MEETING OF THE NEW YORK ALUMNI. The Annual meeting of the Association of Dartmouth Alumni in New York and Vicinity took place on the 7th of last month. We have had several graphic reports of it. It was held at the Bancroft House, and was largely attended. Nearly seventy seats were occupied at the table to which the Association adjourned after finishing their business. The entertainment was an elegant one, and the speeches before and after were marked by enthusiastic devotion to our Alma Mater. The College Faculty were represented by President Smith and Professor A. B. Crosby. President Smith made an extended statement of the condition of the College, setting forth its present prosperity, and its plans of future progress. With all it had received of late, he said it was still in the attitude of that representative personage in modern fiction, Oliver Twist—it *asked for more*. It would require not less than \$200,000 to do for the institution all that its character, its history, its approaching centennial and the spirit of the age required. This view was cordially endorsed by Judge Bonney, one of the Trustees, and was concurred in heartily by all. Indeed, the accordance with it was so evident, that had not many of the gentlemen, in the little changes of dress preparatory to the occasion, left their pocket-books at home, we are not sure that a good share of the amount would not have been made up on the spot. We are informed that a number of solid men are holding themselves in reserve for a great movement, in connection with some of whom we have heard large figures mentioned. Let New York set the ball rolling, with a subscription of seventy-five or a hundred thousand dollars, and the end will be made sure.

Not the least interesting part of the exercises was a speech at the table by Prof. A. B. Crosby, in which he gave many pleasant reminiscences of Dartmouth and of Hanover. While in the graver parts he did full justice to some of the noblest of men, there were, in no unnatural connection, humorous touches of a delightful sort. Those who have heard the Professor, on recent social occasions, in certain matchless expositions of wax figures and Italian statuary, will readily conceive how, with a wit keen as his scalpel, and with a mirth which "doeth good like a medicine," he could represent the piquant and even potent idiosyncracies of those men of other days. Their memory was the fresher and the dearer to all present for his life-like portraiture of them.

Dr. Absalom Peters, of the class of 1816, President of the Association, took the chair at the opening of the meeting, but being in feeble health, resigned it soon to Judge Bonney. The officers elected for the ensuing year were as follows: David E. Wheeler, Esq., class of 1827, President; Pro-

fessor E. R. Peaslee, M. D., LL. D., class of 1836, Vice President; Dr. William M. Chamberlain, class of 1845, Treasurer; Walter Gibson, Esq., class of 1858, Secretary.

The Ægis has made its appearance in a new dress. Instead of the old familiar sheet with its homely wood-cut of Dartmouth as she appeared in the days of yore, and its long, closely-packed columns of society statistics, —like all statistics, grossly false,—spiced with the customary editorial salams and witticisms, we find lying before us a neat, unpretentious pamphlet of about thirty pages, tastefully arranged, and bearing evident marks of good mechanical execution. It is with somewhat of regret that we part from old friends, and yet, in this case the full time had arrived, and we were ready to hail the new comer with joy and kindly greeting. Most heartily do we return our thanks to the class of '68 for the noble manner in which they have inaugurated the change.

In looking through this publication,—new in a certain sense, though old in title,—we find the order of arrangement has been maintained much the same as it was in the old newspaper sheet. A few new items have been added. Among them we notice a list of the Papers and Periodicals on file in the Reading Room, the Class Organizations, Base Ball Clubs, and the Gymnasium Captains. The statistics seem at length to have been compiled with some reference to a reasonable degree of accuracy, and credit is due the Editors for the success that has attended their efforts. It would have been well for them had they attempted no more. When they come to make their appearance in person, the charm is at once dispelled. As we hastily glanced for the first time over the editorials, there came up forcibly to our minds the sound canon of criticism which the obliging cousin in the Vicar of Wakefield lays down to the verdant George; “always observe the picture might have been better if the painter had taken more pains.” On a second reading, however, it seemed more than probable that an unqualified statement like this might do our brothers of the quill a great injustice. But we must stop. Criticism is denied us. Thankfulness for the meed of praise awarded our own humble efforts, and the noble suggestion that we are yet young, and “may well be expected to improve,” forever closes our mouths. Base ingratitude shall never be reckoned among our sins. Kind Friend, Worthy Mentor,—our benisons go with you!

JUNIOR EXHIBITION. It has seemed to us that if three changes were made in the *modus operandi* of the Junior Exhibition, new interest would be felt in it, and new advantages secured by it.

First, a reduction in the number of appointments. Fifteen or sixteen individuals cannot have full and creditable part in the exercises without making them of such length as to be wearying and tedious. Ten, or at most

twelve appointments, with eight minutes as the utmost limit for each speaker, and allowance for all collateral exercises, are enough to make the exhibition sufficiently long. The above objection need not apply to Commencement, for a whole day is set apart for that.

Second, a different mode of appointment. Instead of leaving the whole matter with the Faculty, it seems to us altogether preferable to give the Class some voice in making the appointments. Each class has a special and honorable pride in being represented by those who will reflect most credit on the Class on such an occasion, which cannot always be done by those who stand highest in mere scholarship.

If for example twelve men are to have parts, why not allow the Class to elect four without reference to scholarship, whom they consider the best writers and speakers,—men by whom the Class would especially desire to be represented? Then let the Faculty select the remainder according to their rank in scholarship. Is not the prime object of the exhibition to give discipline and exercise in oratory, and to represent the highest excellence which a class has attained in that art? If not, why appear in public at all? If the object is merely to give facility in composition, or to test scholarship, the articles might as well be read before the Faculty some Monday eve, and scholarship can be determined much better by rigid examination than by public speeches.

But if the general object is what we think it is,—the culture and exhibition of oratory—with what propriety is that mode of appointment adopted which not unfrequently leaves out the finest speakers, who are often found at the lower end of the Class, and puts on those who cannot speak at all, and never expect to learn? By the mode we have indicated there is a chance to pay all necessary tribute to scholarship, and also to hold out some further inducement for a higher standard in speaking and writing.

The last change we have to urge is throwing aside the Latin and Greek orations. We have long puzzled what few brains we have, trying to discover some propriety in a student of Dartmouth, or any American College, racking his ingenuity, ransacking his lexicons, and undergoing all manner of mental and physical agony for a month, in order that just once in his life, he may deliver an oration in an unknown tongue before an audience, not more than a fiftieth of whom have the most remote idea of what he is saying. For all his hearers know to the contrary, he may be making fun of them, invoking curses on them, giving the pedigree of the Olympian Gods, or delivering an apostrophe to his Satanic majesty. To require a student whose only experience in writing Latin consists in translating a few isolated sentences in Arnold's Latin Prose, who never before wrote a sentence of Greek, and most certainly never will again, to spend days and days in putting together a Latin or Greek oration which might as well be delivered in Chinese or Chaldaic for all the audience will know about it, is certainly

an unworthy servility to custom. In case of a student whose shallowness or eccentricities are such that it is desirable to conceal them, a Latin or Greek oration is the most effectual means that Yankee shrewdness could possibly invent. But it seems positively unjust to ask men of such acknowledged talent and ability as Ide and Wardwell of '66, and Hale of '65, to bury all the ideas they have gained by extensive reading, observation and study beneath an incomprehensible jargon of unintelligible sounds. We commend to the candid consideration of all, as good authority on this point, the 9th, 11th, and 19th verses of the 14th chapter of 1st Corinthians.

Those who are interested in Physical Culture—as all the intelligent friends of education are—will be pleased to learn that the opening of our new Gymnasium, and the commencement of regular exercises there, has been a great and gratifying success. The new department, now duly established and systematized, has not only excited much interest among the students, but has already been a manifest advantage to them. One of our resident Medical Professors spoke recently in strong terms on this point. We hear little now of those headaches, and dyspeptic troubles, and various biliary derangements, to which persons of sedentary habits are liable at the opening of the spring. A limited amount of exercise, under the teacher, is required of each student—not so much as to be onerous, yet enough to make it sure that no one will fail of the benefit which the Gymnasium is designed to confer. The amount now prescribed is one half hour daily for four days in the week—the rest is voluntary. The Instructor, Mr. F. G. Welch, is admirably fitted for his position, both by his skill in gymnastics and his gentlemanly bearing. If Mr. BISSELL, the generous friend of the boys and the College, shall visit us, as we expect, next Summer, he will be satisfied, we think, that his munificence has not been in vain.

The Senior Class have been fortunate, during the present term, in securing the services of Professor Hubbard,—so long connected with the College previous to his removal about a year ago to New Haven,—as their instructor in his old department of Chemistry and Geology. The studies in themselves do not seem particularly adapted to the genius of the class; or, to speak with more moderation, the greater part of the class do not to all outward appearances take to them quite naturally. Whether the fault lies with the individuals so afflicted, or with the text-book, might be a question difficult to answer: at all events it can safely be said the Professor faithfully does his part. The abundant illustration constantly employed, the practical hints thrown out, the application of abstract rules and scientific principles to every-day phenomena, and the inexhaustible fund of incident and anecdote relating to localities of Geological interest, all serve not only to render the hour of recitation entertaining, but, what is of more importance, give the Class the only clear ideas on the subject of these studies

they may be said really to possess. Add to this the easy, affable manner of conducting recitation, the patience and fairness with which each student is treated, and it will seem hardly necessary for us to suggest that we have here the model Professor. It would be well if Dartmouth could offer inducements sufficient to retain her best Professors at home, and attach them exclusively to her own interests; but if, as in this case, that is not possible, it is fortunate for her that they can be followed in their retreats, and brought back if only at stated intervals to their old posts. It will be difficult for the Trustees to find a person of like taste and culture who will do for the College what Professor Hubbard has done, or one who can fill his chair in the Lecture Room with any measure of his ability. The place is not suffering. Two months of his instruction is better than a year's residence of any one who does not possess a remarkable adaptedness for the position. We could not, to succeeding classes, do better than to wish that, when they shall reach this part of their course, they may break ground upon these studies under as happy auspices as have fallen to the lot of '67.

COMMENCEMENT APPOINTMENTS. The class of '67 have received the following appointments. Those who belong to each of the four respective divisions, are put in alphabetical order:

Charles F. King, *Lowell, Mass.*, Salutatory Oration in Latin.

Robert G. McNiece, *Topsham, Vt.*, Philosophical Oration.

Charles H. Merrill, *Haverhill, N. H.*, Philosophical Oration.

Walter H. Sanborn, *Epsom, N. H.*, English Oration, with the Valedictory Addresses.

Samuel C. Bartlett, *Peoria, Ill.*, English Oration.

Abram Brown, *Canterbury, N. H.*, English Oration.

Joseph G. Edgerly, *Manchester, N. H.*, English Oration.

Horace Goodhue, Jr., *West Westminster, Vt.*, English Oration.

Bainbridge C. Noyes, *Georgetown, Mass.*, English Oration.

Charles M. Reed, *West Bridgewater, Mass.*, English Oration.

Charles C. Woodman, *Great Falls, N. H.*, English Oration.

Almond F. Cate, *Epsom, N. H.*,

Robert M. Wallace, *Henniker, N. H.* } Forensic Disputation.

George A. Mosher, *Sharon, Vt.*,

Ezekiel W. Whipple, *Jersey City, N. J.* } Ethical Disputation.

William A. Ketcham, *Indianapolis, Ind.*,

Joseph H. Ladd, *Orange, Vt.* } Literary Disputation.

Amos W. Wright, *Springboro', O.*, Poem.

John N. Irwin, *Keokuk, Iowa*, Dissertation.

Charles H. Mann, *Boston, Mass.*, Dissertation.

Frederic G. Mather, *Cleveland, O.*, Dissertation.

Elisha B. Maynard, *Springfield, Mass.*, Dissertation.

Samuel P. Prescott, Jr., *Haverhill, Mass.*, Dissertation.

Alfred A. Thomas, *Dayton, O.*, Dissertation.

The following elections have been made for Class-day, Tuesday, July 16th, 1867 :

Class Marshal, J. Wesley Palmer, Great Falls, N. H.

Orator, Robert G. McNiece, Topsham, Vt.

Poet, Amos W. Wright, Springboro', Ohio.

Chronicler, James R. Willard, Olivet, Mich.

Prophet, John N. Irwin, Keokuk, Iowa,

Address to the President, Cassius R. Haywood, Fredonia, N. Y.

Odist, Charles F. Atwood, Malden, Mass.

Farewell Address at the Tree, Benjamin F. Brickett, Haverhill, Mass.

Memoranda Alumnorum.

Stephen C. Badger, class of '23, is Attorney at Law in Concord, N. H.

Asa Fowler, class of '33, is Attorney at Law in Concord, N. H.

Josiah Minot, class of '37, is Attorney at Law in Concord, and President of the Concord R. R.

Dr. Jesse P. Bancroft, class of '41, is Superintendent of the Insane Asylum of N. H.

Lyman T. Flint, class of '42, is Attorney at Law in Concord, N. H.

Lyman D. Stevens, class of '43, is Attorney at Law in Concord, N. H.

A. H. Crosby, class of '48, is a practicing Physician in Concord, N. H.

Anson S. Marshall, class of '48, is Attorney at Law in Concord, N. H.

Henry P. Rolfe, class of '48, is Attorney at Law in Concord, N. H.

Henry E. Sawyer, class of '51, is Principal of High School in Middletown, Conn.

Benjamin E. Badger, class of '54, is Attorney at Law in Concord, N. H.

Joseph Clark, class of '54, is Attorney at Law in Plymouth, N. H.

Edward B. S. Sanborn, class of '55, is Attorney at Law in Bradford, N. H.

Caleb Blodgett, class of '56, is Attorney at Law in Boston, Mass.

A. W. Clark, class of '56, is Rector of an Episcopal Church, Baltimore, Md.

A. B. Coffin, class of '56, is Attorney at Law, Boston, Mass.

S. M. Cutcheon, class of '56, is Attorney at Law in Ypsilanti, Mich.

Joseph L. Elkins, class of '56, is a Physician in New Market, N. H.

Leonard Z. Ferris, class of '56, is Pastor of Congregational Church, Pittsfield, N. H.

Wm. H. Hale, class of '56, is engaged in the manufacture of woollen cloth, at Hinsdale, N. H.

Charles H. Hersey, class of '56, is a Merchant at Wolfborough, N. H.

Josiah H. Hobbes, class of '56, is Attorney at Law in Madison, N. H., and County Solicitor for Carrol County.

Lyman G. Hinckley, class of '56, is Attorney at Law in Chelsea, Vt.

Wm. S. Leonard, class of '56, is a Physician in Hinsdale, N. H.

Augustus L. Marden, class of '56, is Pastor of Congregational Church in Piermont, N. H.

J. L. Merrill, class of '56, is Pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Acworth, N. H.

George W. Sargent, class of '56, is Pastor of Congregational Church in Natick, Mass.

N. S. Simpkins, class of '56, is Broker, No. 29, Wall Street, New York City.

Charles H. Spring, class of '56, is a Physician in Boston, Mass.

Wm. W. Stickney, class of '56, is Broker, St. Louis, Mo.

J. D. Thompson, class of '56, is Attorney at Law in Boston, Mass.

Edward Wood, class of '56, is Attorney at Law in Bath, N. H.

Edward D. C. Kittredge, class of '57, is Attorney at Law in New York City.

Daniel G. Wild, class of '57, is Attorney at Law in New York City.

P. S. Conner, M. D., class of '59, is practicing medicine in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Frederick B. Dodge, class of '60, has retired to private life at Lyme, N. H.

Gen. J. N. Patterson, class of '60, has been appointed U. S. Marshal for the district of N. H. Gen. P. served through the war with distinction as an officer in the 2nd N. H. Reg. and was breveted Brig.-Gen. for meritorious service.

George S. Morris, class of '62, has an able article in the last Presbyterian and Theological Review. It is a critical examination of Hodgson on "Time and Space;" and exhibits not a little metaphysical acuteness. Mr. Morris was Tutor here, much esteemed, in 1863-4; and he afterward pursued a course of study in the Union Theological Seminary, N. Y. He is now prosecuting his studies in Berlin, Prussia.

James F. Allen, class of '62, graduated at Columbia College Law School, Washington, D. C., with the degree of L. L. B., in June, 1866, and is now employed in the Treasury Department.

Joshua S. Banfield, class of '62, was Commissioner of Colored Schools for the Western District of Georgia, under the Freedmen's Bureau from '65 till '67, and is now engaged in Real Estate and Commercial Brokerage in Boston, Mass.

Calvin S. Brown, class of '62, was mustered out of the U. S. service as Lt. Col. in command of 1st Battalion Maine Infantry, and is now a Lawyer in St. Louis, Mo.

Horace S. Cummings, class of '62, was Assistant Secretary of N. H. Senate for 1863-4; in '65 was elected Secretary of that body, and was re-elected in '66. He is now engaged in the U. S. Treasury Department.

T. N. Chase, class of '62, is a clerk in the U. S. Post Office Department, Washington, D. C.

L. W. Emerson, class of '62, is engaged in the practice of Law, in New York City.

David Fulsom, class of '62, is engaged in Mercantile Business in St. Louis Mo.

N. P. Gage, class of '62, is located as a Teacher at Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin.

G. F. Gill, class of '62, was A. Surgeon, U. S. A., in charge of General Hospital, Madison, Ind., at the close of the war, and is now a practising Physician in St. Louis, Mo.

O. B. Goodwin, class of '62, is engaged in the oil business at Oil City, Penn.

George F. Hobbs class of '62, was Adjutant of 13th N. H. Inf., and is now a Lawyer in Wakefield, N. H.

Henry P. Lamprey, class of '62, is settled as Pastor of Free Baptist Church, Phillips, Me.

Charles M. Palmer, class of '62, is at the Theological Seminary, Andover, Mass.

Alah K. Potter, (?) class of '62, was Major of the 18th N. H. Infantry, and is now a Lawyer in Concord, N. H.

Wm. H. Perk, Class of '62, is located at Mineral Point, Wisconsin. He is Editor and Publisher of the "Wisconsin Journal of Education" and the "National Democrat," both published at that place.

John S. Stevens, Class of '62, is settled at Peoria, Ill. as Counsellor at Law.

Edward Tuck, Class of '62, was U. S. Vice Consul at Paris in '65 and '66, and is now connected with the house of John Munroe and Co., American Bankers, Paris and New York.

C. W. Town, class of '62, is engaged in the practice of Law in New York City.

John S. Warren, class of '62, was Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A., and is now located in New York City in the practice of Medicine.

A. W. Wiggin, class of '62, was Surgeon, U. S. A., and is now a Physician in St. Louis, Mo.

Addison H. Foster, class of '63, was married in the fall of 1866, to Miss Susan M. Houghton, of New Ipswich, N. H. Dr. F. is now practicing Medicine in Lawrence, Mass.

J. B. Peaslee, class of '63, has charge of one of the Public Schools, Cincinnati, Ohio.

John P. Bartlett, class of '64, has removed to Omaha City, Nebraska, and is practicing Law.

John S. Conper, class of '65, is studying Law in the office of the City Solicitor, Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE DARTMOUTH.

VOL. I.

MAY, 1867.

No. V.

EDITORS.—SUMMER TERM, 1867.

CHARLES F. KING,

ALFRED A. THOMAS,

JAMES R. WILLARD.

Embellishments of War Histories.

The grand armies of the East and West were yet in camps awaiting discharge, when the announcement was made of the forthcoming publication of a half dozen "Illustrated Histories of The Civil War, from the bombardment of Sumter to the surrenders of Lee and Johnson, inclusive." The appearance of them in the hands of peripatetic agents speedily followed, and soon the thump of crutches coming up the walk, heralded the presentation of the first of them at our door, and a glimpse of a faded uniform sent sympathy searching for our porte-monnaie. Empty sleeves and the wan faces of soldiers' widows, or a child's story of a "missing" father, have since beguiled us into many similar purchases. We slid the volumes as they accumulated into the book-case, and playfully designated the collection as our "charity literature." The triumphant result of the war induced a popular desire to refresh the memory as to the methods and incidents of its accomplishment, and this motive or that of sympathetic regard for those who solicited subscriptions or perhaps inability to resist their pertinacity, immediately gave a wide spread circulation to these volumes. Few examined them critically because they only served a temporary purpose. The dissolution of the army brought home to us a friend, who had long served in the volunteers, to fight over his battles at our fireside. That he should attach a somewhat exagger-

ated importance to the exploits and services of his particular command we had expected, and his strictures upon the truthfulness of the "special letters" of army correspondents we had regarded with toleration and a large degree of credence, but we were not prepared for the destruction of his usual moderation of manner by the perusal of our Histories. Even now a reference to them provokes his ire, and the invectives and anathemas he bestows upon the collective body of *post bellum* historians, would excite the envy of a Catholic official excommunicating heretics. His faith in written and illustrated history has been uprooted, and he suggests that the Old Testament reports of Israelite, Philistine and Amalekite campaigns were better transferred to the Apocrypha! General Sherman read the accounts of the battle of Shiloh until he doubted his presence at that action, and our humbler hero has evidently harbored the delusion that annalists and artists deal in matter of fact, and expected a record which should tally with his memories of personal experience—alas! ignorant that history is half wayward fancy, and that art in "embellishments" is well nigh stereotyped form. To little purpose have we combatted him. Citations from Headly, and penciled passages in Abbott have alike proved unavailing to abate his contempt or to quiet its expression. Triumphantly have we pointed to the battle maps in which the positions of opposing corps are denoted by differently colored lines, and to the consoling fact that in the scenes of our defeat the rebel lines are invariably and considerably the longer; but our Caviler flies squarely in the face of History, and following out the tracing of the previous march of his corps declares that it *didn't* pass through the towns and *didn't* take the directions here indicated. Upon the battle pictures he wholesales denunciation until we interrogate in the defensive. "What if you were in this battle, our incorrigible, and what if no regiment in the army was in heavy marching order? Can you not allow a little artistical license on your back in the way of a knapsack? Has not this all the component parts of most battle scenes represented since the invention of fire-arms? Surely there is a dead drummer and a shattered caisson in the left foreground, and two wounded privates crawling from the front and centre toward a fallen horse in the right corner. Are there not three shells bursting high in air, one under a rampant horse which bears a fierce looking officer with double-breasted coat and extended sword-

arm, and still another in the immediate front of an advancing column of very regularly aligned infantry? Has not this picture appeared successively in 1776, 1812 and 1848, beside doing service in foreign wars? It realizes the popular conception of the arrangement and conduct of grand actions; it has been current after three wars and you, my Caviler, will sooner accomplish a political revolution than work a change in the aesthetic taste of the general public by pointing out incongruities in its accepted models. When historical artists like Leutze fly the stars and stripes over Washington's launch at the crossing of the Delaware, isn't it hypercritical to insist on truthfulness in mere war engravings? Did Raphael not ignore the fortifications on Mount Tabor in 'The Transfiguration'—the grandest picture of all the world? High art, dear Sir, disposes summarily of your military facts."

But our captious ex-volunteer, though evidently discomfited, is no man of straw like Miss Gail Hamilton's "Halicarnassus," or the conventional "naughty boy" of Sabbath School dialogue, whose precipitate concession to the short argument of the better dressed "good boy" is supposed to illustrate the power of truth, the frailty of the wicked, and perhaps as well, the moral influence of good clothes. A page of half-length engravings of celebrities of which he has caught a glimpse in one of the volumes encourages him to a critical attack of a weaker point. "I verily believe," he says with emphasis, "that a more wretchedly drawn group than this was never hung upon wall, or stitched between covers. Abraham Lincoln is the worst delineated man of the nation. An ill-fitting coat, an ill-brushed head, circumambient whiskers and a mole on the right cheek represent him to half the world. Round the outline of the jaws, compress the mouth and deflect its corners, clothe in War Department livery, and fortify with a fac-simile of autograph, and your print-dealer blandly presents you 'General Grant,' and remarks that 'It is a most life-like thing.' A bald head, theatrical side-tabs, a moustache, double chin and loose blouse, is accepted as Burnside. These artists conform to the more salient but less essential characteristics of personal appearance. Fidelity to that expression of individual features which most faithfully exhibits temperament, mind, nature, and all the qualities of head and heart one most cares to know, is subordinated to a finical finish of accessories. In the shop-windows you see Webster with eyes lustre-

less as unlighted omnibus-lamps in a dark bridge, but he wears full evening dress and clutches a copy of the Constitution, and Greeley with the inevitable white-coat but with face more expressionless than a domino. Our art presents the extremes of creditable execution and a limited appreciation of finished forms in painting or sculpture, and a crude conception of humbler subjects shabbily delineated. Faithfulness in treatment with color is beyond the power of cheap and popular art, and hence the passion for decoration must be directed, taste created and cultivated by truth in engraving and the various methods of producing monochromatic prints.

It is with thanksgiving that I have discovered no transcendent merit in the text of your authors which might by some possibility perpetuate so wretched an array of illustrations. But melo-dramatic description and statistical inaccuracies will speedily make your authors with their artists joint inheritors of popular forgetfulness, and in the fullness of time, when we are so far removed from our facts that we may turn to a comprehensive retrospect of their whole breadth and proper relations, and can satisfactorily determine the causes, nature and results of the war, if there shall arise one to write carefully and worthily its history, it is to be hoped that its illustrations, if any it have, may embody something of the true character, habits and bearing of the soldiers and upholders of the Union."

We recalled to mind having just detected in a recent volume issued by a prominent publishing house, containing a full length engraving of President Lincoln, a resemblance in the design of the looped curtain, the charts, globes and mathematical lumber with which artists from time immemorial have invested celebrities, to the similar accessories in an old picture of Henry Clay. A comparison of two revealed an identity of background, foreground, costume and everything save head and features. Gradually the fact dawned on us; Henry Clay, sweet voiced orator of Ashland, embalmed securely in the memory of a nation, in decapitated form had been transmigrated in portrait. A newly engraved head of his fellow Kentuckian was surmounting his body. We recalled this, and with nothing to reply in extenuation of the infidelity of cheap art in America, we bowed out our ex-volunteer.

Italy, the Theme of the Poet.

I.

To educate in man a finer taste,
And give his noble being wider scope,
Inspire his mind with thought and impulse chaste,
And for the future summon joyous hope;
Four arts, above all else, have wondrous power,
And powers that only to themselves belong;
Of gifted mortals most the envied dower,
The arts of music, painting, sculpture, song.

II.

Music may hold the ravished soul enchained,
And boast its conquests in its wildest notes;
Painting may catch the gladsome light that floats
In human eyes, or seize the seldom gained
Ephemeral light, that in high colors plays
Upon the sunset sky. The silent stone
May breathe beneath the sculptor's touch, alone
To all song gives an impulse wide spread praise.

III.

Song adds new triumphs to the painter's brush,
Lends grace and meaning to the witching spell
Of music, radiant makes the traits that dwell
In sculptured marble, to the headlong rush
Of histories ceaseless legions, gives a charm,
Like that the radiant beaming sun bestows
Upon the face of Nature, yet she throws
As pleasing graces o'er a landscape calm.

IV.

But of all lands, to Italy she yields
The strength and beauty of her torch, for there
Art revels, in that far-off country, where
The sun looks down on ever verdant fields,
Kisses the snow-clad heights in upper air
To rosy blush, in vales where rippling waters flow,
Gives to the fruited vine its purple glow,
And spreads fresh glories o'er mid landscapes fair.

V.

Beneath Italia's brightly gleaming skies,
The dust of many noble poets lies;
Virgil excelling in historic lays,
And Horace more than matchless in the praise
Of art, and wine, and beauty, in the ties
Which bind this and the nether world, in days
Nearer the present, Dante honored name
Joined with Inferno to a deathless fame.

VI.

In classic lines shall be remembered long
Her history; forever shall her glorious deeds
Receive the praise of poets, in her needs
Shall ne'er be mute the muse of earnest song,
While the rare beauty of her skies and clime,—
Her rivers, lakes, and dashing mountain streams,
Her towering summits, cities grey with rime,
Shall e'er be linked with poets brightest dreams.

VII.

Where triple rivers from a common source
In distant mountain vales, streams glacier fed,
Leaping from cliff to cliff, o'er rocky bed,
Seeking the ocean, and one common course,
Bear in their waters brightly gleaming sand
Torn from the lofty crag, and turbid loam
From many a bank, and make a wave tossed strand,
A band of exiled Northmen found a home.

VIII.

Around their home what brilliant romance clings,
And fancy with her myriad dreamings flings,
Across their towers an airier grace,
Than e'en the noontide sun's reflected glow,
From plashing waters in the streets below,
Where o'er the dancing sea the light craft trace,
A wreath of laughing wavelets in the race,
That in their rippling wake responsive flow.

IX.

Oh wondrous city! round thy lofty domes
Midst ancient romance, now what glory clings,
Thy crystal rest the dazzling sunbeam flings,
Across thy wave born spires, and palace homes.

And hues of amethyst with glittering wings,
Flit o'er thy swiftly moving gondolas,
Anon thy watery ways reflect the stars,
And mirror in their depths the moonlight rings.

X.

Of Florence nestling on the western steeps
Of snow clad mountains, where the Arno sweeps,
In rapid course, yet lingers in the race
To make more lovely this most lovely place,
That in a bay of fragrant verdure lies
Cradled midst hill-tops, by whose matchless grace
Venus was won when fleeing from the skies,
And eager sought this earthly paradise.

XI.

Here Virgil read aloud his tale divine,
Here Cincinnatus passed beside the plow,
Here Raphael and his godlike rival shine,
With glittering bays upon their marble brows,
Their works grow brighter in the lapse of time,
And eager wondering thousands gather now,
To catch fresh ardor from their style sublime,
And at this ancient shrine of beauty bow.

XII.

And Rome, exultant Rome, Queen of the world,—
A city stranded on the wreck-lined shore
Of the broad sea of lust of power, more
Than once from out her palaces has curled
The smoke arising from destroying hands,
Thrice has she ruled in baughty pride,
Twice has she risen from destruction wide,
Yet now is humbled midst her ruins grand.

XIII.

What scholar treads Rome's desolated ground,
Where broken fragments of her splendor lie,
And overhead the same enrapturing sky
That gilded all her triumphs, while around
Are tottering columns, ruined arches, high,
Half fallen temples, crumbling panoply
Of dome, and court, and hall, nor hears the sound
Of wailing o'er her ruin rising nigh.

XIV.

Fit themes to inspire the deathless poet's pen
 Her ruins give, the tramp of armed men,
 Marching to civil or to foreign war;
 The echo of the Forum's walls, the jar
 Of chariots in triumphal throngs, the cry
 Resounding from Tarpeia's rock afar,
 The wolf's lone howl, the Vandals' wild huzza,
 All fill the soul with thoughts that may not die.

XV.

Nor are these all, this beauteous bright realm teems
 With soil made holy by men's daring deeds,
 Each city holds an urgent claim that seems
 Unequaled, each ruin has no needs
 But that of kindly thought, each mountain pass,
 Low lying, sluggish swamp, and rippling rill,
 Each dashing stream, or low mound green with grass,
 Could with their hist'ries every being thrill.

XVI.

And it is well that such a glorious land
 Where Nature has bestowed her richest stores
 With liberal hand; around whose shores
 A tropic surge beats ever, on whose strand,
 Successive clans have disembarked, whose nod
 Once awed the earth, and now upon whose sod
 A race is rising, should, in the poet's lays,
 Receive the meed of beauty—highest praise.

The Taverns of Olden Time.

"Shall I not take mine ease at an inn?"

King Henry IV.

To picture the varied character, to relate the real and fictitious sayings of the motley assemblies at inns, has been a favorite theme of many authors. Chaucer's fame rests mainly on his *Canterbury Tales*, which, with the Wayside Inn, finds a place on the shelf of every literary man. The ancient Greeks had no taverns. Most men lived at home, neither caring to cultivate the acquaintance of strang-

ers, or to improve themselves or their estates by contact with them. The sea was at last cleared of pirates by Minos, and the land of robbers by Hercules, Theseus and other primitive heroes. Then on no pretence could the Jove-sent stranger or the poor be dismissed empty, and Euripides makes Admetus, bearing to the grave the body of Alcestis, turn to greet and welcome a visitor, lest his house gain the title *εὐχροζέρος*. Tacitus yields the palm of hospitality to the Germans, but this virtue adds a fresh charm to the genius of the whole line of classic historians and poets. It was the lot of Abraham to entertain the messengers of heaven unawares, but alas ! visitors too soon partook of the characteristics of another place. Men seemed less mindful of the relations of host and guest. Visitors were so frequent that the most generous hospitality was over-taxed, and the world grew more and more mercenary. Hence arose the necessity for the establishment of houses, where, "for a pecuniary consideration," the stranger could find entertainment and lodging. The first mention we find of an inn, *παρδοχείον* of the New Testament, is in Genesis, where the sons of Jacob stop to feed their beasts, on the first return from Egypt in search of corn. At the inn of Bethlehem the Magi gathered, following the Star in the East, and found the infant Saviour, wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. This, with the inn whither the good Samaritan carried the wounded traveller of the parable, shews their existence and purpose in Scripture times.

The pens of Horace and Cervantes display the inns of Rome and Spain in so ludicrously unfavorable a light that we pass by everything to find in the inns of Old England, in the reign of Elizabeth, the history of the golden age of English literature. Dryden was always to be found at Will's Tavern, for what purpose we do not positively know. Perhaps Will, or Wills, might have possessed superhuman skill as a mixologist of tipulars, and concocted divine Tom and Jerries or foaming flips. Perhaps his Figaros were peculiarly aromatic, or perchance he was endowed with that happiest of faculties, "*α τ ις ε μ π ι ρ ι α*" in manufacture of chowders. Opportunities for social intercourse at this time were comparatively rare. *Sans Souci's* had not been conceived, and the "tendency towards hibernation, somnolency and general stupidity," was "overcome by a spontaneous and gregarious effort on the part of the more enlightened citizens," at the inns. The ladies then held the same ideas of the relations of smoke and the

curtains, as now, and the dirt of many feet was no more welcome on ancient floors than modern carpets. Hence the inns were every one's home, and their frequenters not as now subject to an almost social ostracism. At the Mitre and at the Mermaid in London, the two most famous literary clubs of all time assembled, those of which Dr. Johnson and Shakspeare were the respective centres. With the former all are well acquainted, through the medium of a prince of parasites, a very literary mistletoe, who, contemptible in himself, has immortalized his own name by linking it with another's. Boswell has eyes and ears for Johnson alone. Every hiccough or dislocation of the little brown wig is religiously saved from oblivion, while the sayings of Burke, Reynolds, Goldsmith, Sheridan, and Garrick, are preserved only when Johnson has won a victory over them by his arbitrariness. A discussion on that all-absorbing theme, the freedom of the will, is abruptly terminated. "We know the will *is* free, and that's the end on't." Such reasoning would dismount even Edwards from his logical Pegasus. Previous to his unfortunate political troubles, Sir Walter Raleigh had instituted a weekly meeting of *beaux esprits* at the Mermaid, where he for years regularly repaired with Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Selden, Carew, Cotton, Donne and others whose names are prominent in the Elizabethan literature. Here the "wit combats" took place, affectionately chronicled by Beaumont thus :

"———What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid ! Heard words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whom they came,
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest."

Again, Fuller says, "Many were the wit combats between Shakspeare and Jonson. I beheld them like a Spanish galleon and an English man-of-war. Master Jonson, like the former, built higher in learning, solid but slow in his performances ; Shakspeare, lesser in bulk but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about and take advantage of every wind by the quickness of his invention." Of these "wit combats" scarce a vestige remains, but had they been noted down in the manner of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, written in a like place and under like circumstances, while the speakers were plain in the freedom of friendship, and warm in the play of wit and

fancy, we cannot doubt that it would have been as creditable to their literary fame as to their social qualities. Ben Jonson was the only noisy one, and this fact lends a new charm to the staid conduct of the others, as he bursts out in these roystering lines :

“But that which doth most take my purse and me,
Is a cup of rich Canary wine,
Which is the ‘Mermaid’s’ now, but shall be mine.”

Other clubs, such as the Kit Cat, October and Scribleus, were of later formation, whose object was to bespatter the good character of political opponents, as is the custom of modern days. The “Wise Club,” of which Drs. Reid, Campbell, Gerard, Gregory, and Beattie, Professors of King’s and Marischal Colleges, were members, met at an Edinburgh inn and discussed literary and philosophical subjects, as well as *other matters*. From this club several works of criticism, poetry and philosophy may be said to have originated. Of the King’s Head and the Crown, with their memories of “pretty, witty Nell,” the “Devils of Temple Bar,” where Curran made his maiden speech, the Salutation and Cat, where Lamb and Coleridge used to smoke Orinoco, we find barely a mention.

By this time the example of Raleigh had so far vitiated public taste that smoking had become universal, being particularly practiced at inns, and even the sage Johnson, whom, as the maker of a dictionary, we must regard as next to infallible, had “expressed a high opinion of the sedative qualities of the weed,” though he, of course, never smoked. The meetings of most clubs were held under a canopy of tobacco smoke, but Kit Cat is recorded as being the most immoderate in the use of the great plant. Thus the smell of tavern smoke pervades the whole literature of that day. Locke and Burton advocated it by precept and example. Isaac Walton was as fond of his tobacco as of fishing. Newton’s stopper has become a matter of history. The stately Elizabeth allowed Raleigh to smoke a “nasty pipe,” in her presence, and the last we hear of him in this line, he is puffing away from a window of the Tower as a spectator to the execution of Essex. To King James alone it seems to have been “offensive,” who, much to the edification of his subjects and the amusement of modern antiquarians, published his celebrated “Counterblaste of Tobacco,” now only valuable as a collection of the dirty

adjectives and hard names used in those days. His stomach had doubtless proved weak as his head, and he found that the royal prerogative had not exempted him from the penalty of its first use. The beverages of this time, if consumption is any criterion, were of an exceedingly grateful character. Ale, Spanish wines, Jonson's bishop and Falstaff's sack are all so warmly described by Shakspeare, that we are led to think that he too must have experienced their delirious and extatic effects. Ale was universal. The puritanic idea that men could be made chronically virtuous by legislative enactment was where it should be now, in the dim vistas of the future. No rustic Dogberry, (may the hammer of Thor fall on ours,) had limited the strongest beverage to corn beer, and smelling committees were unheard of. The Church sometimes instituted festivals in honor of a saint, and more frequently for contributing to the *repair or decoration of the church*. On these occasions it was the duty of the wardens to have a considerable quantity of strong ale, which was sold to the populace in the church-yard, and to the better class in the church itself, a practice which, independent of the sale of the ale, led to great pecuniary advantage, for the rich thought it a meritorious duty to contribute to such a holy fund. In Jonson's *Masque of Queens* a witch exclaims :

"I had a dagger; what did I with that?
Killed an infant to have his fat;
A Piper got it at a church-ale."

In these church-ales we *can* see the origin of the modern church fair, if not the justice of being so dreadfully cheated, though it be ever so charmingly done by the ladies and in the name of religion too. Our church is none too sightly, and no ale is to be had in Hanover. We will not grumble, though we are buried deep as Enceladus in fraud, if our seats can only be some day surprised with cushions. A hint will of course be sufficient, if not, an appeal will be made in the name of common humanity. The peculiar attribute of an English inn is comfort. The Frenchman is too nervous, for it requires a phlegmatic spirit to make the true landlord: the Irishman too idle; the Spaniard too proud; the American is unwilling to sacrifice his individuality to suit his guests, and thus the Englishman alone goes into it in his shirt-sleeves, bound to turn his honest penny and suit his guests.

At the olden inn the landlord bade you welcome on the threshold. If wet, you were dried; if sick, taken care of and sympathized with; if hungry, fed immediately, and if tired, you reposed between sheets fragrant with the daisies on which they were bleached, untouched by "the pestilence that *walketh* in darkness." Now, a clerk with elaborate hair, suggestive of rose geranium, takes in your social calibre in a glance at yourself and your lean carpet bag, and sends you upward and onward to 197, till from sheer nervousness Ucalegon's flaming house arises in mind, and the lines—

"Ultimus ardebit, quem tegula sola tuetur
A pluvia, molles ubi reddunt ova columbæ."

Your individuality is lost in the multitude in the great house, and your illness and even death would scarcely be heeded. The poison least deleterious to your system is imbibed, but the grand bar has equally magnificent prices. The gong sounds and the corpses of baby oysters are found,

"Rari nantes in gurgite vasto."

The man and brother, (?) feed that you may be fed, brings Pome de terre a la something, but in spite the great name you recognize mashed potato. A new hat is missing from the rack; the colored barber has been indulging in onions, a thing no well-bred tonsor should do; there are corn-cobs in the matrass, and if a tall man, the cot bed is suggestive of the couch of Codrus, "minor Procula," and so short that it seems the very one. No water to wash with, the wrong boots at the door. These are our grievances. The bill is paid without complaint, but with a half-uttered wish that it was for less form and more substantials, fewer olives and more beefsteak, no Italian cream, but more of the staff of life. A landlord is his own sign. Beware of a lean one, it speaks badly for the kitchen. The landlady may justly be thin. At one moment she is exploring the vasty depths of the refrigerator, and the next she incites the "varium et mutabile" chambermaid to fresh exertions in some sky parlor. But the landlord is ever a half-occupied man, and if he can't grow fat, shun his house as you would the plague. Of American inns but little can be said, but the old stage route tavern is fresh in the minds of our elders. They were the rallying places of the Revolution, and the partisan spirit

divided them into Whig and Tory. But the palmy days of inns are over, the literati no longer assemble in them, and the highest converse is a political debate where all grow angry and no one is convinced. The Maine Liquor Law is in force and opportunities for social intercourse elsewhere are sought, and as freely given. They have well served the purpose, and left us precious memories of the *inner* life of our great authors. Warming into enthusiasm while thinking of their genial comfort, a touch of tenderness warms the bearish Johnson as he exclaims :

“In short there is no place where people can enjoy themselves as at a capital tavern. Let there be ever so great a plenty of good things, ever so much grandeur, ever so much elegance, ever so much desire that everybody should be easy, there will always be a certain degree of restraint in a private house. The host is anxious to entertain his guests, the guests are anxious to be agreeable to him, and no man but a very impudent dog indeed, can as freely command what is another's, as if it were his own. Whereas, in a tavern there is a general freedom from restraint. You are sure to be welcome. The more noise you make, the more trouble you give, the more good things you call for the more welcome you are. No servants will attend you with half the alacrity of those who are invited by the prospect of immediate reward in proportion as they please.” Mindful of these things, Shenstone wrote :

“ Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his courses may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
His warmest welcome at an inn.”

Charlotte Corday.

The records of history however carefully searched can exhibit no revolution which has produced a more detestable and hideous representative of its evil passions and lower nature than the French Revolution of '92 in the person of Marat. Wonderful it was that this individual disgusting in every personal habit, always unclean and unshaven, dressed in rags, springing from the lower class, capable of any

crime however revolting; whose only virtues were audacity and arrogance, ever thirsting for blood, living with another man's wife, to whom glory was but the personification of crime, should have been chosen a popular leader and denominated *l'ami du peuple*. But by his writings he pretended to express the voice of the people; concocting his demands each night in letters of blood; asking each morning for the heads of traitors and conspirators. In the Spring of 1792 the Convention, alarmed by his plots of assassination and bloody crime, voted a decree of accusation, banishing Marat; but his ostracism was the beginning of his triumphs. The people opening wide their arms received him to their bosoms and a few days afterwards conducted him back borne aloft on their shoulders and crowned with flowers and garlands. Though himself the very incarnation of anarchy, yet because he hated and despised the rich, demanding continually their death, he was thought to be the friend of the people. While the hesitancy of Danton, the sluggishness of Robespierre, and the moderation of the Jacobins, had lifted Marat to the apogee of his popularity so that to will and to do were the same to him, and he was in the eyes of the people the very acme of patriotism, a grand idea was filling the mind of a young girl which was destined by Providence to disconcert a whole train of events, and change the future status of the Revolution.

At this time, 1793, in a large and thronged street of Caen, the capital of Normandy, stood an ancient house with grey walls, weather-stained and dilapidated, within which lived with her aunt a grand-daughter of the great French tragedy writer, Pierre Corneille, whose after-life was to prove that, "Poetry, heroism and love inherit the same blood." This young girl, then just twenty-four, was tall, natural grace and dignity displaying itself in every step and action. Rich tresses of dark hair were clustered on each side of her fair round brow; her eyes dark, large and expanding; her Grecian mouth displayed the well cut lips, and her cheeks possessed the freshness of youth and vitality. Her attire conformed to the humbleness of her lot and was simplicity itself. The tone of her voice—the loving indication of the soul within—left a deep and tender impression in the ear of the listener. Her father though of noble birth was extremely indigent, and after the death of his wife in 1782, necessity separating him from his child, he was obliged to send her to a monastery. The monastic life, replete with pleasant enjoyments and close friendships, for some time captiva-

ted her heart. For six years in the seclusion of the cloister she studied philosophy and herself, forsaking neither God nor virtue, but giving them different names. In the universal triumph of reason she saw her fetters broken and adored her regained liberty.

Such was Charlotte Corday when, at the age of nineteen, the monasteries being suppressed, she went to live with her aunt at Caen. Here she spent her time in reading and musing. Again and again she perused Rousseau, the philosophy of love, Raynal a fanatic of humanity, and Plutarch the personification of History. While her imagination was thus warmed, her mind lost none of its purity nor her youth its chastity. Her love restrained by a repression of its fuel, changed not its nature, but its idol, and became a vague yet sublime devotion to a dream of public happiness. The passion with which she would have been inspired for some one individual consumed her in her love and ardor for a distracted country, and possessed with a desire of immolating herself upon its altar, she had reached that enthusiastic state of mind which is the suicide of happiness, not for glory like Madame Roland, but like Judith or Epicharis, for the sake of liberty and suffering humanity. Then it was (1793) that all honest men were reticent by necessity, while the infamous mounted the tribune. Marat, triumphing over the laws by sedition, crowned with impunity, had attained the dictatorship of anarchy and spoliation, thereby threatening the safety of property, liberty and life. All true patriotism was attacked, every virtue assailed, and the hope of real liberty extinguished.

Charlotte Corday perceived the loss of France, discerned the victims and soon discovered, as she thought, the tyrant. She swore an inward oath to avenge the one, and by punishing the other, to preserve all. The departure of the voluntaries from her town to support the tottering statue of liberty, spurred her on. She would anticipate their arrival in Paris, and spare their generous lives by delivering France from tyranny before them. The guillotine was already erected at Paris. Thousands from the country were proscribed. Hundreds were daily sacrificed. The name of Marat caused a shudder like the mention of death. To check such effusion of blood Charlotte was ready to shed her own. Acquainting herself most thoroughly with the affairs and designs of each party through private interviews with Barbaroux she prepared to strike understandingly. She concealed this struggle between thought and its execution from every one by

careful and well managed dissimulation. Interrogated by her aunt who had observed her in tears, she said; "I weep over the misfortunes of my country, over those of my relatives and over yours. While Marat lives no one can be sure of a day's existence."

From Caen she went to Argentum and bade adieu to her father and sister telling them she was going to England. In a day or two she started for Paris. She reached it in safety on the 11th of July, and stopped at the Hotel de la Providence. The next day she purchased a poignard-knife, and, concealing it under her handkerchief, she proceeded to the Palais Royal. Her first idea was to approach Marat, accost him and sacrifice him in the Champ-de-Mars, at the great ceremony in commemoration of liberty, but the adjournment of this ceremony prevented. Her second plan was to strike him down in the very midst of the Convention, but she soon learned he no longer attended the Convention. Hence it was necessary to find the victim elsewhere. She wrote to him two letters, asking for a moment's interview on business of importance concerning the country, but received no answer.

At seven o'clock in the evening, July 12th, dressing herself with unusual care, she knocked at Marat's door. Here everything was in confusion and irregularity; newspapers damp from the press were scattered around the room; women were folding them and printer's lads incessantly coming and going. Marat now in his bath and now in his bed, for a lingering disease was slowly consuming him, kept perpetually writing. Charlotte after some difficulty obtained access to his room. The apartment was faintly lighted. Marat was then in his bath, and yet he allowed no time for his mind to repose. A plank laid across the bath was covered with writing material and open letters. He held in his right hand a pen with which he was then preparing a proscriptive letter for the convention. Covered with a filthy cloth, he had only his head and shoulders out of the water. "His matted hair, wrapped in a dirty handkerchief, his receding forehead, protruding eyes, prominent cheek bones, vast and sneering mouth," exhibited no features to affect a woman's tenderness. He asked the names of the deputies who had taken refuge in Caen. Charlotte Corday approaching the hideous tyrant, gave them. He wrote them down and said vindictively, "Well, before they are a week older, they shall have the guillotine." At these words, as if her mind had await-

ed a last offense to give it full determination and power, she drew the knife from her bosom, and with superhuman force, plunged it to the hilt in Marat's heart. "Help, my dear—help!" Marat cried, and then expired. Charlotte was immediately arrested, and with difficulty kept from being torn to pieces by the infuriated mob. She was rigidly examined but no accomplice could be discovered, and her own proud satisfaction at having done the deed, seemed ever prominent. Her trial was soon over, her condemnation pronounced, and upon the 17th she was carried to the scaffold.

The rays of the setting sun fell upon her as she rode to her death and her complexion heightened by the red chemise, seemed of unearthly brilliancy. "She resembled celestial vengeance appeased and transfigured." She died true to herself and history dares not praise her in the face of her murder, nor condemn her in the face of such heroism. Had she waited and struck Robespierre afterwards, her life and death might not have been so fruitless. Our own feelings and opinion of this sublime Liberatrix another has thus expressed: "The culpable devotion of Charlotte Corday is among those acts which admiration and horror would leave eternally in doubt, did not morality reprove them. These are deeds of which men are no judges, and which mount without appeal, direct to the tribunal of God." This is one of them, and very properly we might denominate Charlotte Corday not the Jeune d' Arc of Liberty, but the "Angel of Assassination."

To the Old Bell.

Dear Friend, when first thy tuneful tongue
Amidst these hills their echoes rung,
Then thou and I, we both were young.

But Time with flying feet has passed,
And brought sad change for thee at last,
And my bright morn has overcast.

No longer float upon the air
Those echoes sweet, and clear, and fair,
And silver mingles in my hair.

Yet ere we part, as part we must,
Since "Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"
Is written here, on all we trust.

A moment pause while we review
The changes back from old to new,
And bring past scenes to present view.

Those silver tones when morning broke,
Which to the youthful dreamer spoke,
And from his fairest visions woke.

The hurrying tread of restless feet,
The foot-worn aisle, the chapel seat,
The morning prayer, to memory sweet;

The clustering throng, when sunset's gold,
Cloud above cloud, and fold on fold,
Had all the West in glory rolled.

Thy daily call, again we hear,
Again we clasp companions dear,
Now scattered each in varied sphere.

And some, the loved and valued most,
Have gone to join the silent host,
Yet memory cannot call them lost;

For when she bids them they appear;
Not worn and weary with the care
And toil of life, but young and fair.

Oh ! happy they, thus early gone,
In all the freshness of the dawn
Life's evening shadows never drawn !

We hear again the passing bell
For those dear friends we loved so well,
Counting the years, each note that fell :

Then comes the sad and awful close,
We bear them to their last repose,
In Summer's sun, or Winter's snows.

I see the silent saddened throng
In slow procession move along
To thy sad intervals of song.

And when the Nation's heart was crushed,
And all the tide of sorrow rushed
Upon the land with victory flushed;

Then, sorrowing sadness in thy tone,
Thou didst not let us grieve alone;
Thy voice proclaimed the Country's moan.

Yet not alone with those who weep,
Didst thou thy notes for sadness keep;
Life lies not all in shadows deep.

Thy clear sweet tones have but their power
When Joy and Gladness ruled the hour,
And Life was sunshine, fruit and flower.

How sweet thy Sabbath call to prayer
When summer sounds were on the air,
And dew and freshness everywhere !

The flashing of the oriole's coat,
His tender plaintiveness of note
Still mingled, with thy music float.

Again thy voice in triumph rings;
The joyful news of victory brings,
And Peace, with healing in its wings.

When noon gives place to evening gray,
And we like thee shall pass away,
May those we leave behind us say :

"They never shrank from duty's call,
They loved, they smiled, they wept with all,
And followed at the Master's call."

Ordinary Books.

[Review of the Journal of Eugénie De Guérin, edited by G. S. Trebutien. Alexander Strahan, Publisher, New York and London, 1865.]

There is no distinction more clearly defined in the mind, than that between the ordinary and the extraordinary. It is everywhere, and is as important as are light and shade in painting, loud and soft in music, or rich and poor invitations to a reception. "In military discipline there are diurnal drills and rules; these are tactics; there are also grand tactics, the knowledge of which in skilled and consummate generalship, makes the extraordinary captains who set the nations agog. In government there are politics which concern all the people,—voting and taxpaying; there is also constitutional law, discussions of which are *grand* politics;"* and whose knowledge in this country at least harvests a crop of extraordinary men so satirized in Martin Chuzzlewit, with here and there a statesman to set off the rest like a diamond in the mud. Religious science has its ordinaries, no less than religious worship its chaplains in ordinary. These are its ethics, its theories of church and state and many others. There are also questions of high theology, into which angels dare not look, and men look in vain; these may be termed grand divinity. Letters also disclose the same distinction of literature and grand literatures, which latter term may be given to the works of acknowledged masters. These masterpieces—which we ought to read and never do—are on high philosophy, dramatically, didactically or scientifically treated.

But just as in our walks we are not always intent on great thoughts—the heavens above and chemistries beneath—but rejoice in *easy* things about us, those whose use is known,—things easy to tip and turn; so in our reading we mainly like easy books, fresh and new, but on topics which are never treated by text-writers; books whose reading is cheaper than thinking in the same line; economical books more over which give us air-castles, ready-made and sentiment in one *reading*, at less mental expense than *thinking* the same things would involve. Doubtless half our reading, even on easy subjects, costs less

*General Butler on Impeachment.

mental exertion than would simple thinking, however sluggish it might be, on the same topics.

If resolute, we can all think up whole stacks of books on cohorts of subjects, and the thinking would benefit us vastly more than similar reading. But thinking is mental selfishness, while reading is mental charity; and so the press teems with books whose object is ordinary, to let us see with other people's eyes; to find out what other people think of us, or to reveal the mould of their minds to us; to form pretty or strange scenes and set them before us, in short popular literature is a kaleidoscope of human experience. All things that men or women have done or thought, or can do or think, on all possible or impossible occasions, expressed in books in accordance with conventional and easy learned rules of writing will find readers. The press is a many-voiced vender of gossip, a revealer of deep secrets—everything that can be expressed in language indicative of sentiment, opinion or passion, however esoteric, comes to light under its magic touch. The days of hermits in the body are gone by, so hermits in mind are on the wane; the tendency is to send the mind on visits to learn all the trials and joys of other people and so to forget its own. And books of this character are ordinary, and not culpable for that, either; the daily tactics must be undergone by the soldier; we can't all be Major Generals even; we can't always read in Milton or Newton or the masters, so we welcome good ordinary well-done books, and relish them just as we do good dinners, which are the most ordinary things in the world, and soon forgotten; a man is a beast who does not appreciate a rich brown on his beef; so a man is a Cyclopean boor who does not enjoy a fresh and pleasing book even on a most hackneyed topic. A well-tuned sentence, a play of humor, a keen observation in any direction, a startling disclosure are as good as well-cooked victuals at a plentiful meal.

When we look long at the stars, our heads and backs tire with the unusual posture, so the masters in letters bore us by straining our minds in attempts to understand them, and the world passes by Carlyle to Macaulay, Dickens, or Artemas Ward. But our morbid curiosity exhumes the diaries, letters, journals, and even account-books of eminent persons, and this kind of composition if in its proper sphere must be the most ordinary in existence.

Our title at the beginning is that of the book of a young lady in no sense eminent before her death, and whose journal was brought out on account of the works of her brother, which, however, were also posthumous, and certainly no one ever came into fame under more peculiar circumstances; yet her journal has some qualities of thought and style of unrivalled excellence, and is a pleasant and valuable addition to the literature of its kind.

Among the Critical Essays of Prof. Arnold, late of Oxford, is one exhibiting some things religious and the like. In this book, we learn that our authoress was descended from a noble family in reduced circumstances, living in the province of Languedoc, in the south of France. She remained here most of her life, and wrote this journal for the pleasure of her brother Maurice who was mainly from home after an early age. But here we will dismiss our authoress, and say no more of her hereafter than is inevitable in attending to a literary performance, so connected as a journal must be with the author's life and character.

A journal should be a genuine reflection of the real incidents in one's daily life, and the real thought that fills one's mind from time to time; elegant in expression; genial and sunny as are the occurrences of the day, or cloudy and somber with the weather or experience. In short a journal should be honest, no painting or glossing of faults into a virtual eulogy, no string of moralities, after the manner of Sturms' Reflections for every Day in the Year, should fill the pages to show what an easy ascent we are making to "fairer seats on high." No exhibition of erudition or bundle of lofty sentiments; and on the other hand no perpetual confession of folly or sin can be tolerated in a journal intended for pleasant reading, for pastime is the proper object of such productions. Real and honest a journal must be, or fail of its purpose as signally as if the journalist were intellectually incompetent to interest the reader. In these respects the book before us is a model; we feel the truth, artistic as well as verbal, of the record, and admire the genius of the recorder. No concealment or pious fraud is palpable; even our prejudices against the writer's devotion to saints and the formularies of her corrupt religion give way before her candor and earnestness, and we forget her acts of mistaken zeal in our delight at the rich display of true piety which dictates them, as when she confessed to a priest whose office alone she respects. We

are prepared for the ceremonial of Romish devotees on Christmas eve by the joyous and impressive description of the evening walk to the chapel, with the torches of the servants in the lead. We see while we read the richness of the scene as the tremulous light unfolds, the ice glittering like gems on the shrubbery, and reveals the brilliancy reflected from the gloom among the more distant trees laden with the first fall of the winter's snow. No painting could depict better the frost and the cold, the glare and the joy of the festive night. We are almost reconciled with her superstitious devotions to the Virgin; by the purity and beauty of the thoughts which they bring to her pen. We have touched upon these points in the religious tone of the book because they form its leading feature, and are indicative of a sentiment higher and purer than that which obtains among many Romanists, and because they are hopeful signs in themselves. There remain for a passing notice, some qualities of style and some topics treated. The volume before us is a translation from the French, yet we can study the style with profit even in its English dress.

The book is a good representative of the French school of composition, facile, epigrammatic, readable. It is simple narrative both of the daily round of duty and experience and of daily thoughts and impressions, rich, artistic, a word rarely introduced for its own sake. The theme is often trivial, the language never. It is a succession of pictures of the writer's retired life; we soon feel acquainted, and read much as we would listen to an agreeable conversation.

It is said that declamation should be manly talking; we may extend the scope of the remark and say that writing should be pure and elevated conversation. So truthful and pure is this book that nothing in it would seem forced or meretricious in ordinary conversation and certainly nothing in it would fail to interest a listener. We may read for half an hour, be interested, even entertained, and yet unable to define what has pleased us, this is the charm of the book. The sentences are short, never common-place; well-turned, never verbose; nouns rarely burdened with two adjectives, and as page after page slips by, we are unconsciously dropping the volume and are deep in a reverie suggested by something easily thrown out, hinted rather than expanded to tediousness, yet full and fresh.

The popular taste—for better or for worse we will not attempt to say—has discarded the long involved cumbersome periods of De

Quincey and his school ; they smack of exhaustive analysis—we are better pleased with a well put point, a hint, than with a thesis. Our authoress never argues, she intimates ; she tells her own views with so honest an air that our respect for her simple conviction is of more avail than an argument.

We get a vivid idea of rural life in Southern France ; its scenes and incidents are pictured not “presented” as in a tourist’s journal. Eujenie De Guerin was a royalist ; she sighs for the Bourbons with true partizan earnestness resulting from habits and education, more than definite choice. In fine the book is poetical in spirit, pure in matter and manner, rich in pleasant impressions, lofty in morality yet ordinary in topics. We will cite some of them collected by a cursory glance through the book for the purpose ; the recital will prove the genius of an authoress who could fabricate with such material a charming nay even a valuable work. She tells about the kind of paper on which she writes ; the letters she receives ; the writers of them ; the kitchen cat ; various natural objects ; books presented to her ; her religious devotions ; her chamber, pictures, books ; strollers in the highway whom she feeds ; the fortunes of her sisters ; preparations for winter ; visits upon sick people ; stories which she hears ; her dogs, chickens, and other pets ; the doctor ; the anomaly of fleas in the winter ; her dinner, fogs, reluctance to write ; mendicant friars who pass by ; the poetry she writes ; apparent return of spring, but relapse to cold ; new hearth-stone in the kitchen ; ignorance of domestics ; music by shepherds in the distance ; the buzz of a fly ; March flowers ; robbery of parish church ; chorus of nightingales, and scores of similar things are so treated that Matthew Arnold terms the book not only readable, but one of the most valuable productions of the times.

D.A.J.

Education of American Girls.

In treating of such a topic in a college magazine one is very likely to incur the charge of presumption, or of meddling with other people's business. Let it be so. If what is said be relevant, why may it not as well be said in "The Dartmouth" as elsewhere? And if not to the point, let objections be brought against the irrelevancy of what is written, and not against some fancied presumption.

To correct all misapprehension and obviate all fear of injustice, it may be stated here that it is not expected that all American girls will become Mary Sidneys, or Catharine Parrs in point of scholarship. Domestic cares, necessities and responsibilities, together with the unrelenting fetters of poverty, preclude the opportunity for a liberal education to a large class. The fortune and prospects of such, however sordid and low, or noble and lofty, their nature and aspirations, demand deepest commiseration; but a complete remedy for their misfortune seems possible only in some hopeless agrarian law, which shall place all on the same arbitrary level in regard to privilege and worldly advantage. It would be the idlest folly to accuse society and government of injustice and tyranny, because they do not confer upon all the same auspicious social standing and relations, and do not place all in the same desirable and prosperous circumstances and condition. So in like manner it is useless to talk about the injustice and expediency of withholding from those whose poverty and natural surroundings must remain impassable obstacles to it, the same extended collegiate or university education which falls to the lot of those whose condition in life is wholly different.

There is, however, a large class, reckoned by thousands, filling the various female seminaries and institutes throughout the country, who could have no excuse for present deficiency in general scholarship, if the system under which they receive their training were what it ought to be, might be, and is beginning to be. It is to this class alone, educated in the public seminaries and academics, that reference is made.

Having in a former article considered the comparative superficiality in the kind and degree of education which American girls receive, it remains to pursue the subject somewhat further, and to consider the

second prominent objection to what is now styled a fashionable education, viz., its utter incompatibility with the requisite dignity, influence, duties and position of American women, and the false view of life it inculcates. American civilization has a higher demand on women than that they should be considered, as in some countries, the mere ornamental appendages to society; hence the need of a more enlarged and thorough culture. It is insisted upon that if Latin, Greek, logic, metaphysics and science are good for boys in the way of disciplining the taste and the mental faculties, and qualifying them to meet the stern requirements, obligations and responsibilities of life with more cheerful courage and intelligent ability, they are for the same reason and to the same extent good for girls; and so of all the studies which are pursued for discipline rather than absolute practicality. What sort of reason can be given for sending one man to Heidelberg, Berlin, or Greece to perfect his knowledge of ancient classics, another to London to attend lectures on geology and astronomy, and another to Paris to witness the experiments of royal savants in physics and chemistry, in order to fill with greater acceptability the respective professorial chairs in the different colleges, for the more perfect advancement of boys in linguistic culture and scientific acquisition, while girls are left to pick up in science the chance crumbs which may fall under the tables of their more fortunate brothers, forbidden to learn even the alphabet in Greek, and only in some rare cases of liberality allowed to read through the fables in the Latin Reader and two or three books of the *Æneid*? Logic and metaphysics are, of course, edged tools with which, under no circumstances, it will do to play. Two reasons are generally given for this limitation of study, the ingenuity of the one only equalled by the profundity of the other. The first is that as woman's sphere is "home, sweet home," the garden fence being the sacred limit beyond which she shall not go, and the grand barrier by which her proud footsteps shall be stayed, her divinely-ordained mission being to rock the cradle, water the plants, and see that the canaries have their appropriate modicum of seed and drink; the ability to perform these duties would not be enhanced by a knowledge of logic, skill in translating Greek tragedies, or a comprehensive and definite knowledge of literature and the exact sciences.

The other reason is that an education as broad and solid as a man may receive in college or university is not adapted to woman's nature.

would destroy her peculiar refinement and delicacy and make her coarse and masculine, in short, transform her into a complete "blue-stocking." The first objection is well nigh exploded, and can obtain validity only with those who underrate the influence, requisitions and responsibility of the work which of necessity is incumbent upon women. In our opinion that is a short-sighted view which fails to see that the difficulties, magnitude and serious importance of the duties which by nature fall to the lot of women, demand for them an education not one whit less comprehensive, either in its disciplinary or practical bearings, than that received by men up to the time when technical, professional study is entered upon. To meet the other objection it is only necessary to appeal to history and observation patent to every one. In all the accounts we ever read of Anne Cooke, Madame Roland, Mrs. Browning or Margaret Fuller, we never saw the slightest intimation that the mere fact of their being women was any bar to the facility of their acquisitions, or that their natural delicacy, amiability and attractive, womanly gentleness were in the least diminished by the vigor and solidity of the studies they pursued, or by their varied and wonderful attainments in scholarship. And if queen Elizabeth, with all her learning, was one of the most masculine rulers that ever sat on the throne of England, what would she have been without her learning? No amount of education can make a woman coarse and masculine who is not so by nature. In the case of the so called "strong-minded," who are repulsive by their lack of feminine graces, if their education could be enquired into, we suspect that in nine cases out of ten it would be found that their scholarship is very limited in extent and very shallow in degree, and that all that is necessary to smooth down rough corners and give beauty and attractiveness to character and manner is an education more comprehensive in its extent, and less one-sided and narrow in its nature. At all events most people would prefer the "strong-minded" to the frivolous and shallow. It has been stated that there is an utter incompatibility between the education received and the duties required. Who believes that a faithful copying of the latest Parisian style of adjusting a flounce, comparative neglect of all intellectual pursuits, and richness and extravagance in dress are the grand and all-absorbing duties required of American girls and women in high life, at the present time. Is the implied accusation false? Try it. Let some Cabinet Minister or Senator give a levee in

Washington. If the papers are looked at the next day for an account of it, and reference is made to the distinguished gentlemen present, we are told what they *said*,—what questions were discussed,—and not what they *wore*, unless perhaps in the case of Gen. Grant, it is incidentally mentioned that he appeared in citizen's clothes. But if there were any distinguished ladies present we are regaled with prolix and critical accounts of what they *wore*, the color of their dresses, average number of founces per dress, number of yards of tulle lace used, cost of jewelry, and an extended inventory of fancy dry goods generally. We hear nothing of the intelligence, wisdom and beauty of their conversation, but instead graphic descriptions of how they appeared, who made the biggest show, who wore the most costly apparel to the least number of square feet; as though it concerned the fate of the Republic to learn whether the wife of the Hon. Senator from ——— wore on a certain occasion a striped or a yellow dress, and that the daughter of the Representative from ——— had a train seven feet and six inches longer than her unfashionable neighbor from some other place.

What does all this prove? Certainly not that men are by nature superior to women morally and mentally, but that the latter are falsely educated to believe that their success in upholding the dignity and advancing the honor and good name of society and the State, and in winning the respect and regard of men, depend in great measure, on the fidelity of their devotion to showy accomplishment, beauty of dress and elegance of style, to the neglect of attainments, more substantial and undecaying, but less glittering in appearance. Then comes the reaction. Men are not influenced by the dignity and intelligence of women; hence fall into all manner of fashionable dissipation. It appears to us that the nature of the education which girls receive is in great part the tree whence comes such bitter and blasting fruit. Instead of studies broad and deep, inducing generous culture, vigorous thought and mental acumen, studies such as are required in college or university, there are those which are more light and trivial, mere odds and ends and enervated abridgments, whose tendency is to dwarf and enfeeble the intellect, rather than to enlarge and invigorate it. There must be fantastic touches in water colors and oil, music on the piano forte, drawing and dancing and a whole host of trifling ornaments, as if a girl were a mere puppet to be decked out for

a single holiday show. Now far be it from us to cast the least shade of reproach on Raphael, Bierstadt, or Mozart. The jagged edges of every-day life are often toned down, and the heart chastened and ennobled by some simple ballad, sung with natural and unaffected sympathy to an accompaniment on the piano, by one among personal friends who to deeper accomplishments adds that of sweet and touching song. But the idea of taking a little girl of eight years, stretching out her little fingers at right angles to the wrist in the vain and painful attempt to span an octave, and then keeping her thumping and whacking away on one of Steinway & Co's \$650,00 pianos, two hours a day for ten years, without any reference to natural taste or distaste, just because that is considered an essential part of a modern fashionable education, is simply and emphatically absurd. So of the other accomplishments as they are called. Unless there is unusual natural proclivity, why keep a young girl dabbling in oil or water colors, or raising to an unnatural height the price of plumbago by an extravagant use of lead pencils, when after two years practice she cannot draw a Newfoundland dog so that he can be distinguished from a Chinese pig, only by remembering that the former does not curl his tail while the latter almost invariably does. If girls have a natural bent for such things let it by all means be encouraged to a limited extent; but it seems the most absurd folly to give to such evanescent acquisitions the undue prominence they now receive, while those studies which in their very nature generate intellectual supremacy and development are neglected. How many girls out of a thousand, when they have become settled in life, continue to practice those operative combinations on the piano, which demanded such an immense outlay of time and effort to acquire? How many retain their temporary facility of crayoning and painting? In five years they are all gone, scarcely a vestige remaining of those innumerable and ethereal little accomplishments, which answer no disciplinary or practical purpose, and cheat more worthy pursuits of deserved attention. It may perhaps be retorted that Latin, Greek, Trigonometry, Calculus, Metaphysics, and three-fourths of the studies in College will never be used in practical life by the great majority, and will be shortly forgotten. The two cases are not analogous, for no one can deny, whatever may be said of their practical utility, that for sound, healthy, compact development and discipline of the mental faculties, which is

the chief object of Collegiate training, the branches just named cannot be surpassed; while hardly any one would pretend to claim any particular mental growth or ability as the result of pursuing in the ordinary manner the ornamental branches to which we have referred.

Another false view, which a fashionable education at present has a tendency to inculcate, is that any knowledge of domestic affairs, any idea, however remote, of culinary economy is dishonorable. A common sense view of the matter is that it is positively discreditable for any American girl, however high her social position, or abundant her wealth, not to know how to meet those unavoidable requirements of domestic life which some unforeseen exigency, or a single adverse breeze may compel as a permanent duty. When one sees those in moderate, or even opulent circumstances, assuming to be above even a knowledge of domestic economy, and confessing with an air of haughty contempt their complete ignorance of the honorable process of making a cup of coffee or a loaf of bread, if such an observer does not shed copious tears when a temporary change of fortune reduces such purse-proud aristocrats to the alternative of starvation or a decent respect for the knowledge of those common duties more or less incumbent upon the great majority, we shall not consider him as of necessity either misanthropic or cold hearted.

In conclusion it may be said that one does not need any very acute power of observation to discover that those young ladies who, under private instruction or otherwise, have received an education as comprehensive and thorough as that for which we plead—one which includes the severer class of studies,—who have been trained to a liberal knowledge and generous appreciation of the great standards of literature, are vastly superior in conversation and power of profitable entertainment to those who have been connected with the more glittering, ornamental system. They accomplish more for society, have a wider and more exalted influence while they live, and are less quickly forgotten when dead. Besides, when the storms of adversity come and they are left alone in the world, the saddest of all misfortunes to a woman who has no love for books and literature, they have within their own minds a never failing store of fadeless treasures, which moth cannot corrupt and thieves cannot steal.

Editorial Notes.

We rejoice that the editorial quill was bequeathed to us now, while we are enjoying that golden mean which separates the chilly blasts of winter from the sultry rays of summer. If man is not a *hibernate*, in the strict use of the word, his imagination may very properly be said to go into winter quarters. Fancy is a wayward child and has ever manifested the most cordial dislike towards old Boreas, neither does she take more kindly to tropical regions. "The sweat of your brow" is a very good text for a discourse on morality, but it takes the romance out of life with wonderful celerity. Above everything else we like our comfort and detest extremes, whether they occur in the weather or in politics. But there is a sort of atmospheric equilibrium when our thoughts bubble over spontaneously and we seem to have a cousinly regard for all mankind. This season civilized nations call the month of May. No wonder that the ancients represented it by a maiden! for, like our charming editions of innocence bound in muslin, it displays a pretty face, and with equal consistency it has its clouds and shadows. Modestly the sweetly-scented flowers of May creep up into the light, and not unlike that "fairest, frailest, sweetest flower of nature's garden," they are sometimes doomed to "waste their sweetness," &c. Every one has gathered May-flowers, and, as the majority of editors are mortal, it may even be presumed that *we* have strolled through the classic "Vale of Tempe" in quest of inspiration and boquets. The supposition is well founded, and, though we didn't chance to meet

"Cupid with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-maying,"

we have every reason to suppose that the mighty god was somewhere in that vicinity. We don't intend to say that the "Vale" has gone into the dry goods business, but we certainly witnessed a rare display of drapery. The styles were all that heart could wish, and the colors were undoubtedly fast—at least the majority of them were, but there was one that "came and went," a tint that has been "all the rage" and is still very popular, notwithstanding its fleeting character. We don't wish to influence the market, but, in our opinion, the roseate hue is infinitely superior to "moonlight on the lake;" though the effect, when they are seen together, must verge on the celestial.

The "Vale" has been repeatedly explored and its many attractive features have often been glowingly reproduced in pen and ink sketches, but we are quite sure that we discovered several *waterfalls* not geographically located. Youthful inexperience forbids an elaborate description, and we

shall leave to others the pleasing task of painting their glories. If any one will take the trouble to scan the wood cuts which adorn the works of Dr. Livingstone, he will perceive that this variety of scenery is exceedingly gratifying, even to Africa's dusky daughters. Our observations were abruptly terminated by a very refreshing shower, which dampened enthusiasm and dress alike. The fair sex met the "heavenly dew" with a heroism that would have been creditable to Dame Partington in her famous contest with the Atlantic Ocean. Their smiles, as they gleamed upon us through the raindrops, were successful rainbow imitations—gotten up "expressly for the occasion and regardless of expense." We have no hesitancy in saying that this rainbow exhibition was a decided improvement on the best magic-lantern performance that we have ever seen.

"My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky,"

says the poet, but we presume his palpitating organ would have gone through the evolutions quite as well if the rainbow had possessed a less ethereal character.

From the many letters of encouragement and suggestion we have received we select the following as a piquant specimen :

————— May 1. 1867.

EDITORS OF "THE DARTMOUTH:"

An old graduate, who with poor success has sought intelligence of many with whom he sat upon the rude benches of Dartmouth years ago, welcomes you with your Memoranda as bearers of good tidings. How fickly fortune has dealt with them and me! Alas! for the old President's commendations of the diligence of the more studious of us, and the Faculty's prophecies of brilliant careers to be obtained for the trying, class rank hasn't been the standard of worldly success. I discover that the jack-knife genius of the class, mischievous, inattentive and irregular, is in Congress, and his "clum," always sedate, heedful, and punctual, is still at obscure "school-keeping." The valedictorian's fate you haven't disclosed. Perhaps his fame yet lives at College. I fear though, the remembrance of us who thought we said and did such memorable things survived our departure only by a year or two.

In the personal incidents you give concerning the Alumni the interest of any single graduate necessarily extends only to your mention of his particular Professors, class-mates, or fellows. Each year there is an incoming rush of Freshmen who are fameless strangers to the outgoing Seniors. Hence the number of associates in College which one can recall is few. But it occurs to me that, could you reproduce to us the more permanent features of local and collegiate life—the memories which graduates hold in common—it would be possible to increase the value of

your publication to a greater number of us. Tell us if the Commencement balls are continued. Is the question of the repair of the Church still under consideration with little prospect of an immediate arrival at a definite conclusion? What of the coterie of villagers which assumed patronizing airs toward the students? Is it now conceded that a Freshman may be a gentleman, and do pulpy and precocious female nurslings unskilled in mental arithmetic and English grammar, still aspire to the companionship of grave Seniors, in scorn of under class-men? I often ask myself these questions, and wonder if you are enjoying the social millennium we in vain hoped for. You know a college takes to itself credit for the greater portion of a graduate's professional, political or commercial eminence, and once it was, if one had aught of gentlemanly bearing, self-possession or knowledge of the amenities and courtesies of familiar life, there were good, conceited souls who in a similar manner regarded your social graces as products of the creative refinement of local "society." Do you now get any acknowledgement for the natural possession of even the uncultivated instincts of a gentleman? Where are the "characters" of the village—the Professor *pulvis et cinerum*—the "poet," namesake of the martyr? Have you *melecs* with the military Norwegians across the river? Do the "Nuns" in the side pews on Sundays still bestow significant smiles upon the Seniors, and do the Juniors in the galleries strike elaborate attitudes for their admiration?

I do not imagine that there has come with the successive changes of students a change of the old student nature and habits. The pranks we played were time-honored in our day, and unless report does you injustice, you youngsters adhere to "bottling," window-breaking, and the essentials of the old system. The villagers too cannot have greatly changed. Perhaps the old landladies have grown older, and the candy boy may have become larger, and the limping man who cut us canes as fenders for rheumatism may have been carried under the sign of the "Cemetery." But the constant qualities of your student-life, the influences which are forming, and the scenes that surround you, can you not present these to us so that we whose memories have been sleeping over the duty of remembering them shall restore to mind in the perusal of your experience, the youth and joys of our own?

Very truly yours, ———.

We have not space for replies to all these quaint queries. However, the "Nuns" and the dashing Norwegians disappeared simultaneously. Most of the local "characters" described, residents and students will recognize in decrepit forms they daily pass. Of the fate of the others as Samivel Veller remarks to Mr. Bob. Sawyer upon post boys, "Wot becomes on 'em nobody knows, but it's very probable as they's started away to take their pleasure in some other world, for there ain't a man alive as ever see 'em a takin' their pleasure in this!" The insurance of the uninterrupted decay of the steeped barn at the common corner may be considered a safe investment.

and we expect the "social millennium" with the realization of Dr. Cumming's prophecies of the Second Advent.

JUNIOR EXHIBITION. The Yale Courant, referring to their late Junior exhibition, says "it was less dull and more endurable than such things generally are!" Of ours which occurred at the close of last session, we would speak in much more laudatory terms. As the Junior Exhibitions were criticised in the last number of *The Dartmouth*, we only declare our belief that the opinions therein expressed are those of nine-tenths of the College, and we would give them by reiteration additional emphasis. Three changes were recommended, viz: a reduction of the number of appointments; a different mode of appointment, by giving the class a partial authority in the selection of speakers; and the establishment of a rule that whatever a speaker has to say, be said in the English language. We hope for these desired reformatations our fellow-students will cry aloud and spare not, and that ere another year has passed, *The Dartmouth* can chronicle their adoption. To place students before an audience on account of their grade, is good for the recitation-room but bad for the exhibitions—a heavy draught on the patience of the auditors. We thought of these things on April 18th, and sighed among others for him of the "Chamber Lectures." As we left the church a friend remarked that the Oration on "The Sun as the source of physical power," was the most meritorious. A poem delivered on the occasion is found in our pages. It was our desire to publish one or more of the other pieces, but they were crowded out.

The Programme was as follows:

Latin Oration. "*Nihil vero utile quod non idem honestum.*" Charles Henry Chandler, New Ipswich.

Dissertation. *Politics as a Profession.* Fernando Cortez Hathaway, Hardwick, Vt.

Political Disputation. *Is a Military Government of the Rebel States a safe experiment for the Loyal States?* Raymond Noyes, East Kingston; David Allen Anderson, Goffstown.

English Oration. *The future of England.* Benjamin Mead Hill, Chatham.

Dissertation. *The future of Africa.* Elbridge West Merrill, Haverhill, Mass.

English Oration. *The dignity of man as seen in his ruins.* Engene Beauharnais Gale, North Haverhill.

Philosophic Oration. *The Sun as the source of physical power.* Carlos White, Topsham, Vt.

Greek Oration. *Ὁ ὄμιλος δεσποτῆς τῶν πολιτευομένων.* Charles Franklin Emerson, Chelmsford, Mass.

English Oration. *Polar Explorations.* Edward Payson Sherman, Thetford, Vt.

English Oration. *American Humor.* John King Lord, Montpelier, Vt.

Ethical Disputation. *Has man appeared greater in action or in suffering?*
Franklin Parker Wood, Haverhill; Walter Howard Ayers, Canterbury.

Poem. *Italy, the theme of the Poet.* Edwin Everett Smith, Hanover.

Philosophic Oration. *Political and scientific appreciation of Nature.*
Cassius Samuel Campbell, Windham.

There is a vast difference between reputation and character; between appearances and realities; between the actual and the seeming. One may have a wide reputation who is dishonest in purpose and foul at heart. No analysis of character has impressed us as truer and keener than that we collegians make of each other; none is more thoroughly discriminating. To our mind the American College is the purest, earthly type of uncorrupted Democracy. Perhaps the lordly bearing, self-possession and natty dress of Seniors betoken to Freshmen a very elevated state of advancement and erudition—an impression which we have observed is not slow to pass away. To us it has been a matter of surprise that the natives, whether directly or indirectly connected with the college, should be so thoroughly advised of the character and movements of individual students. Let no member of this Institution after a night's debauchery, console himself with the thought, "Well, no one but the boys will hear of this." The sun of another day will hardly have arisen before every household will be cognizant of his secret. Feminine "birds of the air," bring us reports which for accuracy of detail and precision in the designation of times and places would startle the individual participants themselves. If we wish to learn the particulars of the last R. H. fracas, we should apply to no inmate of that dormitory, who of course would affect a staring ignorance; but we would make a call—it matters little where—and the evening's conversation of our entertainers would most certainly reveal to us the truth. Men graduate at this College, ignorant of the simplest rules of social etiquette. Others there are who neglect their books for evening *soirees*, and these are the very ones who least need these advantages. The ladies of this community are refined and educated, but sensitive, notional and contumacious. They have what they call "instinctive predilections." Theoretically they wish the company of the good, studious and moral; practically they prefer the society of the agreeable, tonguey and well-dressed, the "Representative Man No. 2." In their beautiful eyes vicious habits have little ugliness, and smoking and chewing are the natural associates and necessary concomitants of outward politeness and tasteful dress. With our knowledge of woman's logic at Hanover, we sincerely advise all who hope to enter local society to acquire these ease-giving habits and complement them with clothing of the most fashionable material and most ultra cut; keep your hands white and kidded, part your back-hair; use freely pomatum and perfumery and learn to flatter readily, elegantly and indiscriminately.

One of our Editors felt highly complimented the other day upon being the recipient of the following Circular, which, that the curiosity of our rea-

ders may be gratified, we append. We have no sympathy with any student, who through wheedling his fellows or a carefully nursed grade secures an appointment which he has not the ability to fill ; nor with this Trojan assistant who lives upon his necessities. College periodicals must be unsupported, or Charles H. Monroe seek some more remunerative vocation.

Troy, N. Y., March 1, 1867.

SIR : You have, no doubt, at some time during your educational course, been called upon to prepare, for public delivery, an essay, or oration, under circumstances which rendered its preparation extremely difficult, if not impossible. You then felt the need of some person to whom you might, in confidence, apply for assistance, but knowing no such one, you were compelled to perform your duty in a manner unsatisfactory to yourself, or perhaps to neglect it altogether.

In order to meet an acknowledged want in this direction, certain gentlemen of ability and culture have associated themselves together, and are now ready to furnish, upon short notice, and for a reasonable compensation, any form or kind of written production. They will give particular attention to the composition of articles for Commencements, and other special occasions.

Should you wish to avail yourself of their services, and desire further information, the same will be given upon application, by mail or otherwise. All communications will be considered strictly confidential, and every writing will be sent to the person ordering it in such a manner as to secure perfect secrecy.

Address

CHARLES H. MONROE,

64 Congress St., Troy, N. Y.

EXCHANGES. The following Exchanges have been received. The *Congregational Quarterly* ; *Yale Courant* ; *University Chronicle* ; *Mirror and Farmer* ; *Asbury Review* ; *Indiana Student* ; the *Vidette* and the *Kentucky Mil. Institute Magazine*. The *Advocate* has failed to appear.

The *Vidette* is a new sheet, published at Williams, rather diminutive in appearance, but sparkling, interesting, and wide-awake. It is published every other Saturday, one dollar and fifty cents per annum in advance. The aim of its Editors is "to establish a lively college paper, which may act as a medium of general college news, and whose articles shall be of a lighter kind than the 'Quarterly:' to keep a faithful record of affairs at home and the spirit of the college press in general."

To its knock at the door the *Chronicle* responds a hospitable welcome while the *Advocate* growls mutteringly over the threshold. Why, we cannot say. Can it be that Harvard has not forgiven the 27th of July at Worcester last year?

The *Military Institute Mag.* comes to us from Kentucky. Though somewhat conglomerate in its contents, it has a genuine Western flavor, and we like it all the better for that. It is a monthly of thirty pages, published at the Institute, Franklin Co., Ky; \$3.50 per annum. The April number is very

readable. We place it willingly among our Exchanges. A new Monthly is promised at the University of Michigan.

MILITARY INSTRUCTION. There is a movement in progress, the success of which is yet an uncertainty, to establish in the larger collegiate institutions of the country—such as have in attendance over one hundred and fifty students—a department of military instruction. It is proposed by the government to detach for this purpose officers of the regular army, who shall reside at the colleges whose numbers will entitle them to the benefit of the plan, and take charge of the work. Col. Whittlesey, was lately in this place, conferring with the Faculty and explaining to them, as far as practicable, the details of the plan. It is certainly to be wished that the undertaking, in the consummation of which benefit will accrue not more to the colleges than the country at large, will not prove a failure.

MANY ALUMNI AND SUBSCRIBERS in enclosing the amount of their subscriptions to *The Dartmouth*, have joined in the request that its *Memoranda Alumnorum* be made as full and complete as possible. To effect this, we are in a great measure dependant upon them. Will not every Alumnus who has any items of interest respecting the graduates of Dartmouth, enclose the same to us? In so doing he will confer a favor upon his fellow-graduates which they can in turn reciprocate.

No apprehension need be entertained lest such information has had publication before, for all memoranda will be thankfully received, but criticised and compared previous to insertion.

SCHOLARSHIPS. In addition to other Scholarships which have been recently established in the college, two of \$1000 each have been founded respectively by JOSIAH W. FAIRFIELD, Esq., of Hudson, N. Y., and HORACE FAIRBANKS, Esq., of St. Johnsbury, Vt.

It is earnestly requested by the Committee of Publication of the small number of those upon our books who are yet in arrears for their subscriptions, that they will pay up by the close of the present month. Subscriptions for *The Dartmouth* it will be remembered were due upon the receipt of the first number. The present committee wish, upon their exit hence, to transmit the Magazine accounts to their successors without the name of a single delinquent.

We have received from an under class man two creditable articles—one, containing some strictures upon “Modern Novel Reading and its Victims.” They came too late for the May Number, but shall both appear in our next issue.

From a correspondent in New York we learn with regret that George H. Bissell, Esq., has recently met with the irreparable loss of his wife, a most

estimable lady. In his bereavement Mr. Bissell has the sympathy, not only of many personal friends, but of all connected with the college of which he has been the benefactor.

Memoranda Alumnorum.

E. R. Perkins, class of '57, is assistant Cashier of the Commercial National Bank, Cleveland, O.

J. H. Dudley, class of '62, is Principal of the Academy at West Randolph, Vt.

Rev. C. F. Bancroft, class of '60, is Principal of the Lookout Mountain Educational Institute. This Academy has been lately established through the munificence of C. R. Roberts, Esq., a wealthy New Yorker. From the *Memphis Post* we learn that it is one of the best establishments for the education of youth in the country, and more especially in the Southern States. The buildings are beautifully located on the summit of Lookout Mountain, distant about five miles from Chattanooga, and overlook a vast expanse of country to the Eastward. The students in attendance represent nearly every Southern State and are of both sexes.

Dr. S. Hunt, class of '62, has been practicing Medicine with good success in Springfield, Penn.

W. J. Morrison, class of '53, is President of Olivet College, Mich.

S. W. Davis, class of '64, received his degree of M. D. from the Dartmouth Medical College, on the 7th of May. Mr. Davis is now at Burlington, Vt., where he will be assistant to the Professor of Surgery in the Medical College of that place.

L. C. Morse, class of '60, is Register of Probate for Grafton County. He was admitted to the bar in the summer of '66; and is now residing in Haverhill, N. H.

Simon Towle, class of '38, is now residing at Washington in the employ of the Government. He removed to Florida on account of his health soon after graduating, and there studied and for several years practiced law. He afterwards resided at Detroit Mich., and then at Hartford, Conn., till about a year since.

Hon. A. Loveland, class of 1801, is now residing at Norwich, Vt.

Otis Hutchins, class of 1804, recently deceased at Westmoreland, N. H., was in early life a highly esteemed teacher at Kimball Union Academy, possessing the rare ability of conducting two classical recitations at once.

Rev. A. Peters, D. D., class of '16, is devoting the labors of his old age to the interests of the beautiful cemetery at Wood Lawn, near N. Y. City.

Rev. Wm. Goodell, D. D., class of '17, the veteran Missionary whose "Letters to a son in College" have attracted much attention, died in Feb. last, in Philadelphia.

Rev. J. K. Young, D. D., class '21, has retired from his long and useful pastorate at Laconia, N. H.

E. B. Hale, class of '65, has lately been called from the Lawrence High School, Boston, to be Principal of the Newton High School, Newtonville, Mass. Salary \$2500.

Rev. Amos Foster, class of '22, has left his late pastorate at Acworth, N. H., and returned to his early field of labor at Putney, Vt.

Hon. John Aiken, class of '19, for many years an honored Trustee of this College, and father of Prof. Charles A. Aiken, died recently at Andover, Mass.

Ezekiel J. M. Hale, class of '34, is Secretary of State under Brigham Young at Salt Lake City, and husband of a goodly number of ladies in those parts. Speaker Colfax relates an interesting interview with him.

Dr. A. A. Davis, class of '58, was married last month in N. Y. City.

H. L. Smith, class of '45, is the present Mayor of Curry, Pa.

Rev. Jno. Lord, class of '33, has recently been bereft of his wife by death.

We notice that S. B. Colby, class of '36, is circulating his autograph upon the U. S. fractional currency.

Rev. W. I. S. Shedd, D. D., Professor in Union Theological Seminary, N. Y., is a son of Marshall Shedd, class of '17.

Henry L. Parker, class of '56, is practicing law in Worcester, Mass.

Bartholomew Wood, class of '41, is in the Custom House, Boston.

W. Gookin Hutchins, class of '66, is at present attending Medical Lectures at Burlington, Vt.

Horatio G. Parker, class of '50, late Judge of Probate at Greenfield, Mass., is practicing law at No. 46, Washington St., Boston.

Rev. Dr. Chapman, class of 1804, has sent to the press his Statistical Catalogue of Dartmouth. All graduates, who have not already done so, are requested to send to him any items which can assist in the accomplishment of this object. Address, Newburyport, Mass.

Oliver Miller, class of '48, is a resident of Annapolis, Md., and a member of the Maryland House of Assembly.

Charles Burnham, class of '36, is settled over the Cong. Church in Mercedith Village, N. H.

C. C. Chase, class of '39, has been Principal of the Lowell High School for 23 years, and is still filling the position to the satisfaction of all.

L. E. Shepard, class of '51, is practicing law in Lowell, Mass.

John F. Fry, class of '59, is practicing law in Lowell, Mass., where he is also a member of the School Committee.

George Pierce, class of '60, who has been settled over the Cong. Church in Dracutt, Mass., has received and accepted a call to a pastorate in Patterson, N. J.

From Georgia

THE DARTMOUTH.

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No. VI.

EDITORS.—SUMMER TERM, 1867.

CHARLES F. KING,

ALFRED A. THOMAS,

JAMES R. WILLARD.

The first Commencement at Dartmouth College.

IN the summer of 1771, four young men received "the honors of the College," and literally passed from its "academic shades" to the more public walks of active life. The occasion was a memorable one in New Hampshire. It was a great literary festival. Those who kept the feast were the magnates of the state summoned to the place of their "solemnities," by "the voice of one crying in the wilderness." Not more than half a score of buildings, for all purposes, constituted the village. The Common fence was made of the trunks of pine trees whose firmly rooted stumps dotted the surface of all the land then cleared. There was no church, no finished college edifice, no hall of exhibition, no hospice, hospital, or hotel for the accommodation of guests. The stage for the speakers was built in the open air. It was made of the simplest materials, and the ascent to it was one inclined hemlock plank. Besides the four who were to receive diplomas, some of the under classes had parts assigned them. One aboriginal native of the forest scorned the humble stage which had been reared as a temporary rostrum, and climbed an overhanging pine, from which he delivered his speech to the crowd below. His Excellency, John Wentworth, governor of the state, was present. A cavalcade of sixty horsemen accompanied him. They made a procession from Wolfborough, in a straight line to the college, over the road then just

opened, and which was intended to be continued to Ticonderoga. This road was among the great enterprises of that early day. The road that turns eastward from the Haverhill road, about one mile north of the college, is still called the Wolfborough road. Where the distinguished guests bestowed themselves at night, does not appear from the records of that eventful day. Their entertainment must have been truly primitive, and their canopy during sleep the "leafy forest" or "starry sky."

The hospitalities of the first commencement were mutual. The Governor showed his liberality in providing for his attendants and the hungry crowd. He ordered an ox to be slaughtered and roasted whole on the Common, for the benefit of "all and sundry" who had honored the day with their presence. Their hunger was appeased and their thirst assuaged, for the flowing bowl was crowned after the viands were distributed. It was a truly Homeric feast, and may very well be described in classic lines. The poet thus describes a feast of heroes :

"Achilles at the genial feast presides,
The parts transfixes, and with skill divides.
Meanwhile Patroclus sweats the fire to raise;
The sky is brightened with the rising blaze :
Then when the languid flames at length subside,
He strews a bed of glowing embers wide,
Above the coals the smoking fragments turns,
And sprinkles sacred salt from lifted urns ;
With bread the glittering canisters they load,
Which round the board, the hero's son bestowed.
Then each indulging in the social feast,
His thirst and hunger soberly repressed."

This done, the "wise Ulysses" crowned the foaming bowl and addressed, in lofty eloquence, the master of the feast. The merry company, in the wilderness, pursued precisely the same course, not because it was classical and suited to the day, but because it was natural and fitted to promote "good cheer." As a memorial of that "high day," the Governor and his suit presented a "punch bowl" to the President of the College, which is still transmitted to each occupant of the presidential chair as a college heir-loom. The bowl is a hemisphere, ten inches in diameter at the top, standing on a substantial pedestal at the bottom. To the lip is attached an ornamental band closely fitted,

which can be removed at pleasure. The weight of the whole is sixty-six ounces troy. It bears the following inscription : "His Excellency, John Wentworth, Esq., Governor of the Province of New Hampshire, and those friends who accompanied him to Dartmouth College, the first Commencement, 1771, in testimony of their gratitude and good wishes, present this to the Rev. Eleazer Wheelock, D. D., President, and to his successors in that office." This punch bowl has undoubtedly done good service in its day, on other occasions, besides that first commencement of the infant college. At present it is never called for, at public and literary festivals, but is preserved as a relic of "heroic times," like the broken crockery of Goldsmith's Deserted Village :

"Wisely kept for show."

Valentine.

I met thee once, and round my heart
The light thy beauty left still plays;
Still through the mists of Memory start
The feelings wakened by that gaze;
The seal that Passion once has set
Upon the heart will leave it never,
And Time in vain may say "Forget"
To one that must remember ever.

We met within the house of prayer,
Where hopes and thoughts should heavenward be;
I could not in the worship share—
I found my hope and heaven in thee.
Within thine eye a light was dwelling,
That seemed too pure for life or earth:
Within my heart a hope was swelling,
That of that holy glance had birth.

Our paths may never meet again;
The light that over mine was thrown,
By thy sweet face, must flash in vain
In Memory's halls, for thou art gone:
Thou may'st not guess the hand that flings
This idle garland on thy shrine,
But do not scorn the heart that brings
Its worship, gentle Valentine.

Novels.

An able article on "Modern novel reading and its victims," in a late number of *The Dartmouth*, startled us into wonder and amazement by this somewhat sweeping statement, viz., that the really good novelists of the present day may be literally counted on one's fingers, with the opinion implied, if not expressed, that it were hardly worth while to read *these*, save in hours of great mental weariness, caused by too large a dose of Jeffrey, North, Carlyle, and Emerson.

Now we agree wholly and heartily with the sentiments of the writer in condemning the trash that is daily turned out from English and American presses—the works of Miss Braddon, Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Southworth, Sylvanus Cobb, and others—but who are the constant readers of this class of literature? Are they not for the greater part the poorly-educated and illiterate? Do not the more cultivated and intelligent cordially detest these authors, and ridicule their verbosity and shallowness? Nor would we wish to be understood as favoring a course of reading made up entirely of fictitious literature; but we are far from believing that the exclusion from the list of good authors should be carried to so great a degree as has been suggested. What! shall we spend our lives in pondering over musty tomes of by-gone ages, as ignorant of the good and true thoughts of many of the modern writers—and novelists too—as if they had never lived? We need a little romance now and then in this work-a-day, practical life. We Americans are in danger of falling into a prosaic, money-getting, hand-to-mouth existence that cramps us body and soul, and an occasional moving into another and brighter region won't hurt us.

Thank God, say we, for the pure and good novelists of this nineteenth century! and they are many—by no means to be "counted on one's fingers"—who have not forgotten that man was made in the image of his Maker, and that a woman may live for something higher than the latest fashion and a display of wealth and beauty. And now it is asked, are there such novelists?—authors who absolutely benefit us, who conceive a lofty ideal, and yet not *so* lofty as to be no longer flesh and blood. For answer we need only mention the works of William Makepeace Thackeray; he of the great heart and ready pen,

who rode forth into the tourney of life with his lance ever raised against sham and pretention; who could recognize the true, the beautiful, and the good, but could not overlook the heartless folly and littleness of fashionable life—what a terrible, wonderful picture is his “Vanity Fair!” what a master-mind created “Becky Sharp,” and the “Crawleys!”—of “George Eliot” whose heart ever beats with love and sympathy for the common people, the poor around her who lead their little lives all unnoticed and uncared for; full of strength and pathos, endowed with a rare sense of humor and a remarkable clearness of vision, the authoress of “Adam Bede” has already done a noble work;—of Mrs. Whitney of our own country, whose stories have carried their beautiful lessons deeper into the human heart than have many sermons or elaborate treatises—whose every page breathes of a world large-sympathy and christianity, and not ostentatious christianity either;—of Mrs. Oliphant, ay of Mrs. Oliphant! whose latest work as the type of all absurdity was kindly handed over to the inveterate novel reader upon taking passage for the uttermost parts of the sea. Say we that in her noble “Self-Sacrifice,” or the touching Scotch stories of “Margaret Maitland” and “Lilliesleaf,” he would find a pure and noble meaning that would give him a renewed faith in life and life’s duty. Not to speak critically of other authors let me simply mention the names of Mrs. Gaskell, Miss Austin, Miss Bremer, the Kingsleys, Cooper, Miss Yonge, Miss Muloch, Theodore Winthrop, Mrs. Stowe; and those of three writers whose works are certainly not to be “despised in point of style,” Hawthorne, Victor Hugo, and Charlotte Bronte. But what avails this catalogue? One might cite many, very many more, whose writings have raised the standard of pure and earnest living; to say nothing of the single novels that now and then appear, bearing the name of no author, it may be, but branded with the unmistakable mark of genius—and let us venerate genius wherever it may be found, in fiction or metaphysics, for the finding thereof is by no means an every-day occurrence.

Now, says our writer with great calmness, something that amounts to this, viz: that but one reader in ten—scarcely allowing so large a proportion—ever looks at the style of the novel he is reading. O most strange! but—is it true? Men and women are not fools now-a-days; if a writer is shallow, they know it; if a novelist is stilted and pompous, they are ready to cry out against him; if he is bombastic and absurd, he is ridiculed; if he is deep and earnest, he is be-

loved. What is it that makes Theodore Winthrop admired? Not alone the thrillingness of his story, but the graphic, sublime descriptions, the power of language, the clearness of vision.

And what of Charles Reade, "with his contemptible Griffith Gaunt?" It is unfair to take this as a sample of his work, (though this novel is not devoid of brains and brilliancy, and much can be said on both sides of the question regarding its propriety,) for has not the same author given us "Peg Woffington," "Christie Johnstone" and "Never too late to Mend?" Charles Reade in spite of his faults is a keen judge of human nature, and he has a sharp, brilliant way of his own that is not to be despised. Even the "poor, senseless trivialities" of Wilkie Collins, as far as style goes, deserve some praise. He has a wonderful inventive genius, as displayed in "Armadale," which, though sensational and unnatural to the last degree, is meritorious in its natural, easy flow of language, its fine delineation of character, and its intricate and extremely ingenious plot. Though very fond of "blood and thunder" he is no fool in his way of putting things. What makes Dickens what he is? What draws him to us but his rare style, his pathos, his humor, his odd, rollicking descriptions, his masterly touch, the occasional grandeur and sublimity in character and incident? Why, the men and women in "David Copperfield," "Dombey and Son," and the many other novels which have become dear to us, are *real*, as real as our neighbors that we meet on the street every day, and all through his wonderful power of expression. What can account for the marvellous popularity that Victor Hugo has reaped from his "*Les Miserables*?" They are teeming with minute descriptions and practical facts that have nothing sensational about them, and yet to-day the whole world venerates his genius. Enough; we beg that the people may not have it flung in their faces that they care nothing for the style of a novel, but merely for the passing amusement of the hour.

Moreover, we claim that the novels of the class which we have attempted to describe are instructive. We learn the most of that which we like, and the novel presents to us, in an attractive garb, descriptions of places and things, and above all it gives an insight into the manners and customs, thoughts, feelings, and *lives* of the people it describes. From whence do we chiefly derive our views as to the English? Do they not come from the novels of Dickens, of Thackeray, of Trollope, of the many novelists who in one depart-

ment or another paint the English heart and home? When did we ever sympathize so deeply with the lower classes of the French as we do to-day reading "*Les Miserables*?" Have not the novels of Mrs. Stowe aided us essentially in forming views of Southern manners and customs? Who can read Mrs. Gaskell's "North and South" and "Mary Barton" without feeling a renewed interest in that mighty body, the working people of England. Now, it may be said that the ideas thus derived are faulty. Possibly, in a slight degree; but eliminate the natural and necessary extravagance of fiction—we say necessary, for from the nature of things fiction can not deal alone with life's common-places—and we have, for all practical purposes, the truth. Even were these views slightly erroneous, it were almost better to have false ideas about something than to have none at all. For the fact is, men and women get many, perhaps most of their ideas, as to foreign places and people, from works of fiction, of which they might otherwise know absolutely nothing.

Then, too, with all due deference to another's opinion, we would say that there is something to be found in the better class of novels, found in no other department of literature, that plays a prominent part in the forming of a natural, easy style. There is the imaginative fancy, the delineation of character, the common, every-day conversation, the lights and shades of dramatic effect. The great tendency of all young writers is to become stilted and pompous; they have good thoughts, it may be, but they think they must express themselves after the fashion of some elderly divine or profound essayist. They want life and vigor and naturalness. Hard indeed would be the situation of that youth who, having determined to electrify the world, sits down with his Addison and Swift on one hand, and Bolingbroke and Sir Thomas Browne on the other, grinding down all his natural fire and passion to a fixed rule and *nice* smoothness.

We would have people possess some imagination; if they have but little originally, let them read a novel or two. It won't hurt them. Let them get hold of something they cannot prove by mathematical demonstration, or conjugate, or otherwise maltreat. The imagination was given us to be cultivated as surely as any other heaven-born gift, and we should see to it that we neglect not our duty in this respect.

For the fact is, this continual wear and tear of life, this looking after the grocers and butchers, this struggle for the almighty dollar, is

dwarfing it. A day-dreamer may be no agreeable character, but there is oftentimes more to him than we imagine; we would respect *him* more than the shrewd, calculating business man who has an ear for naught but the tune of dollars and cents, with no appreciation of the good, and beautiful, and true. Let us make the division of a class or number of classes, as was recommended, of the novel-readers,—not of sensational, trashy novels merely, but of those who read a *good many* of the better class, and on the other hand those who think fiction is altogether immoral, nonsensical, and useless, and what do we find? Your abstemious individual may be a “dig,” strong in “Analytical,” terrible at Greek roots; but of what a field of innocent enjoyment and profit does he deprive himself. Ten to one he is inferior in brilliancy and readiness to the “goat” upon the other side.

Our magazines have been the subject of many an attack, both by Americans and our kind friends over the water, (who, though boasting rightfully of their reviews, might with propriety look a moment at their own “Temple Bar”, which publishes Mrs. Wood’s latest, and the “Belgravia”, lately started by the indefatigable Miss Braddon.) Doubtless an improvement might be made in our periodicals in many respects, and yet, take it all in all, the *Atlantic* well sets forth the literary life of America to-day. There may be now and then too great a preponderance of fiction, but while Oliver Wendell Holmes gives us the magic of his pen; while Donald Mitchell chronicles the simple, every-day life in “Dr. Johns;” while there is earnestness and power in the authoress of “Margaret Howth,” and word painting in Harriet Prescott,—what a luxuriousness there is about some of her earlier stories! while reading them one recalls sweet perfumes and tropical flowers, and all things that are bright and happy and beautiful,—while these are regular contributors, the stories are not such “trash” after all. Then there is always a fair proportion of critical and abstruse essays; there is a political paper from some noted thinker. Agassiz opens to us Nature’s secrets; and even if Gail Hamilton, an “empty, volatile, ephemeral writer,” charms us now and then with her bright, merry gossip about “My Garden,” or tells in a sadder strain of her experience in “Moving,” or bids us laugh as she drags down her old trunk from the attic preparatory for her “Gala Days,” who will cry out at her want of seriousness? Certainly wit and humor are essential in the world of letters, and the writer who

provokes a smile or laugh is not necessarily "volatile." The *Atlantic* is by no means perfect, but very many of its contributors, very many of its story-writers even, have some power in language not to be despised. And if something of a more serious nature is desired, let our writer turn to the pages of the *North American*, a successful and popular quarterly, which in many respects is fully equal to the English reviews.

Still, whatever may be said, we can not all rival De Quincey who took up Ricardo for mental relaxation! Political economy and abstruse essays will not be satisfactory for light reading. Imagine the brilliancy of a youth brought up on a course of Baxter and Lord Bacon! For the present, novels will be written and read, and we trust that in the future there may be as large a number of earnest, whole-souled men and women to write them as there are to-day.

Chapel Speeches.

"What is called 'Patriotic Eloquence' should usually be left to those in the gushing time of life; for when men address men, they should say something, help forward something, accomplish something. It is not becoming a full-grown man to utter melodious wind."

The subject upon which we venture a few thoughts with the undergraduates of Dartmouth will probably awaken no very happy anticipations or reminiscences. How many a one of those who have passed the high-noon of their college course, perchance an alumnus, can recall the day when with reluctant step, he ascended the scholastic *bema* to sully his oratorical virginity, with feelings akin to those of Sir Marlow in Goldsmith's matchless comedy, when decoyed into feminine presence and necessitated to give play to untutored conversational powers.

"*Sir Marlow*. Hastings! Hastings! Stand by me; I have an inward feeling that I am about to make an ass of myself."

"*Hastings*. Bravo, Bravo! Never spoke so well in your life."

"*Miss Hardcastle*. Sir; there is nothing I like so much as conversation—grave conversation myself; I could hear it forever. Indeed I have often been surprised how a man of sentiment could even admire those light and airy pleasures where nothing reaches the heart."

"*Mar.* It's a—disease—of the mind, Madam. In the variety of tastes there must be some who, wanting a relish—for—um—a—um."

"*Miss H.* I understand you perfectly, Sir."

"*Mar.* 'Egad! and that's more than I do myself." [*Aside.*]

Although these exercises are generally unpalatable, few will impugn their utility. The public exhibitions which we in common with all other educational institutions are wont to give, are for display rather than discipline; then the stronger men are advanced, such as will reflect credit upon their classes. Dartmouth, be it regretted, has no open literary societies, and it is a shame which it were useless to deny that for all disciplinary purposes, the existing secret Fraternities are miserably inefficient. That the study of Oratory and *Belles Lettres*—the acquisition of a style of composition as terse, perspicuous and forcible as our capacities will allow, together with a graceful and effective elocution is secondary to no other collateral duty here, we will assume. There is small need now to disprove the assertion that the department in which these accomplishments are taught, is a *special* one; or demur to the presumption that any student must possess a better than average brain because he cannot say anything; a theory which, paradoxical as it may seem, has, at divers times and in sundry places had its clamorous advocates.

It is the peculiar character of his audience, which tends to compel our tyro into that unenviable, chaotic state of mind of Sir Marlow. Nothing appears more unnatural to the newly-arrived student than the momentary but merciless criticism to which each is subjected in class-room by his fellows. Let one be called, the eyes and ears of the remainder are intent upon him to detect a blunder and inform the victim most unceremoniously of that which is "worse than a crime." His surprise is greater, for this is the very antagonism of politeness which certainly is a kindly overlooking of the failings of others. In time, however, he will cease to condemn this seemingly unwarrantable peccadillo, for it is more efficacious in stimulating to mental activity, in insuring sufficient preparation, than the all-worshiped grade or the Professor's frown. In chapel all these demonstrations symptomatic of impatience become aggravated. Indeed a stranger would presume an acute nervine sympathy in every collegian between the brain and the heels. A witticism from the Professor's chair, a happy repartee, an unexpectedly fluent recital from the recitation-bench, a creditable

performance on the stage; or an extra-recitation announcement, a tedious speech, "a flunk," alike excite these ever ready weapons. Their exercise is the students' one reserved prerogative; by them he is wont to express in any degree, approval or reproof. In addition let it be remembered that attendance upon the exercise is compulsory and no further evidence need be adduced of the discomfort of the position.

What kind of speech is advisable for this necessary but somewhat trying exercise? Here we would lay it down as a maxim on all these occasions that that effort is most meritorious which best holds the attention of the audience; and the thoughts of which are longest retained in memory by them. This indeed is a criterion capable of more extended application. And further it has been truly said that he only can long claim the attention of others, who can tell them something which they do not know; or express known things more clearly and forcibly than they can express them. To satisfy these conditions of success does not demand superior abilities of him who speaks, nor imply any degree of ignorance on the part of the hearers, but it *does* require an amount of express and special preparation which is too often inadequate or neglected altogether.

The selection of a theme is usually preceded by much delay and vexation; for on its fitness or unfitness is supposed to turn the welcome it shall receive upon delivery. We recall among the subjects of chapel speeches, for the past year, "Adherence to Principle," "Iconoclasts," "Fenianism," "Justinian," "Taverns," "Precedent," "William the Silent," "Radicalism," "Evils of War," "Biographical Lying," "English National Character," "Ye Western Barbarians," "Macaulay," and "The Responsibility of the Legal Advocate." Here certainly there are not wanting the charms of novelty and variety; yet to a subject itself we do not deem much importance due; it is in the method of treatment that the skillful workman is exhibited.

"To convince him who lives in the open air," said Draper, "an appeal must be made to his passions; to convince him who lives under a roof, an appeal must be made to his understanding." Be it remembered that our student audience has been generally housed, and let our address be conducted accordingly, would we convince or entertain. Be it remembered that here, declamation will not do; a stiff old canon of the Moral Law diluted, then filtered through a musty brain,

will not do; a mythological dress-parade of antique gods, or ancient heroes exhumed from Plutarch, Neibuhr or Arnold, will not do; passionate physical gyrations, accompanied with stentorian tones of voice will not do; nor yet a rhythmic flow of oily words or jauntily stepping sentences. Now let the words of our text be quoted: "Patriotic eloquence should usually be left to persons in the gushing time of life; for when men address men, they should say something, help forward something, accomplish something." It were easy to cite from English classic authors words of loftier cadence, more elaborate construction and happier finish, but none more pregnant with homely sense; none which if well taken, must prove a surer preventive of the ills and blemishes of budding oratory. We may not yet, it is true, have attained unto man's estate, still when the many stalwart forms among us evince an advancement beyond "the gushing time of life," let us strive that our mental stature also may bespeak a manly maturity. If in these chapel speeches students will give expression to their honest convictions, to the opinions and ideas they are forming, the delivery of them may prove a discipline of inestimable value; and a source of enjoyment to all; otherwise they must degenerate into profitless inanities or a pompous promulgation of truisms.

How to prepare for such a part as is above delineated, it need not detain the student long to enquire. The theory is that, uninterrupted application to text-books will give that apprehension and flexibility of mind which can consider composition a recreation; but the facts generally run counter to it. There are but two injunctions, which if obeyed must produce perceptible improvement—read, read, read, and think, think, think. If these are obeyed and what is called study neglected, success in public speaking may be but partial or apparent; if study is pursued and these are neglected, there can be no success at all.

Whatever may be their opinion of the thoughts presented, we trust that future classes will in this, reach a higher standard than has yet been attained at Dartmouth. The opening debate of the present term was certainly a creditable and an auspicious one; yet while the great clock rings out the hour which severs us forever from these college duties, the chapel audience of the coming year seems to stand a Monitor at my side, and to those who shall then mount the rostrum, it says in tones of supplication, "Come not forth to try us with crude

and empty words ; tear not a passion to very rags, 'twill but uncover thy nakedness of mind ; tell not again 'the same old story' of Greece and Rome, so easily compiled, so repelling to all auditors ; and Beware ! Oh Beware ! of 'melodious wind !' "

The Recompense.

Something ever is unconquered,
Strive we e'er so hard to gain ;
Battle bravely, nobly suffer
Every shape of care and pain ;
When we gain the distant summit
That our hopes were fixed upon,
Lo ! an higher, crowned with glory,
Glitters in the noon-day sun.

And the scholar lowly bending
Over the illumined page,
Feels his cheek to glow with fervor,
Thinking of that golden age,
When at last in God's own season,
He the poet's crown may win,
And as Fame throws wide her portals,
He as well may enter in.

But when's won the gaudy chaplet,
And the land rings with his name,
Ever of his heart he asketh,
"Is *this* what the world calls Fame ?"
Poor enough, believe me, brothers,
Would our little life-time be,
If success began and ended
This side of Eternity.

But perhaps the one who faltered,
He who stumbled in his track,
And who heard the world condemning
That he wavered and turned back,
In the better life hereafter
May have courage to press on,
Knowing that 'tis wisely ordered,
Comes the Cross before the Crown.

Representative Men.

No. 3.

“He thinks as a sage, but feels as a man.”

We now come to the consideration of what we shall call our “Representative Man” as he ought to be. This character is not wholly an ideal one, and though a *rara avis* yet one, or more, is usually found in every class. We must here confess that we are unable to delineate the *Student* as we would wish. Not being one *ourselves* we are forced, with great sorrow, to choose from among our many classmates, who might with truth lay claim to this title, one whom we may hold up as an example worthy of our imitation, and deserving our highest meed of honest praise.

Unlike the *Dig* or the *Rowe*, the *Student* cannot be recognized at sight. He does not go slouching along with that web-footed gait of the *Dig* who never knows where his next step may fall; whose narrow mind runs in so narrow a groove that being thus disabled from thinking of the common decencies of civilized life, he permits his clothes, if they may be so dignified, to hang flapping about his person like sails on a Dutch sloop or “sea weeds on a clam.” Unlike the *Rowe* too, he never oversteps the boundaries of Flashdom but eschews pantaloons with a black stripe up the seam, yellow neck-ties and *conspicuous* tights. In short the *Student* goes to no extreme, neat in dress, gentlemanly in deportment, cheerful, pleasant in society, showing culture and acquaintance with books and men in every sentence he speaks, he is the model and moral man of the College. We regret that we can only give a very slight sketch of the *Student*. His good points would fill *The Dartmouth*; his bad points would not occupy a page. As it is we can only speak of his mode of living, and his manner of pursuing his studies with, it may be, an attempt at a comparison between him and the two antipodes, subjects of preceding sketches.

The *Student* in class-room is always up to the mark. His recitations are characterized by a readiness, smoothness and modesty of delivery, and a correctness of statement unlike those of any other class of college men. Confident in his knowledge and apprehension of the

subject under consideration, and having no fear of a lack of appreciation by his Professors or class-mates, he is not forced, like the *Dig*, to use high sounding phrases, to recite by rote, to act each moment as if challenging admiration, or like the *Rowe*, to wander over the whole range of his miscellaneous reading for an answer to a simple question. On the contrary his replies are straight-forward, concise and to the point without circumlocution. He asks many questions of the Professor, and raises many disputed points, all in a respectful manner, but all showing a laudable desire for information, and defends the stand he takes with a tenacity and extent of acquaintance with the subject, which proves that he argues, not for the sake of argument, but for the purpose of having his own mind placed at rest.

The *Student* is most at home among his books. His time is chiefly spent in the perusal and study of works from which he reaps full repayment. Not flashy, blood and thunder novels, not Herman, or Danger in the Dark, Lever or Lover, James or Miss Evans, but Addison and Johnson, De Quincey and Macaulay. For tragedy or comedy he chooses Shakspeare not Boreicault; for romance, Scott not Sylvanus Cobb or even a Jack-of-all-trades Parson. For History, Hume or Motley not Headley or Abbott. For light, playful, witty sketches or jottings, Lamb or Irving not Barry Gray or Andorn. All that he reads tends to the improvement of his faculties. A book to him is not a mere excitement, an aid to kill time, but a pleasant instruction, and an instructive recreation, so that we may say of him that "he hath ever fed of the dainties that are bred in books."

We shall next view him in connection with his class-mates. With them he is sociable, kind and obliging. He is as ready for fun and frolic as the wildest *Rowe* but always in the proper time and place. In the social gatherings of the class, in the Saturday night concert, in the R. H. Fracas he is jolly, merry, tuneful and gay; lending his voice to swell the chorus of the festive song, often singing a solo himself and always ready with

"Bingo was his name, Sir."

He never joins in the excesses of the *Rowe* but, as excess is the exception and not the rule, he is not, from this fact, debarred from taking a prominent part in all rational enjoyments. He plays a game of ball with as much zest, and often with as great success, as one of

the "nine," joins as readily in an impromptu dance i' the morn, as the least studious of his mates, generally plays a good game of whist, (his only accomplishment in cards,) and enjoys with the greatest gusto, the gibes and bantering jokes of the club-dinner table. As "no analysis of character is truer or keener than that, we collegians make of each other; as none is more thoroughly discriminating" so the judgment of a man's class must be taken as final. Do we then make an assertion contrary to the facts, when we say that the *Student*, the industrious, kind, well informed, modest, obliging, punctual, generous *Student*, as we all know him, is by far the most popular man in his class? If any one doubts this statement a few questions, judiciously asked, will set him at rest.

In society the *Student* is usually much at ease himself and is always a very acceptable companion on account of his intelligence and the extent of his information. Although he rarely or never drinks, smokes, chews, and does not often part his back hair yet, with the lack of all these modern refinements, we know of no class of men whom our "notional and contumacious" ladies more readily admit to their parlors. There is no reason for this beyond the ken of mortals, for where ladies find intelligence, wit and learning combined with politeness, gentle manners and good breeding, of course their "instinctive predilections" lead them to choose those in whom such a combination exists.

We will close our description, if such it may be called, by comparing the two men or rather the two systems, the *Dig* and the *Student*, the Digging and the Studying. The former system produces, like a rocky New Hampshire farm, barely enough to live upon; the latter, like a fertile plantation of Ohio or Indiana, yields not only sufficient for home consumption but abundance for foreign markets. The difference is this, one plan confines its followers to text books, giving them nothing outside; the other permits of a perfect comprehension of the text books together with an extensive acquaintance with the best writers to be found in our Libraries. The one system makes a pedant, a bigot, a sciolist, a country pedagogue, while the other produces a *man* beyond that, the accomplished gentleman, the deep-read, well-grounded scholar.

NIM.

The Dartmouth Mountaineers.

[A Pedestrian Excursion to the White Mountains by the Class of '67,
during the summer of 1866.]

No. 1.

At various times during our College course had we discussed the probability of making an excursion to the White Mountains. In the long summer evenings, when we strolled off to the banks of the Connecticut, and watched the ever-shifting tints upon the distant hills,—the parting touches of that indefatigable artist, a setting sun—this was the uniform topic of conversation. In our social gatherings the constantly-recurring theme was presented in every shape that fancy could invent. Charming schemes sprang in perfect symmetry from individual brains like Minerva from the head of Jove. For weeks and months our leisure moments were spent in settling upon some plan that should insure the greatest amount of pleasure together with our comfort. At last all the arrangements were completed, and on the 20th of July, 1866, fifteen members of the class of '67 assembled on the College Green to bid adieu to the dusty streets of Hanover. Two light wagons contained our effects,—personal and corporate: including a well-stocked larder, the various implements that pertain to the culinary department, and a mammoth tent, within whose snowy walls a score might easily be accommodated. As the Handel Society was well represented in the company, it was decided that a glee club should be formed for the purpose of giving concerts in the large villages, whenever we chanced to camp for the night in any of these places.

The end of our first day's journey found us pleasantly encamped at Lyme. One of our number had, the preceding year, been Principal of their Academy, and envious thoughts prevailed when M. left the camp to visit some of his fair pupils who were just then in the transition state between short dresses and matrimonial felicity—"a good state to emigrate from," as Douglass said of Vermont. We realized the vast difference between spring beds and rubber blankets, when we came to resign ourselves to the soothing influence of Morpheus. In *poetry* the "mossy couch" charms us, and the sleeper as he reposes on

the broad bosom of Mother Earth appears sublimely independent ; but in *practice* it is an entirely different affair. Instead of fragrant flowers breathing delicious perfume on the summer air, you get a bug in your ear, and the unevenness of the ground sends rheumatic twinges through your agonized frame. We were pleasantly surprised in the evening by a visit from six Sophomores who had rowed up the river in their boat. They were our guests for the night, and left us the next morning after breakfast. Sometime during the forenoon of the 21st, we reached Orford, and stopped at the Hotel a few minutes to rest. While here we filled a void which had caused us no little uneasiness. I refer to the acquisition of the huge canine specimen, which the landlord very kindly loaned us, assuring the company that we should find him an excellent watch dog, all of which proved true ; since he would never leave the tent without being kicked out, and then with what a knowing air would he fasten his eyes upon the flies as they darted about the tent ! His discriminating powers, however, seemed to be in rather a feeble condition, for he was apparently on good terms with mankind in general, invariably treating friend and foe alike, and manifesting the strictest neutrality on the stormiest occasions. Whenever strangers of a doubtful character presented themselves at the tent, we were accustomed to tie up the savage animal with an enormous rope, giving him a sly kick now and then, just to keep him awake, while we referred with the greatest *sang froid* to the man a few miles down the river who had been so horribly mangled before we could rescue him from the jaws of the fierce brute. The effect produced upon our visitors was of the happiest nature, and our dog was treated with marked deference.

Shortly after leaving Orford it was noticed that one of our number was inclined to be hilarious, and as he halted by the roadside to address a gander upon the duties and responsibilities of an American citizen, exhorting his gandership to "throw aside all party prejudices and support the pride and hope of the nation, Andrew Johnson;" (he was *hissed* down at this point)—it is presumed that he had indulged a little too freely in *peanuts*.

At Haverhill we obtained a beautiful camping ground. It was situated on a grassy knoll among the maples, overlooking the great Ox Bow Meadow, which is said to be one of the finest views on the Connecticut River. It was here that M., taking a walk with some ladies,

passed through a farmer's gate and left it unfastened. When he returned the gate was locked, and as the farmer stubbornly refused to open it, our hero was forced to display his dexterity in transferring his fair cargo to the other side of the fence. M. declares that while farmers exist the millennium will always be just ahead. In the afternoon a party of ladies from the town visited us. We threw open our parlor doors and tendered them the "felicities of the occasion." When they were about to return, our "Fat Boy" volunteered to carry an infant that seemed to oppress one of the ladies. Every thing progressed finely until they neared the brow of the hill, when our gallant boy lost his balance and came down by the run, though still holding the wonder-stricken baby aloft in one hand. Our two hundred pounds avoirdupois slowly regained their equilibrium amid deafening cheers from the encampment below. At "Slab City" the Capt. discovered some relatives who gave him a warm welcome, differing in no essential particular from the prodigal son's return. The Capt. maintains a dignified silence whenever any thing is said about the pretty cousin who "fell on his neck and kissed him."

At Wells River, Vt., we experienced no little difficulty in selecting a suitable camping-ground. The surrounding country literally "stands on edge," and geological "tilters" must have been prevalent during the development of that region. After tea the Glee Club, mounted in our best wagon, drove into town to fulfill an engagement which they had made to give a concert. They found an audience respectable both in character and numbers, which testified its approval of the performance by an occasional *encore*. The efforts of the club were also ably seconded by about forty screeching urchins on the outside who "came in" promptly on the chorus. When the singers started to return they found the harness unbuckled in several places, and the wheels in momentary danger of going off on a tangent. Repairs were immediately commenced, while the scene was enlivened by suppressed snickering in the distance. Mc. has always been considered orthodox, but his faith would seem to waver when he thus expressed himself: "Undoubtedly a vast number of devils were 'choked' when that ancient herd 'ran violently down a steep place into the sea,' but a hog or two must have escaped during the confusion, and the result may now be witnessed in the deplorable state of Wells River society." He concluded by recommending them to the Home Missionary Socie-

ty, and thinks that a state prison would be liberally patronized if located in that vicinity.

Between Bath and Lisbon we purchased a large, handsome and very intelligent dog. Phil. Sheridan, as we christened him, evidently thought that he had fallen into good hands, and concluded to "accept the situation" without a growl. During the remainder of our excursion his watchfulness contributed greatly to our security, while his sagacity was a constant source of surprise and pleasure to our little band. On the night of the 25th our tent at Lisbon presented quite a lively aspect. The performance was neither an "Irish wake," nor "Indian war dance," though possessing the *attractive features* of both. Order was finally restored by Mc., who threatened to tie up the ring-leader with a huge rope. In the morning it was unanimously resolved that good nature had been rather extensively abused, and better treatment in future was suggested as a proper atonement for wounded feelings.

About noon of the 26th we reached Littleton and encamped on the bank of the Ammonoosuc, which flows through the outskirts of the town. The villagers evidently supposed that Dan. Rice's circus had come, for no sooner was our tent pitched than we were besieged by an eager crowd of expectant humanity. Each article, as it was taken from the wagon, was regarded with open-mouthed curiosity, and a shade of disappointment flitted across the mottled throng when no menagerie appeared. From the interest which L. excited it is presumed that he was mistaken for an African gorilla. Here the Glee Club gave their last concert to the largest and gayest audience that had smiled upon them since we left Hanover. It was really refreshing to let the eye wander over the bright scene, and we couldn't help thinking what a dull world this would be without dress-makers and milliners. Our "Fat Boy" in one respect resembles a New York banker, since his numerous "*correspondents*" are to be found in nearly every part of the world, and it was, therefore, with little surprise and considerable satisfaction that after the concert we caught an occasional glimpse of his beaming phiz smiling majestically upon a small circle of coquettishly-inclined damsels. Introductions followed as a matter of course, and we were soon promenading the streets of L. under the immediate supervision of the "Man in the Moon." After a careful survey of the principal thoroughfares of that interesting town we ac-

cepted a kind invitation from one of our fair companions, and adjourned to a hospitable mansion where song, jest, etc., desecrated the "stilly night" until two o'clock in the morning. Over the parting scene we will draw a veil. The English language is wanting in terms to fitly portray occurrence of such an emotional nature.

Joe had preceded us a short time, and when he neared the tent a low growl warned him that our vigilant sentinel, Phil. was on the lookout. Ordinarily Joe treats the canine species with supreme indifference, but when a dog weighs one hundred and nineteen pounds he considers the brute as possessed of "certain rights which white men are bound to respect." It was certain that the inside of the tent could be reached in only one way, and it was equally evident that Phil. was planted squarely in front of that entrance, determined to "fight it out on that line." Like a skilful general Joe resolved to make use of every expedient. In the most persuasive terms Phil. was reminded of the warm friendship hitherto existing between them of the many bones that had been secured for him, and of the soft blanket upon which he had so often snapped at flies, but the growling only became hoarser. Then came a change of tactics. Stern commands followed each other in rapid succession, and threats were heaped upon threats, until the most unreliable insurance company would have refused to insure Phil's life at any price; but the dog only became still more enraged. The inmates of the tent only aggravated the case by stifled laughter; but the boys came to the rescue when Joe swore "by the blue hairs on Moses' wig" that he would break the dog's neck if they didn't tie him up! Phil. was altogether too valuable to lose.

The greater part of the following day we remained at L., renewing our acquaintance with the sylph-like forms that had flitted through our dreams. *Sociability* is a distinguishing characteristic of Littleton society: we remarked as much to a muslin-robed angel sitting near, and received the heart-thrilling reply, "We don't meet with collegians every day!" We didn't have any appetite for supper that afternoon, and but little sleep the following night. At 5 o'clock, p. m., the scorching rays of the sun having yielded in a measure to the cool evening air, the tent was struck and about two-thirds of the Dartmouth Mountaineers left for the Profile House, eleven miles distant. The rest remained at L. to carry on a flirtation which had employed their spare time for the thirty hours preceding. Joe, who drove

the wagon containing the tent, had, from some unexplained reason, taken the road to Bethlehem, and the mistake was not discovered until some time after his departure. Sam. with a fast livery team gave chase and overtook the stray lamb just as he had secured a fishing-rod, preparatory to depopulating a trout brook flowing near. The "small boy" was again placed in the wagon, but he had already gone so far that it was thought better to continue on through B. than return to L. Meanwhile the party on the right road were steadily pursuing their way toward the Mountains, casting anxious glances backward from time to time in search of the tent wagon. The shadows began to lengthen and the hills loomed up darkly against the sky, but no friendly rumble of wheels greeted their ears. At a late hour the weary company stopped at a farmer's gate in quest of lodging. They found a kindly disposed pater-familias, but owing to the unfortunate coincidence of a large family and small house, they were obliged to find shelter within the barn, where a well-filled hay-mow proved an excellent couch. Some time after midnight Joe arrived with the tent. The following morning an attempt was made by the farmer's wife to bribe our commissary to sing for two loaves of brown bread! The simple-hearted creature could not appreciate Mc's. excessive modesty, and proposed several quarts of milk as an additional inducement.

On our way to the mountains, Sam., who was in advance of the company, was overtaken by a well-known New Yorker, driving a stylish turn-out, who asked S. if he was going to the Profile House in search of work! Sam. retorted by asking him if all the farmers in that vicinity drove such horses; to which the Gothamite replied with some asperity that it was one of the best-matched teams in the City of New York!

About ten o'clock, a. m., the stragglers came in, and we encamped in a sheltered nook a few yards from Profile Lake. Eagle Cliff cut off the prospect from behind, while the "Old Man of the Mountain" looked serenely in at our tent door. Any glowing descriptions of mountain scenery need not be expected in this article, for two reasons; firstly, their glories have already been sufficiently immortalized, and secondly, the author is a little out of practice at present, and is fearful that he might break down on some of the fine points. We had often heard the expression, *up-hill-work*, but never appreciated its *force* until after we had climbed Profile Mt. Our toil was

richly repaid, however. We stood by the *Cannon's* mouth, as many brave men have done, and looked with wonder upon that venerable piece of artillery which has withstood so many sieges. We clipped a stray ringlet from the gray locks of the "Old Man," and ate our luncheon at his hospitable board. He is strictly temperate in his habits. July 30th, we made the ascent of Mt. Lafayette in two hours and twenty minutes. The day was very clear and we obtained a magnificent view. It is impossible to imagine anything more lovely than the Pemigewassett valley when seen from this mountain. The numerous surrounding elevations were distinctly visible from Moose Hill-ock to Mt. Washington. Everything considered, it was the finest view that we secured during our excursion. We met quite a large party of ladies and gentlemen on the summit and, throwing etiquette aside, had a good social time. We gave them some College songs, and in return listened to some fine music from the fair sex. One of the ladies became so much attached to Burr and his mode of travelling that she gave her horse in charge to the guide, and walked a considerable distance down the mountain's side in company with our fascinating representative from Springfield.

"Where's the power that charms us so?"

Our tent was frequently visited by parties from the Profile House, and our primitive surroundings furnished boarding school Misses with an excellent theme upon which they dilated with surprising volubility. A "gushing child of nature" in a transport of romantic enthusiasm threw her snowy arms around Phil's neck and vowed that he was the noblest of the canine race; but a low growl caused her to make a sudden backward movement not remarkable either for grace or dignity. It is, perhaps, needless to remark that the Dartmouth Mountaineers were greatly mortified at this act of impoliteness from their *protege*; especially since he had been carefully trained both by precept and example, and ought to have known how to conduct himself on such occasions.

Secret Societies.

If miraculously a candidate for admission to this College has escaped the annoyance of its secret-society canvassing while yet in preparatory school, the day of his tribulation has only been put off—an infliction delayed and not averted. Should he travel thither by rail at the commencement of the autumn term, newly fledged Sophomores, with perceptions quickened by the experience of an initiatory year, and unfailing instincts in the detection of the embryonic pulp which local *argot* denominates a “Pæne,” will approach him with flatteringly framed propositions to “pledge” to a Freshman organization—upper class-men await him at Hanover, and upon arrival the novice is expeditiously button-holed, and proffers of all sorts of assistance greet him. Has he a room? Will he wish assistance to get his trunks up? Does he know the way to the President’s? The servility of his new patrons puts him in good humor with them, and their flattery into a most complacent and comfortable degree of satisfaction with himself. The result of all this is that he is secured to a society of the character of whose members, plan of organization or objects he is blissfully ignorant. If a Freshman’s decision may have hung balanced between two societies, rarely is that anything more worthy of consideration than the form of a pin, the style of the hall employed for meeting, or a superiority of numerical strength, determines his choice. He is ignorant into what he goes; his society is ignorant whom they’ve got. The upper societies, however, have established a safeguard against exceptionable members in a practice unkind and dishonorable. I refer to the rejection of students already pledged. It is an action faithless and indefensible, which throws individuals outside the pale of the rhetorical culture the voluntary associations of students afford, the enjoyment of which though it be inadequate in provision and unsatisfactory in character, yet seems the right of every man who wishes it. The very bond of secrecy under which students unite in small societies for literary purposes, defeats the fullest realization of their object. Not only is stimulus to great exertion wanting in organizations embracing few members, but men who would never come before the college or a public society with a shabbily prepared effort, with a com-

parative impunity from injury to collegiate reputation, repeatedly say and write feeble things under the shelter of closed doors and the sworn secresy of their fellows. Security from disclosure induces indolence, and the absence of publicity fosters an indifference to the tone and quality of efforts.

In an attempt at improvement in dialectics and oratory why the need of secresy? Where the sense in clustering in small knots about a half-dozen centres, lessening individual interest in proportion as numbers are divided? The objects contemplated in the institution and maintenance of the existing organizations, were better accomplished by a revolution of their character and the restoration of the public society exercises, which would contain at least the vitalizing principle of intolerance of meaningless Buncombe. Regenerate them, and you open to the contest for individual superiority a wider field, and reveal possibilities for more extended and elevating mental and moral influences.

The only forcible argument ever advanced in the support of the secret organizations has long since become groundless. "The sympathetic tie," the "fraternal bond," the "free association and frank communion of kindred spirits" exist only in Freshmen's imaginations; nor can these terms have foundation in fact while the partition of the student population among the various secret societies is entirely accidental,—while it is based on no homogeneousness of thought, habit or taste, binding together the collective membership. Nor is it in this respect alone that the Freshman societies are more worthy commendation than the more pretentious organizations of the upper classes. It is a fact confessedly true in respect to these associations, whether chaptered or local, that the literary exercises are not properly sustained; that there is on the part of members no sense of obligation to fill appointments in the ordinary weekly exercises. The attendance is usually slim and most trivial causes occasion the postponement of regular meetings. It has occurred in a society that no gentleman assigned to a duty in the programme of a Friday evening has been present. The written efforts presented are seldom expository of the ability of their authors; the arguments and methods of statement in debate are rarely original, exhaustive, impressive or creditable.

No student considers himself bound to good fellowship, companionship or even friendly feeling with his society associates, and

bitter factiousness is not unusual. No society has any distinguishing characteristics which are abiding; one priding itself on the high class-rank of its members will receive gladly accessions of men notoriously indolent, and another including those of theological bias admits a revolutionary element in a delegation of convivial spirits. Similar badges are pinned over very hostile hearts and displayed by men who have no feelings, tastes or purposes in common.

A foundation of sympathy and similarity of taste seems the true basis of any alliance whose operations it is attempted to conceal; and since at present society lines neither control nor influence intimacies, cannot distinctions less factitious, more harmonious and more profitable be established on the grounds of studious, social, literary or political affinities?

The movement for the restoration and reanimation of the Public Societies has been commenced, whether adequate to arouse them to healthy and permanent action is to be determined. Let us hope that the debilitated energy the secret organizations contain, brought out from the stifling atmosphere of their seclusion into an invigorating, exterior air, may inhale some regenerating element.

In 1856, the time at which interest in the maintenance of regular exercises in the open societies began to flag, a very able article in the "Dartmouth Phoenix," a paper then published by the Senior Class, contained the following suggestion as to the means which should be employed to endow them with greater efficiency, which may be worthy of consideration in the present attempt at reconstruction: "The only agency, we can conceive of as equal to the accomplishment of the object proposed must be of an external origin, or else of an indirect operation. Of the latter character, we would suggest as one full of hope, a change in the mode of selecting members for the two societies. At present, when a class is admitted to college, it is divided equally between the two, being assigned from an alphabetical list of names, in alternate order. Thus the character of each is determined at once, and no room left for competition. But if an alteration in this particular were to be made, and the choice of societies offered to each individual, a different result by far would obtain. A rivalry would be commenced at once; an ambition and a pride would spring up, and a motive would be presented for continued and energetic labor. That motive would be the building up of a reputation, and the acquire-

ment of superior excellence, to be used as an argument in deciding the choice of newly arrived students."

Establish a rivalry between the two open societies, make the gain of the one the jealousy of the other, divide the membership of the secret societies between them and thus obviate the possibility of their becoming caucuses for the concoction of log-rolling plans to be crowded through the larger organizations, and you have set up a diversity of interests in them, not inharmonious so long as they confine themselves to legitimate objects but discordant when they transgress them.

If possession of the officers and honors at the disposal of our fellow-students is always to indicate a triumph of partisan strength and intrigue and not of personal worth, for convenience's sake at least, let's concentrate forces, elevate petty bickering into respectable warfare, and begin a sizable engagement.

Horace and his Works.

Horace possessed strong native powers of mind. He was a keen observer of human nature. His education was the best which his age could afford. His taste was highly cultivated by an intimate familiarity with Grecian models. His imagination was chastened by strong good sense. His moral qualities were less elevated than his intellectual powers. He possessed great equanimity of character, and at times, imparts moral lessons which would do honor to a christian philosopher. At other times he humors the prevailing vices of the age, affects to play the gallant and indulge in inebriation. He seemingly inclines to Epicurean notions and exhorts his friends to immediate enjoyment, entirely reckless of the future. Still this laxity of principle was more the result of education and habit than of nature.

The works of Horace are distributed into four divisions: 1. Odes. 2. Epodes. 3. Satires. 4. Epistles.

Lyric poetry derives its name from the Lyre which usually accompanied its recital. This kind of poetry is among the earliest productions of the art. Religion first called forth the inspiration of the Muse. Poetry was first employed in the worship of the gods and

the celebration of the public games. Religion, in early ages, gave an elevated character to lyric poetry. In Greece, when the people lost their primitive heroism and veneration for the gods, lighter and gayer themes occupied the poet's thoughts and the lyre was strung in honor of mirth, love and wine.

While Rome cultivated the stern virtues of war, patriotism and religion, lyric poetry was little used. While Roman literature was in its infancy, the Roman writers were confined principally to translation and imitation. The severity of Roman virtues and their want of poetic fire and imagination prevented the introduction or imitation even, of Grecian Lyric poetry. At length, in the age of Augustus when wealth and luxury had enervated the warlike energies of Rome, and introduced a love of ease and pleasure, those refinements which accompany wealth and leisure began to be sought and appreciated. In the general improvement of literature and art, lyric poetry began to interest the reading community and to be cultivated by the most distinguished bards of the age. Horace is the principal author in this department of poetry. He is a close imitator of the Greeks. Many of his most beautiful expressions are mere translations; and in those odes, whose subjects are exclusively Roman, the thoughts and expressions all wear a Grecian costume. They generally want the enthusiasm and warmth of extemporaneous excitement, and seem to be more formal and cold than the original Grecian odes.

"The odes of Horace," says Dunlop, "were the fruits rather of premeditation than of impulse. We can only think of their author as quietly composing them at the villa of Mæcenas or his own Sabine farm, and as writing them out, not from the necessity of giving utterance to an overpowering sentiment, but to obtain the slow approbation of the public or the smiles of a patrician patron." The odes of Horace are of a very miscellaneous character. They may be classed for the most part, under four heads: Amatory, Convivial, Moral, and Political. The amatory odes are the most numerous and least valuable. They are of little importance in point of sentiment. Some of them are gross and obscene. "Horatium in quibusdam nolim interpretari," says Quintilian. They may be referred to occasionally as illustrating the manners of the age, or for the beauties of expression which are scattered through them.

The convivial odes are cheerful descriptions of proposed entertainments or invitations to distinguished friends to attend them, inter-

persed with useful maxims for regulating the conduct of life. Some of the moral odes are of an elevated character and stand unrivaled in style and sentiment in the whole range of ancient and modern literature. He often declaims against luxury, avarice, intemperance and licentiousness, and praises the virtues which are opposed to these vices. His odes in honor of the gods, are evidently written in compliance with the wishes of others, as an artist executes a commission, rather than with the fervent spirit of a true worshiper. They are cold and formal having little of the genuine spirit of the early religious lyric odes of the Greeks.

The political odes discover the most originality. They were written for particular occasions and persons; of course, they could not be copied from earlier models. They are written in courtly and winning language, adapted to flatter the ambition and please the ear of royalty. They contain many beauties which have been copied and imitated till they have become incorporated with the literature of the whole occidental world.

"Of all the poets that ever existed," says Dunlop, "he is perhaps best entitled to the appellation *inimitable*. His odes have, in every age, been the constant object of imitation, but all the copies have presented but a faint image of the exquisite original. For this superiority he is chiefly indebted to the matchless turn of expression and language, which the most skillful critic of the Augustan age probably could not have improved by changing a single phrase or adopting one word for another. It was this "*curiosa felicitas*" as it has been called, consisting in the employment of the most simple words with dignity, and the most ornamental, with ease, that bestowed supreme elegance and grace on every topic he touched and enabled him to sing with equal success, the coyness of Chloe, and the triumphs of Augustus, as to leave it doubtful whether the delicacy of his amatory and convivial verses or the fire and elevation of his moral and political strains, be most admirable."

To appreciate the odes of Horace requires a familiar acquaintance with the history of the times and the character of the poet. Many of them consequently require much study and nice discrimination in order to translate them properly and not lose all their spirit and beauty. Though there is much to offend a well regulated mind in the morals of the odes, and much that is comparatively worthless, yet the

student who dwells upon the faults rather than the excellences of this author betrays a corrupt heart; and whoever reads him without admiring his unrivalled beauties must charge the blame upon himself. So did Byron :

“Then farewell, Horace, whom I hated so,
Not for thy faults, but mine. It is a curse
To understand, not feel, thy lyric flow ;
To comprehend, yet never love thy verse :
Although no deeper moralist rehearse
Our little life, nor bard prescribe his art,
Nor livelier satirist the conscience pierce,
Awakening, without wounding, the touched heart,
Yet fare thee well : upon Soracte's ridge we part.”

The epodes of Horace sustain a middle rank between lyric poetry and satire. They do not possess great merit. Many of them are coarse and vulgar, indicating a want of taste and morals in a community that admired such poetry. Though they are infinitely above the effusions of Dean Swift and other less distinguished English writers, not to say *Divines*. The satires and epistles of Horace are familiar essays upon the events of the times. It has long been disputed among modern critics, whether the Romans derived their satire from the Greeks or invented it themselves. If we take satire in its common acceptation, for an *invective*, it is not peculiar to any people. “It originated,” says Dryden, “in Eden, when the husband and wife excused themselves by laying the blame on one another, and gave a beginning to those conjugal dialogues, in prose, which poets have perfected in verse.” The Greeks had nothing, in form, which resembled the Roman satire. The satyric drama in which the Satyrs or woodland gods were introduced, was a mixture of tragedy and farce. These wanton deities were made to indulge in ribaldry and low invective for the gratification of the rabble. Some have supposed that Roman satire derived its origin from this drama. Horace in his *Ars Poetica*, gives rules for the composition of the satyric drama and never, for a moment, confounds it with satire. The former always assumed the form of dialogue, the latter of a labored essay. The word satire is probably derived from the adjective *saturus*, fem. *satura* or *satira*, which signifies full, abundant, properly an adjective belonging to *lanx* which means a platter or charger, which was yearly filled

with all sorts of fruits as an offering to the gods at their festivals. Hence the discourses of Ennius, Lucilius and Horace took their name, because they were full of various matters, and written upon various subjects.

“Quidquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas
Gaudia, discursus, nostri est farrago libelli,”

says Juvenal. The word satire, then meant originally, a *medley* or a composition upon various subjects. Its object is to reform the manners of the age. The satires of Horace seem to have been written with a purpose and spirit similar to those which originated the prose essays of Steele and Addison in the *Spectator* and *Tatler*. They ridicule the follies and inveigh against the vices of the age, for the purpose of reforming men and inculcating wisdom and virtue. Horace employs ridicule, Juvenal lashes vice with indignation and seems like a swollen torrent not only bearing away, upon its bosom hay, wood and stubble, but tearing up, with its resistless current, the very foundations of the earth. But Horace always wears a cheerful countenance and makes himself merry with the follies of others. One of his successors says of him as it is translated by Dryden :

“Horace with a sly insinuating grace,
Laughed at his friend and looked him in the face ;
Would raise a blush where secret vice he found
And tickle while he gently probed the wound ;
With smiling innocence the crowd beguiled
But made the desperate passes, when he smiled.”

The manners of the capital and the habits, amusements, spectacles, follies and vices of its inhabitants are the themes of the satires of Horace. Many of them apply to every age and are as fresh and racy to day as when they were first penned. They assail certain follies and habits which are common to man and, of course, are found in every age and nation. The vices of avarice and prodigality ; the aping of aristocratic pomp and the affectation of fashion and display are the common affections of wicked and weak minds. The practice of legacy hunting, so notorious in the age of Augustus, and the professed parasite are less known in modern society. Yet, even now, in high life, rich men have their flatterers, who hope to be rewarded for their as-

siduous and servile attentions, by a handsome legacy; and the professed "diner out" is no unusual appendage of the gentleman's drawing room. The age of Augustus was famous for the cultivation of literature. It became fashionable to write poetry. Literary merit was a sure passport to the favor of the court. The emperor and his prime minister Mæcenæ were the avowed patrons of literary men. Hence it became fashionable to write. Rome was filled with poetasters. Their mode of publishing was by recitation, at first, in private, to a circle of select friends, afterwards in public, before select critics and others who chose to hear. Poets being multiplied, the office of critic became very burdensome, and men of taste and nice discernment were importuned beyond endurance to listen to the recital of the miserable productions of pretended wits and poets. This practice was a theme of frequent satire with Horace. To one unacquainted with the annoyance such men suffered from scribblers, his frequent ridicule of them would seem ill timed. Pope in imitation of Horace has tried his satiric pen upon the poets of his age; it is addressed to Dr. Arbuthnot :

"Shut, shut the door, good John, fatigued I said,
'Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.
The dogstar rages! nay 'tis past a doubt,
All Bedlam or Parnassus is let out :
Fire in each eye and papers in each hand
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.
What walls can guard me or what shades can hide ?
They pierce my thickets, through my grot they glide,
By land, by water, they renew the charge,
They stop the chariot, and they board the barge.
No place is sacred, not the church is free,
Even Sunday shines no Sabbath day to me ;
Then from the Mint, walks forth the man of rhyme,
Happy to catch me just at dinner time."

Editorial Notes.

European travellers in America have generally represented us as ejaculating saliva with sublime disregard of times and places; Emerson has deprecated the "American fury of expectoration," and Edward Everett, while President of Harvard, in administering reproof to students offending in this respect, said he had not spit for twenty years. President Smith's late remarks upon the same subject were most kindly received, and have apparently been attentively regarded. It has occurred to us that the temptations to this boorish habit might be lessened by some official attention to the cheerfulness and cleanliness of the recitation-rooms, and the places where students are frequently assembled. Comfort of seats, convenient ingress and egress to and from them, provision for ventilation and satisfactory heating appliances are civilizing and christianizing institutions, and their introduction into a college established in *deserto* for the education of heathen aborigines,—where primitive simplicity and antique forms have seldom given place to more modern and refined innovations—will doubtless be gradual and of remote accomplishment. But cleanliness must be nearly contemporary with dirt, and we only plead for what is attainable with brooms and soap and water. To be sure the seats in the under-class recitation rooms are narrowed and elongated horse-stalls, and the window-glass in most of the college-buildings, wherever its transparency is not destroyed by incrusting dirt, is of that wavy and antique pattern whose panes, often with radiating cracks centering upon black patches of putty, combine the effects of concave and convex lenses, presenting the illusion of contiguous exterior objects widely separated, of a union of those widely severed and generally distorting the face of outward nature. Whenever we hear a stone go crashing through a college-window, our regret at the destruction of property is always tempered with some degree of satisfaction that better ventilation or a clean pane of glass will be the result. Nauseous-colored spots upon the ceiling illustrate the effect of gravity on second-story soot-juice. Refreshingly bright patches of new plaster assert themselves in the midst of smoky wall-paper of agonizing designs. The accumulation of finger marks upon the doors in its darkness shames the black-boards, and the benches by their covering daily and silently convey the lesson of earthly mortality; of what man is, to what he must return. Amherst decorates her recitation-rooms with copies of Old World masterpieces—and hangs upon their walls classic maps, but since here we study botany in mid-winter, with no practical illustrations even with house-plants or dead specimens, with a view to strengthening memory and the imagination, perhaps it would weaken them to provide conveniences for geographical reference in the class-room.

As to our æsthetic tastes, we expect undergraduates will long be left to gratify them by personal efforts with mechanical contrivances hawked about by humbugging Dutchmen, or by opportunities for attendance upon magic-lantern exhibitions by facetious, French swindlers; this we can survive,—only wash, sweep and dust, and introduce some cheering influences into our class-rooms.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE. The terms of connection between the "New Hampshire College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts" and Dartmouth College, have at length been settled, so far as the action of the Trustees is concerned. A four years' course is adopted, as in the Massachusetts Agricultural College. The students are to take the existing studies of the Chandler Scientific Department in connection with its classes, so far as these suit their purpose—that is, for the first two years. The last two years, a special Agricultural course is to be provided, analogous to the Engineering and Commercial courses. For those who incline to the "Mechanic Arts," as of the Machinist or the Engineer, but little additional provision will be necessary. The requisites for admission are to be the same as in the case of the other students in the Scientific Department, the mastery of the studies usually pursued in our common schools. The students are to have all the general privileges pertaining to the Department, and will receive the degree of Bachelor of Science at the close of the curriculum. The course will be open to them at the commencement of the fall term of Dartmouth College. The Trustees have voted to give free tuition to twelve students next year, one from each Senatorial District. If it is found best a more limited course in Agriculture will be established for those who are unable to pursue the full course. And provision will in due time be made for free lectures in different parts of the State. Prospective arrangements are also made for securing an experimental farm.

The plan adopted is believed to be the best that could be devised, insuring as it does to the Agricultural College much greater advantages than it could otherwise command, while it is in harmony with existing arrangements here. The fund is now \$80,000; and unless one of the most sagacious, as well as benevolent of our citizens, an esteemed and influential member of the Governor's Council at the time of his death, shall be pronounced incapable of making his will, some thirty or forty thousand dollars more will come to Dartmouth College, to be used for purposes connected with this new Department.

Will G. Merrill, Esq., of St. Albans, and A. H. Perry, Esq., of St. Johnsbury, Vt., accept the thanks of every Dartmouth student for the favor they so kindly and promptly extended to those of our number who visited Amherst last week?

PECCAVIMUS? Walter Mape's paraphrase of Petronius embraces the views of an undergraduate upon the social relations existing between villagers and students, to which expression was given last month :

"Dummodo sim splendidis vestibis ornatus,
Et multa familia sim circumvallatus,
Prudens sum et sapiens et morigeratus
Et tuus nepos et tu meus cognatus."——

We believe the following poetical protest, so characteristically feminine in its apostrophes to the organs of vision and circulation, is the neatest and best-natured of the adverse comments the article elicited.

O Students ! whom we try to please,
To entertain and make at ease,
When you go home you tell to all
What we told you about Reed Hall;
And lest some one should fail to hear
The tale, it shortly doth appear
Within "The Dartmouth's" classic pages,
There to be read in coming ages.
And then to show your ingratitude,
(And show yourselves both wrong and rude,)
You call our whole sex,—O, my gracious !
"Notional and contumacious."
Look not, my eyes, on men like these
Who think the only way to please
Is to be clothed with greatest care;
Look not upon their "parted" hair;
Nor those whose soft "white hands" are hid
By Alexandre's smoothest kid;
Nor those who kerchiefs white reveal,
Whence "Airs of Heaven" faintly steal;
Whose waking hours divided are
Between a pipe and choice cigar;
Whose trembling pen narrates the tale
Of untold horrors found in ale;
While none can judge so well as they
Of "The Last (negro) Minstrel's Lay!"
And thou, my heart, be not so weak
As to believe the words they speak,
Who fondly dream that only he,
Admired and esteemed can be,
Who flatters best, most readily.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK. *Sabbath, July 14th*, 3 1-4 o'clock, P. M., Baccalaureate Discourse, by President SMITH.

Monday, July 15th, 8 o'clock, P. M., Prize Speaking.

Tuesday, July 16th, 3 o'clock, P. M., Class Day Exercises. 8 o'clock, P. M., Address before the Theological Society, by Rev. ALONZO H. QUINT, D. D.

Wednesday, July 17th, 10 1-2 o'clock, A. M., Address before the Alumni, by Hon. JAMES W. PATTERSON. 2 1-2 o'clock, P. M., Anniversary of the United Literary Societies. Address by THEODORE TILTON, Esq. Poem by W. A. C. CONVERSE, Esq. 4 1-4 o'clock, P. M., Gymnastic Exhibition by the students, under the direction of Prof. Welch. 8 o'clock, P. M., Concert by the Boston Germania Band.

Thursday, July 18th, 8 o'clock, A. M., Meeting of the Alumni in the Chapel. 10 o'clock, A. M., Commencement Exercises.

EXCHANGES RECEIVED. *The Yale Courant; The Advocate; The Yale Literary Magazine; The Vidette; The Kentucky Military Institute Magazine; The Hamilton Campus; The Mirror and Farmer; The American Traveler; The Miami Student; The Indiana Student; The Asbury Review; The University Chronicle; The American Educational Monthly; and The Michigan University Magazine.*

The last mentioned is No. I., Vol. I., of its issue, and bids fair to stand number one among our college exchanges. It is published and edited by members of the Senior Class, selected by the undergraduates. Ten numbers will be issued during each college year; terms \$2.00 per annum in advance.

The *Kentucky Military Institute Magazine* thinks "*The Dartmouth* for May is filled with heavy pieces, not very attractive for the perusal of wild college boys, we shouldn't think." Come now! Messrs. Editors! a little more economy in the use of negatives.

NEW PICTURES. Two portraits have lately been added, by special request, to the College Gallery. One is of the Rev. NATHANIEL WHITAKER, who was intimately associated with President Wheelock in laying the foundation of the College. He went to England with the Indian Preacher, Sampson Occum, for the purpose of procuring funds. The picture, an old but excellent one, was forwarded by Col. J. S. Whitaker, a grandson of the venerated subject, with consent of the other surviving descendants.

The other portrait is of an eminent living alumnus, of the class of 1807, Gen. SYLVANUS THAYER, now residing in South Braintree, Mass. Gen. Thayer is extensively known and honored as having been, for a long time, the able and efficient head of the Military Academy at West Point. That Institution is greatly indebted to him for the high position it has attained. Some of the most prominent characters in the late war, on the side both of the Rebellion and the Union, were pupils of his. The portrait represents him as he was in his prime, and is esteemed a good likeness.

BASE BALL.—**THE GAME WITH AMHERST.** In reply to an invitation received from the Nicaean Club of Amherst College, the Dartmouth nine left Hanover on the 10th inst., for the purpose of playing a friendly game. It will be remembered by many that Dartmouth was badly defeated in the contest last year—the score standing forty to ten at the close of the fifth inning—and our nine decided to accept the invitation, not with any expectation of winning, but rather in the hope of improving their score. The party, numbering about twenty-five in all, reached Amherst at five o'clock, P. M., where they were cordially greeted by a delegation from the College, and conducted to the Amherst House. The game commenced at ten o'clock, A. M., the following day with Dartmouth at the bat, and lasted nearly five hours. The pitching and catching of the Nicaeans was excellent, in striking contrast with their fielding. Their batting was also very good, but as Greene Ketcham and Wilson caught flies with considerable facility, it proved a losing game. Edgell's playing was very fine, though he has been on the nine but a short time. The Nicaeans were unfortunate in having two new men on their nine. We append the score :

Dartmouth.	H.	L.	R.	Amherst.	H.	L.	R.
Ladd, p.	3	4		Lancaster, p.		4	2
Thompson, c.	4	3		Kellogg, c.		1	4
Mosher, 2 b.	1	5		Terry, 1 b.		3	3
Greene, 1. f.	5	2		Coburn, 2. b.		4	2
Ketcham, r. f.	5	2		Smith, 3 b.		1	5
Edgell, s. s.	2	5		Seymour, s. s.		2	4
Morse, 1 b.	3	2		McNeill, 1. f.		2	4
Wilson, c. f.	2	4		Felch, c. f.		5	0
Smith, 3 b.	2	3		Ward, r. f.		5	0
	27	30				27	24

Innings.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Dartmouth,	1	3	8	2	2	3	3	4	4—30
Amherst,	6	5	1	2	0	2	0	4	4—24

Fly catches, Amherst 8. Dartmouth 16.

Umpire, D. B. Gillett of Lowell B. B. C., Boston. Scorers, Dartmouth, John N. Irwin; Amherst, Dan S. Smart.

CORRIGENDUM. Page 200, line 14, for "Ezekiel J. M. Hale," read Albert Carrington.

Memoranda Alumnorum.

When our last No. was in press we learned with deep sorrow of the death of George Moore, class of '66, at Cincinnati, O. Mr. Moore, after graduation, had been teaching at Marietta, O., until March 21st. On April 27th while visiting his class-mate Chase, he was attacked with inflammation of the lungs, which terminated fatally on the 5th of May. The remains were in-

terred at Peterboro', N. H.—his home—on May 12th. Moore will long be remembered by all who knew him at Dartmouth, for zeal in all good works, spotless integrity, kindliness of disposition, and above all for the strictest consistency of conduct and regular attendance upon every religious exercise, by which he bore testimony to the sincerity of his belief in the creed which he professed.

Benj. F. Hayes, class of '59, is practicing Law in Medford, Mass.

C. F. Bailey, class of '59, was an officer in the rebel Army, and was killed at the battle of Chicamauga, in Sept., 1863.

O. C. Wight, class of '42, has been a successful teacher for the past ten years as Principal of the Rittenhouse Academy, Washington, D. C.

A. W. Tenney, class of '59, is practicing Law in New York City.

J. R. Hayward, class of '59, recently made himself notorious at Richmond, Va., during the time Jefferson Davis was in that city, when released under bail, by making incendiary speeches to the colored population, for which he was arrested and put under bonds of \$2000 to keep the peace.

Isaac N. Hobbs, class of '59, was an officer in the army for four years and is now a clerk in the Treasury Department, Washington, D. C.

Josiah H. Hobbs, class of '59, is a clerk in the Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C.

Daniel W. Peabody, class of '59, is Attorney at Law, Nashville, Tenn.

Henry A. Blood, class of '57, is engaged in the Internal Revenue Bureau, Washington, D. C.

Thomas A. Cushing, class of '59, is chief of the division for the settling of frauds, in the Internal Revenue Bureau, Washington, D. C.

Samuel R. Bond, class of '56, is engaged in the claim and pension business, Washington, D. C.

Dr. N. S. Lincoln, class of '50, is a Physician at Washington, D. C.

Hon. Amos Kendall, class of 1811, now a resident of Washington, D. C., who was a member of President Jackson's Cabinet, as Post Master General, is now travelling in Asia Minor and the Holy Land.

Joseph V. Chase, class of '61, is engaged in the stock raising and cattle business at Macomb, Ill.

Geo. W. Cate, class of '61, is Attorney at Law, Amesbury, Mass.

Henry J. Crippen, class of '61, is engaged in the State Treasurer's office, Concord, N. H.

Wm. R. Patten, class of '61, is Attorney at Law, Manchester, N. H., and Assistant Clerk, N. H. House of Representatives.

Galen Leaman, class of '61, is Attorney at Law in Milwaukee, Wis.

Ferguson Haines, class of '60, was recently chosen Mayor of the City of Biddeford, Me.

John R. Eastman, class of '62, (Chandler Department,) is Professor of Mathematics in the U. S. National Observatory, at Washington, D. C., with rank and pay of Lieut., Commander U. S. Navy.

Randall H. White, class of '62, is Attorney at Law, Little Rock, Ark.

Leander M. Haskins, class of '62, (Chandler Department,) is engaged in the Navy Department, Washington, D. C.

David E. Boutelle, class of '62, is engaged in teaching, in Unionville, Conn.

George B. Patch, class of '62, is connected with the Treasury Department, Washington, D. C.

Jay R. Pember, class of '62, is a Phonographic Reporter, Boston, Mass.

John C. Dore, class of '47, is President of the "Chicago Board of Trade."

John W. Allard, class of '54, is Principal of High School, at Farmington, Mass.

Gardner C. Pierce, class of '63, is practicing medicine in Ashland, Mass.

J. H. Albin, class of '64, is in the Law office of Judge Ira A. Eastman, at Concord, N. H.

E. F. Ambrose, class of '64, is a salesman in the Publishing House of S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago, Ill.

Solon Bancroft, class of '64, is practicing Law in Boston, Mass.

W. S. Burnham, class of '64, is in the House of Nichols & Ainsworth, Boston, Mass.

W. W. Freeman, class of '64, is practicing Law at St. Louis, Mo.

D. C. Greene, class of '64, is a student in the Theological Seminary at Chicago, Ill.

S. G. Hobbs, class of '64, received the commission of Assistant Paymaster in the U. S. Navy on the 22d of Feb., 1867.

E. W. Howe, class of '64, is book keeper at the "Howe Machine Co.," Bridgeport, Ct.

E. F. Johnson, class of '64, is practicing Law at Hudson, Mass.

Hosea Kingman, class of '64, is practicing Law at Bridgewater, Mass.

Geo. B. Nichols, class of '64, is a Commission Merchant in Chicago, Ill.

John C. Webster, class of '64, took his degree of M. D., at Harvard Medical School, Boston, Mass., March 13, 1867, and is practicing in Chicago, Ill.

B. H. Weston, class of '64, is Principal of the Academic Department in Wheaton College, Wheaton, Ill.

D. R. Nutter, class of '65, has been recently admitted to the New York Bar.

Hon. Benj. F. Flanders, class of '42, has been recently appointed Gov. of La., by Gen. Sheridan. "He studied law and settled in New Orleans where he taught school, subsequently became editor of the *Tropic* newspaper, served as a member of the city government, was superintendent of a public school and railroad company, and in 1862, under the new order of things, he was elected a Representative from La. to the 37th Congress."

Jacob McGaw, class of '97, died at Bangor, Me., on the 12th of May, last aged 88. He had long been the acknowledged head of the Penobscot County Bar ; since Jan. 1830, its President.

Edward Cowles, M. D. class of '59, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A., is Chief Medical Officer of the Military District of the Rio Grande, and stationed at Brownsville, Texas.

Charles W. Prentice, class of '32, has removed to Cleveland, O., and entered upon the practice of the Law.

Among sixteen of our Alumni, now pursuing their studies at Andover Theological Seminary, the following have not been mentioned :

George H. Ide, class of '65 ; C. A. Towle, class of '64 ; Cyrus Richardson, class of '64 ; Henry Marden, class of '62 ; Albert Bowers, class of '63 ; George H. French, class of '63 ; Charles H. Hubbard, class of '65.

G. A. M. Rowe, class of '64, is at Harvard Medical School, Boston, Mass
Charles H. Chapin, class of '50, is Attorney at Law, St. Louis, Mo.

Marshall Brown, class of '61, (Scientific Department,) is studying medicine in Paris.

J. P. Humphrey, class of '39, is settled in Winchester, N. H.

Chester W. Merrill, class of '66, is Assistant in the New Ipswich Academy.

Addison H. Foster, class of '63, is practicing medicine in Lawrence, Mass.

Hepworth Dixon's recent book, "The New America," contains an extended biographical history of John Humphrey Noyes, class of '30, the founder and head of the prosperous community styled "Perfectionists," at Oneida Creek, N. Y.

Additional list of deaths of Dartmouth graduates occurring since the last Triennial of 1864, with some others not then known and placed on record, furnished by the Rev. Dr. Chapman :

1797, Hon. Jacob M'Gaw, May 12, 1867, 88, Bangor, Me.

1799, William Stark, — —, 1808, 33, near Plattsburg, N. Y.

1803, Rev. John Keyes, January 21, 1867, 89, Dover, Ohio.

1804, Otis Hutchins, Oct. 6, 1866, 85, Westmoreland, N. H.

1819, Hon. John Aiken, Feb. 10, 1867, 70, Andover, Ms.

1823, Dr. Charles Gustavus Green, Dec. 21, 1866, 63, Gordonsville, Va.

1827, William Parker, May —, 1865, 62, Winchester, Ill.

1832, Rev. William Henry Lord, — —, 1866, 53, Washington, D. C.

1833, Ephraim Eaton, March 3, 1863, 54, Troy, N. Y.

1840, Rev. Elihu Thayer Rowe, March —, 1867, 43, Auburndale, Mass.

1840, Hon. William Ballard Smith, Oct. 3, 1866, 55, Terre Haute, Ind.

1841, Dr. Hannibal Porter, Aug. —, 1864, 64, Rutland, Vt.

1848, Charles Gilman Cheney, Nov. 13, 1862, Peterborough, N. H.

1852, Albert Gallatin Burke, — —, 1866, 38, Minneapolis, Min.

1852, George Addison Hunt, March 24, 1867, 39, Quincy, Ill.

1857, Daniel Avery Crosby, Dec. 5, 1866, 30, Manchester, N. H.

Dr. C., at Newburyport, Ms., would be glad to have the above blanks filled up by those who know, also the full items of death in these reported cases, viz : 1808, Rev. John Walker, 1810, Moses Merrill, 1845, Henry Snow Bartlett, 1856, John Alvin Putney.

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EDITORS.--SUMMER TERM, 1867.

CHARLES F. KING,

ALFRED A. THOMAS,

JAMES R. WILLARD.

Horace and his Works.

No. 2.

Horace ridicules the absurdities, fopperies, and affectations of his times with exquisite skill and tact. He was, by no means, indifferent to the morals of his age. His satires and epistles abound in useful maxims. Their moral tone is higher than that of the odes. The influence of these satirical essays must have been highly salutary in that age of fashion, caprice and frivolity. The style of his satiric compositions is easy, flowing and sometimes unpolished. His verses are far less harmonious and faultless than the elaborate hexameters of Virgil; still, considering the subjects treated of, this graceful negligence charms us more than the epic dignity and grandeur of the *Æneid*. Pope says of him :

"Horace still charms with graceful negligence,
And without method, talks us into sense;
Will, like a friend, familiarly convey
The truest notions in the easiest way.

* * * * *

He who, supreme in judgment as in wit,
Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ;
Yet judged with boldness, though he sang with fire,
His precepts teach but what his works inspire."

"Folly," says Dryden, "was the proper quarry of Horace, and

not vice; and as there are but few notoriously wicked men, in comparison with a shoal of fools and fops, so it is a harder thing to make a man wise than to make him honest; for the will is only to be reclaimed in the one, but the understanding is to be informed in the other."

But of all the works of Horace his criticism is the most valuable. There is but one satire which is entirely critical, which is the 10th of the 1st book, in which Horace maintains an opinion which he had formerly pronounced concerning the satires of Lucilius, one of his predecessors in this species of composition. His first opinion gave offence to the admirers of that poet, and he goes into an elaborate defence of his opinion.

The epistles of the 2d book are almost wholly critical. The first, consisting of 270 lines, is addressed to Augustus. It is a labored vindication of the poets of his own age. It was then popular at Rome to admire the earlier poets to the disparagement of contemporaries. The Emperor was supposed to incline also to the popular side, in this matter. By the most delicate and courtly adulation he attempts to gain the monarch to his own views. In the course of the discussion he gives a sketch of Latin poetry from its rude commencement, in the earlier superstitions of his nation to his own times, and concludes by applauding Augustus for the patronage he had bestowed on living poets, and solicits an increase of his favor for the benefit of the art. The 2d epistle of the 2d book is also critical in part. He ridicules the vanity and affectation of contemporary poets, and intermingles many valuable rules for the composition of genuine poetry.

The "Ars Poetica" is regarded by some as the 3d epistle of this book. This is addressed to the Pisos, and is wholly devoted to criticism. What the author's design in the composition was, has been much disputed. Some regard it as a complete system of rules for poetic composition; others suppose that it contains only fragments of a system which he designed to complete at some future time. Others refer it entirely to the history, progress and actual condition of the Roman drama. Hurd adopts this notion, and he pronounces the "Ars Poetica," "the best and most exquisite of all the writings of Horace." He further observes, "the learned have long considered it as a kind of summary of the rules of good writing, to be gotten by heart by every young student, and to whose decisive authority the greatest mas-

ters in taste and composition must finally submit." It may be safely asserted that no author extant has been quoted so often in matters of taste and criticism as Horace. No ancient author is more generally read and admired. His influence is probably as great today, as it ever has been from the first recital of his critical essays to the present hour. He has been imitated and copied oftener than any other ancient writer. The great charm of his satires and familiar epistles is common-sense. He judged accurately of human nature, and his precepts are suited to every age. In his critical epistles, he collects all that was known and acknowledged as authoritative in his own times. We do not suppose that he originated the excellent rules he has given us, but many of them are derived from Aristotle and other eminent authors who preceded Horace. But he has given them in a brief epigrammatic form, convenient for the memory, and well as easy of application. At the same time they are pointed, terse and often witty. Some have thought him destitute of enthusiasm; too cold and formal in his criticisms. He undoubtedly loved correctness of style and regularity of plan and execution, more than enthusiasm and poetic fire. He speaks of his contemporaries with apparent pity and of his predecessors with contempt. He does not seem to allow them full credit for their real excellences. Notwithstanding his apparent want of sympathy with genius, the sterling good sense of his poetic rules will ever commend him to the man of taste and critical acumen.

His odes are chiefly valuable for their beauties of style. No author is more happy and delicate in the use of words. There is a propriety and fitness in the use of every phrase and sentence, which has never yet been successfully copied. He deserves to be studied as a model. No one can become familiar with his beauties of thought and expression without improving his own style of writing. The estimation in which this author has been held, since the revival of learning may be inferred from the frequent and numerous editions of his works. "More than 600 editions have appeared since the invention of printing." Dr. Parr says: "The writings of Horace are familiar to us from our earliest boyhood. They carry with them attractions which are felt in every period of life and almost every rank in society. They charm alike by the harmony of the numbers, and the purity of the diction. They exhilarate the gay and interest the serious, according to the different kinds of subjects upon which the poet is employed.

* * * They please without the glare of ornament, and

they instruct without the formality of precept. They contain elegance without affectation; grandeur without bombast; satire without buffoonery, and philosophy without jargon."

At the Gate.--A Picture.

Paint the foreground bright and sunny,
But upon the fir-crowned hill,
Rising in the gloomy distance,
Shadows deep and still.

Up above light clouds are floating
In the depths of liquid blue:
One might almost idly fancy
Heaven was shining through.

At the left an humble cottage,
And by every open door,
With their wealth of rare, sweet perfume,
Roses climbing o'er.

Leaning on the gate a maiden,
With dark, loving, earnest eyes,
Gazing ever straight before her,
Where the sunshine lies.

Round about her lips hath stolen
Unawares a happy smile;
And her eyes are full and tender,
Dreaming all the while.

Nothing else; save that she holdeth
Fondly in her hand a ring,
With its single stone, that flashes
Like a living thing.

He hath left it as a token
That he loves, has loved for years:
Eyes are smiling—when he told her
They were filled with tears.

Naught to her the ruddy sunlight,
Blushing rose or creeping vine;
Leaning on the gate she wanders
In a world divine.

Sir E. Bulwer Lytton.

The preface to a book often seriously impairs its influence; for it may treat of the subject more clearly than the work itself. An explanation or an apology is often worse than nothing, especially if there is anticipation. For this reason some advise a reservation of the preface until the close of the work. Some authors, eminently instructive and elegant in their style, have yet failed in their prefaces; and, as no modern work seems to be complete without such an appendage, we would advise an imitation of Cicero: "Id evenit ob eam rem, quod habeo volumen præmiorum; ex eo eligere soleo, quum aliquod *οὐκ ὀρθοῦμα* instituti."—*Lit. ad Att.*

Bulwer has been peculiarly unfortunate in this regard. The perusal of the preface to *The Last of the Barons* must convince that he has used words of equivocal meaning, or of private interpretation. Classifying the poet, as the painter, he places him in the Familiar, the Picturesque, or the Intellectual School. Most of his readers will understand the peculiarities of the first two; but the third School is more difficult to comprehend. Many consider that *Tragic* should be a synonym for *Intellectual* in this connection; not tragic as bloody and criminal, but as serious, compassionate and instructive. But are poetry and painting mutually comparable? Ruskin's definition of the Picturesque hardly concedes the affirmative; and scarcely more is gained by the affirmation of Schlegel that, "Painting is an art of the soul." Nor can we with Bulwer attempt in poetry to criticise "harmony of construction, fulness of design or ideal character." The vague use of these terms becomes obvious upon analysis. What is ideal character? Disclaiming "The Practicability of the Ideal" we conclude that, since the fall, perfection in man is impossible, supernatural, unattainable. Now, while Dickens exposes the faults and foibles of his characters, while Hugo paints the dark picture of misery and despair through the curse on mankind, our author clothes his heroes with an individuality too perfect to be true, too good to be enjoyed, for as the bad genii of the Arabian Nights claim our attention and fix their acts in our memory; so the evil things of the world, the strong contrasts of our inmost souls, the objectivities as such, force

themselves upon us and are easily remembered; while perfection, including the True and the Good, in itself subjective, must be forgotten. These perfect characters of Bulwer too frequently meet in the most singular manner after a long separation; or else there is a series of occurrences, a belief in which would not be at all plausible. We cannot educate ourselves to believe that Achilles may be wounded in the heel at every blow, while he is invulnerable elsewhere. Such perfection of character, such fortuity of events exist to the greatest degree in Bulwer's *Lucretia*, and *Night and Morning*. We can indeed, appreciate the loveliness of such a character as Alice Bridgenorth in *Peveril of the Peak*, because we may have met with something akin to it in our experience; But who believes in the existence of that Helen whom our author depicts, "endowed with a spiritual sensibility, an essence of divinity shrined or shrouded in herself, which gave her more intimate and vital union with all the influences of the Universe, a companion to her loneliness, an angel hymning low to her own listening soul." The third element, an occasional vulgarism, now renders complete the criticism of what is more clearly objectionable in Bulwer's style.

There is a class of novels, the historical value of which is immense. The perusal of Kingsley's *Hypatia* gives a new interest to the preceding centuries of Alexandrian Christianity and Literature under Athanasius, Origen and Clement. The *Orlando Innamorato* of Boiardo reveals new charms to the age of Charlemagne through the exploits of Roland and Rinaldo. And the most complete introduction to Roman life and antiquity is through Bulwer's *Last Days of Pompeii*. In this work the three Unities are followed out remarkably well; but there is a feeling of gloom pervading the whole which belongs more especially to his *Zanoni*. 'The *Last of the Barons*' shows its superiority by revealing more thought than any other of his prose writings; and we should scarce expect from its author such a crude mixture as *The Lost Tales of Miletus*. Of these Tales, *Death and Sisypheus* is perhaps the most interesting. But the very idea of making Death, in a personal form, intoxicated, and finally defrauding him of his lawful prey, is too absurd to meet with general approbation.

Passing by *The Caxtons*, *Pelham* and *My Novel*, we shall briefly consider two or three Dramas as affording examples of Bulwer's style within a moderate compass. In *Money* we recognize the spirit of *Ti-*

mon of Athens. But while Timon simulates poverty and laments the desertion of those who were friends to his prosperity, Evylin, the chief character in *Money*, pursues a different course. Though in the depths of poverty he offers himself to his cousin Clara, also in humble circumstances, whose rejection of him was not that she could not share his poverty, but that the hard struggle would be entirely his own. Nor could she think otherwise even when Evylin had become affluent through the legacy of a relative. His employer, grown more respectful, now seeks the alliance of Evylin with his daughter, Georgiana, to whom he had hoped the legacy would be left. Determined to test her love, Evylin, as Timon, pretends to bankruptcy; from which relief could be given by a moderate sum, such as the endowment of Georgiana. But with his riches departed also her heart and hand. The assistance, apparently so much needed, is rendered by Clara herself, who had long since been well endowed by Evylin while she remained in entire ignorance of her benefactor. The true friend is found, and a deeper, surer love succeeds to the temporary reverses of misfortune. The charm of this play lies in its truth to human nature. The same evil result of an undue attachment to wealth and power is shown in Timon; the same seeming desire for the irreparable which finds its sad reality in Wolsey and Richard II. But while Timon is general, theoretical, and even misanthropic, Evylin is individual, practical, philanthropic. To attain the same result they start from different points; thus bringing them alike to prosperity and a full enjoyment of those who were truly friends. Considered as endeavoring to prove the insincerity of an attachment founded merely on wealth or power, Timon has reasoned *a posteriori*, Evylin *a priori*; the tactics have been changed in each instance, and both have arrived at the same conclusion.

The elements of love and pride, so powerful, so antagonistic, are fully set forth in *The Lady of Lyons*. The rejected suitors of the Lady Pauline, in their exasperation, agree to support the pretensions of an humble artist to the nobility. The artist had long and dearly loved the lady, but had been spurned with contempt from her door. He describes his marble palace among the Alpine hills, and then charges her with loving the *prince* and not the *man*. She indignantly denies the charge, and thus Claude Melnotte wins her. After the ceremony they repair to his mother's cottage, where the terrible truth

becomes known, to her great dismay, and to the exultation of the rejected suitors. Melnotte, from the betrayer, changes to the avenger. Renunciation is Pauline's first thought—devotion her second. But Claude will not accept the position without a right to it. He joins the army and is apparently lost. The great charm of this play lies in the catastrophe. Pauline long remains firmly established in her love. But at length her father becomes bankrupt. Relief can be had only through one of the rejected suitors, who demands her hand in return for the ransom. The papers which shall deliver Pauline to the suitor, and give relief to her father, are all completed save her own signature, when, by one of Bulwer's happy coincidences, the celebrated Colonel Morier is introduced as a friend of Claude. Pauline makes anxious inquiries, and sends word that her father's situation alone could induce her to act thus. She steps forward to sign. The strange Colonel seizes the papers, destroys them, and lays the full price upon the table. He reveals himself the long lost, the honor-crowned Claude. The author has here undertaken a difficult task and has accomplished it well. Pauline manifested the existence of a character which, though temporarily biased by pride and prejudice, yet truly learned to love what she before despised. Such impositions as that of Melnotte, however, leave the mind of the reader in an unsettled state. There is a certain feeling of misplaced confidence which no description of a love however pure, of an affection however devoted, can efface.

How shall we describe *Richelieu*? The truth of its apothegms, the wisdom of its maxims, the consistency of its characters far transcend our capacity to appreciate, our ability to describe. We shall not, therefore, excite the curiosity or awaken the prejudice of those who have never perused it; nor shall we by our poor words insult those who have been so fortunate as to have seen its beauties for themselves. A volume might be written upon every page. How comforting to the despondent youth the words of Richelieu himself:

“Fail! Fail?”

In the lexicon of youth, which Fate reserves
For a bright manhood, there is no such word
As *fail*!”

But we must hasten to a conclusion. Within the limits of a brief article no justice can be done to the greatest of living novelists. Dick-

ens, with his unsurpassed delineations, especially of female character, is yet too verbose. Hugo, notwithstanding his attempts to reform society, is yet too cynical, to distrustful of human nature in its highest development. Bulwer has his faults, as we have seen; but with these faults are connected such qualities as deservedly render him the most popular author in Europe. The well balanced mind, the versatility of genius, the clear intellect, the quick comprehension, recall at times the "myriad-minded" Shakspeare. His high moral tone, his stability of character, his well conceived contrasts of hope and fear, of joy and distress, of love and hate, render him our *beau ideal*, our model novelist. We leave Bulwer with regret; nor can we more fitly pay tribute to his worth than by repeating those lines so characteristic of him, so like the nature-loving Gœthe :

"Rapt to the Beautiful thy soul must be,
And not the Beautiful debased by thee."

Chapel Speeches.

Most heartily "agreeing with the sentiments of the gentleman last up," on the subject of chapel speeches, and thinking that possibly a great benefit might be conferred upon those of our fellow-students who weekly enjoy these highly intellectual feasts, the spirit has moved us to promulgate a few practical hints and directions, a close adherence to which will inevitably secure a complete success.

Firstly. Select, if possible, a theme that shall not "cramp your genius," a subject that shall bear upon its face no particular limits or boundaries; that shall mean nothing in particular to yourself, and shall convey no idea at all to anybody else; one that shall excite no curiosity or raise for a moment the question: "What *can* he have to say about that?" but rather a subject, the very announcement of which, shall diffuse a pleasant calm over your hearers, a feeling that by no possibility can anything be said that has not been much *better* said before. This will remove all necessity of applause or other noisy demonstration.

Secondly. At least one third of your oration should be made up from the last number of the Atlantic, English Reviews, books of ref-

erence—particularly favoring the Encyclopedia—and such newspapers as may be found in the Reading Room. This is always expected and it would even be allowable to take little odds and ends, in the way of extracts from leaders, &c., from your waistcoat pocket. (This at least excites some curiosity as to how you will get them all back again, or, whether possibly, you may not drop one or two of them.) Moreover, what can be more cheering than to hear as a preliminary, “as a writer has ably said in the Atlantic,” or, “as Emerson well remarks,” being quite confident that you have read these pithy remarks and sayings at least twenty times before.

Thirdly. If possible divide your disquisition into as many as *fifteen* chief divisions, with such “subdivisions” and “observations” as may occur to you. This will procure attention in an eminent degree, if for no other reason at least to note how nearly you may have reached the conclusion. Imagine the feelings of two hundred students who have traced the victorious speaker as far as his “fourteenthly”!!

Fourthly. Do not *thoroughly* commit your piece. The reasons for this are obvious. If you pause and mutter, and are evidently at a loss, the sympathy, not to say ridicule, of the audience is aroused; by a single act you have gained an attention that would not have been secured had your speech flowed as uninterruptedly as a stream. At times repeat a word or two as if forgetful of what came next; it will afford food for curiosity as to whether you really *have* forgotten.

Fifthly. Do not excite your hearers by a too frequent changing of the voice; a monotonous, level tone is desirable, which if secured is lulling and soothing to the last degree. Avoid by all means what is called “expression,” as it shows that you feel an interest in what you are saying, which in a piece of your own composition is highly conceited and unbecoming.

Sixthly. Use as many gestures as the sentences will allow. If this accomplishes nothing else it will at least show that you are quite at your ease, and have command over your hands. Be not particular as to the propriety of these gesticulations. An upward motion of the palms denotes devotion, majesty etc.; hands thrown fiercely forwards show plainly bold assertion; at the sides expressing vastness, littleness, specification, and generality. Use all indiscriminately.

Seventhly. If you have made any statement no matter how unimportant, repeat it at least three times. There is nothing like hearing

the same thing said over and over, your audience are not so likely to forget it. This course should always be pursued with the fifteen premises that you lay down in the beginning, as it affords time for those who wish to take notes of your speech.

Eighthly. *Prove* everything. Let no illogical statement be suffered to stain the flow of your eloquence. Aye! if necessary, beginning with the deluge, or possibly with the creation of man, and glancing at each successive period, geological and historical, hunt your first proposition until you've cornered it. If the lives of eminent men or women be in question, permit not yourself to give but a bare outline. Start with them in infancy, note their several instructors, their childish sports and trials, carry them to their deaths that you may have "proved by irresistible logic" that upon *this* subject at least you are well read. And, by the way, the decease of a great man properly "worked up," is usually effective, and will possibly draw tears. One touch of pathos will redeem oceans of common-place and stupidity.

Ninthly. Refer constantly to the "Pages of History," and be sure to introduce at least once—the oftener the better—some touching allusion to "Greece and Rome." Your hearers always welcome as landmarks those famous places of antiquity. They know beforehand exactly what will be said; you will not surprise them if you speak of their sudden downfall; much less if you dwell upon their heroes or orators, or even their constitutions and the gradual corruption of the ancient inhabitants. After having used up "Greece and Rome"—always remembering to mention "Leonidas and his three hundred," which is sure to "bring down the house," and indeed a casual glance at Marathon" and "Miltiades," will not be taken amiss, while if you can introduce "the Spartan boy and the fox," "the Spartan women and the shields," your success is certain. You may venture a few observations upon Egypt, with pathetic allusions to the "pyramids" and the "alligators." Hints upon this point might be given *ad infinitum*, but the tact and judgment of each speaker will doubtless select proper themes; only don't forget "Greece and Rome!"

Tenthly. A fling at England, our Mother Country, is usually expected during the course of a chapel speech. If you are a humorist, anecdotes may be ventured upon; but if not, possibly you had better confine yourself to the didactic style. However, nothing "takes" better than utterly annihilating John Bull.

Eleventhly. As often as possible use according to fancy, one of the following phrases; "in conclusion," or "lastly," or "in closing," or "time fails," or any of the innumerable artifices that serve as baits to revive failing attention. They keep your audience quite excited awaiting that greatest of all blessings—the end. There is something fascinating in the idea of two or three hundred students leaning forward breathlessly to catch your slightest word; and as one of the above phrases creeps out, snatching their hats convulsively, and smiling at the very thought of a speedy release. Then it is curious to watch how the smile dies, and the hat finds its place on the seat as you go on to "remark." Again their courage is revived, with consummate skill you have let fall "finally," or "in conclusion;" there is a gathering of books and umbrellas, they begin to think that it was "a pretty good speech after all, only rather long," &c. The effect is marvellous, in short there is nothing like it.

Twelfthly. There is but one fitting conclusion to a chapel speech, but one that is sure to win applause. Attempts at wit may be misunderstood, the point of your choicest sarcasm may be lost, but the faintest hint of "Our Country" will be greeted with positive enthusiasm. Approach it with slow and stately movement. Summon to your aid all the nations of the earth, and descend at last upon "America, the noblest land upon which the sun ever shone!" Dwell at some length upon "our *whole* country;" "rocky New England;" the "western prairies," and the "sunny south." In connection with the latter, the "friend and brother" may be spoken of, whose chains will do you good service. Say that they have been torn "father from child, husband from wife," and the effect will be startling and instantaneous.

After having mentioned America's early inhabitants, any allusion to the "poor Indian" is always effective; having touched lightly upon all the lives of all the presidents, pause as you approach that of the martyr, Lincoln. You can say nothing new, but it will give you a chance to introduce the "late, bloody Rebellion," where "America's sons threw themselves upon the altar of their country," and "blood flowed like wine." If properly managed this will secure tempests of applause. A few words about the battle-field will prepare the way for "the Stripes and Stars," which "shall proudly float on every breeze."

And the speech may be gracefully concluded by an address to the

"Bird," usually understood to be the Eagle. This will afford ample opportunity for eloquence.

Having followed the above directions your chapel speech will have been pronounced a success.

ADAM.

Tennyson.

In 1831 a small volume of poems was published in England by a young man wholly unknown to fame—but one who was destined in due time to be the first poet of the age. A few genial hearts, ever ready to encourage merit, read them with delight, on account partly of inherent merit, and partly as indicating genius and future greatness. Most of the magazines and reviews, however, were very chary of commendation; some of them criticising the book with little mercy. Blackwood in particular, by the hand of its presiding genius, Christopher North, "damned it with faint praise." A second volume was soon issued, in which the author paid his compliments in no very friendly terms to "rusty, musty, fusty, crusty Christopher." This young poet whose name is now so familiar was Alfred Tennyson. He is the son of a clergyman; was born in Lincolnshire in 1810; graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge. Very little is known of him personally. He lives at present, I believe, at Farringford in the Isle of Wight, in a very beautiful house; is of a retiring, reflective disposition; and beyond a small circle of private friends is seldom seen. He is another example of that unpopularity and non-appreciation which are frequently attached, for a time, to authors whose fame in after years is trumpeted on every tongue. It seems that the inhabitants of Stratford-on-Avon were wont for a season, at least, to look upon the "great protagonist on the arena of modern poetry, and the glory of the human intellect," (as De Quincey styles Shakspeare,) only as a third-rate play actor, and an enemy to Sir Thomas Lucy's deer, instead of a consummate dramatist and poet, whose fame would rival that of Homer. Wordsworth, who for a time was almost denied the title of poet, and the very suggestion of whose name was enough to make reviews writhe and critics scowl, now by general consent stands

in the very first rank of that list of poets who are next in honor to Chaucer, Shakspeare and Spenser. So too, when the grandest epic ever conceived by mortal brain was considered of so little worth that only five pounds sterling were offered for it, a poet in these days need not be alarmed if he does not wake some morning, as Byron says he did, and find himself famous.

Tennyson has been almost as much of a puzzle for critics as were some of the famous Lake School of Poets. One writer, for example in the *North British Review*, thinks he has written not only the best, but the only blank verse, save Milton. Another writer in the *London Quarterly* says, that *Paradise Lost*, the *Excursion* and *In Memoriam* are the three great poems in our language. The *London Quarterly* thinks he lacks dignity and refinement, is mystical and careless in imagery and diction. But whatever the critics say they never deny his originality. Tennyson is no servile imitator. He, with whatever faults, combines, in our opinion, the excellences of many poets, but retains his own stern individuality. He has the poetic subtlety of Shelley, the calm reflective philosophy, and musical rhythm and fine diction of Coleridge, and the sweetness and winning beauty of expression so characteristic of Chaucer's matchless verse. In speaking of Tennyson as a poet we would notice first his style, secondly his connection with the age, and thirdly two or three of his principle poems. If the poets of the last century could be divided,—as we think they might—into the Sensitive, the Reflective and the Passionate, Tennyson, we would say, is a combination of all three. Byron would be an example of the Passionate, Wordsworth of the Reflective and Shelley of the Sensitive.

The very first thing, however, to be said of Tennyson's style is that it is remarkably diverse. He excels alike in the descriptive, the pathetic, the enthusiastic, the metaphysical speculative, and dramatic. We are not acquainted with any poet of modern times who has such wonderful versatility in this respect, who can so admirably adapt himself to the subject, and the circumstances. One may turn over the first two hundred pages of the Farringford edition, and he will find an entirely different style of verse on almost every other page. And you can scarcely tell in what style he is superior. Whether humming in boyish tones of "Airy, fairy Lillian," mourning in tearful strains of "Mariana of the moated grange," recounting the vivid recollections of the *Arabian Nights*, or singing of the Miller's fair daugh-

ter and her "long green box of mignonette," whether telling in soft and gentle cadence the touching story of the little May Queen and her premature grave, "just behind the hawthorn shade," or chanting in Locksley Hall so mournfully of Amy, the "shallow-hearted," he is everywhere the same matchless versifier, winding his way into the heart like the melody of some secret song of the days gone by.

There is one peculiarity which hardly any reader of Tennyson can fail to observe. That is a tone of sadness, of subdued melancholy running through his works. It is seen more conspicuously in such poems as *Mariana*, *The May Queen*, *Locksley Hall*, and *Enoch Arden*. One can hardly read them without emotion. He has written several little ballads or songs, in a very free, unassuming manner, with simple words, yet containing an undertone of sadness, a burden of sorrow, half hidden and half expressed which almost brings tears to the eye. I had gone into a book-store once and was looking over Tennyson's poems in a careless manner, when my eye chanced to fall upon the words, "Break, break, break." I read them through and so vivid was the impression made by them, I have never forgotten them since. And though it is seven years ago and twelve hundred miles from here, I recollect distinctly where I was standing at the time. The closing lines are very beautiful,

"Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O, sea,
But the tender grace of a day that is dead,
Will never come back to me."

Of the same nature are those other simple verses addressed to a brook. Tennyson is also peculiar for a philosophic, meditative style of composition, letting the mind introvert upon itself, analyzing each process of thought and catching every suggestion of the mystical and spiritual elements within. There is wonderful finish and beauty in his expression. Everything is severely sifted and tested by a high standard of poetic taste. He is no careless, off-hand writer, and hence deserves careful and attentive study.

We come now to speak of his connection with the age. Gilfillan says a man is either before the age, behind it, or on a level with it; and cites Milton as the example of a man before the age, Southey behind it and Lord Brougham on a level with it. In our opinion Tennyson is a man preeminently up with the times but not in advance.

His quick, keen perception of moral truth, his love of everything noble and manly eminently qualify him for a leader. He says with as much beauty as truth—

“For I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened by the process of the suns.”

In another place he says—

Howe'er it be it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good ;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.”

He also puts into the mouth of the Princess the words :

“Better not be at all than not be noble.”

Such passages prove that he is not anchored among the ancients, but has a manly sympathy for liberal ideas. These moral qualifications, however, are counterbalanced by reserve and a calm contemplative mood which requires solitude. This is about the only fault which we can find with Tennyson. He is too content with his study, his quiet home and his royal pension ; leaving to others less capable the responsibility of teaching and guiding. We would have him throw aside his kids and his reserve, put on the gauntlets of battle and make the foes of humanity feel his power. We would have him cease for a time the soft notes of the pipe and lute, and give us a good ruddy blast on that bugle horn, which of yore roused the hero of Locksley Hall from his morning reveries. Let him cease, for a time at least, writing those fine love ditties to Claribel, Lilian, and Madeline, and turn his attention to the great questions which are now shaking the world, and on which its destinies hang. The world has been long enough surfeited with fine sentiment and *bon mots* ; it now stands in need of more serious things. Tennyson's sympathies are with the progressive spirit of the age ; let him take his stand on the heights in advance, and beckon the world thither by his inspiring song. We shall be disappointed if he does not yet write something worthy of the times, and justify the hopes which his great talents excite. We come to speak lastly of two or three of his more prominent poems. The Princess called forth a great deal of criticism, some of it very severe

and, as we think, unjust. It was a disappointment at the time, for the poet's friends were looking for some great epic or philosophic poem more worthy the author's abilities. But we think if he had never written anything else, it would be enough to establish his reputation as a poet of commanding genius. There is a beauty, richness and classic finish about it, which no writer since Shelley would have even dared aspire to. It has been called a metrical romance, but it seems more like a good-natured satire on "woman's rights." But "In Memoriam" is the poem on which the author's fame chiefly rests. It has been thought that there are only two others in the language worthy to place beside it—Milton's *Lycidas*, a classical elegy on the death of his friend, and Shelley's *Adonais* on the death of Keats. The occasion of "In Memoriam" was the death of the poet's most intimate friend, Arthur Henry Hallam, son of the great historian. He was about the poet's age, was his associate and classmate in college, and was betrothed to the poet's sister. He died in 1833, in France, at the age of twenty-two. He was a young man of great promise and had already given proofs of great genius. "In Memoriam" is not a cold, formal poem as would seem at first view. It was not published until 1850, nearly twenty years after the death of his friend. Fearing that the charge of affectation might be brought against him he puts the following language into the mouth of an objector :

"Another answers : let him be,
He loves to make parade of pain,
That with his piping he may gain
The praise that comes of constancy."

The poet's reply is :

"Behold ye speak an idle thing,
Ye never knew the sacred dust;
I do but sing because I must,
And pipe but as the linnets sing."

That is the secret of the poem :

"I do but sing because I must."

It is one of the finest tributes to friendship on record. One critic has said that in Milton's *Lycidas* the poet was more solicitous for the

poetry than for anything else, which one can hardly doubt on reading. "In Memoriam" occupied the author's attention more or less for seventeen years. There are many passages in it of rare beauty and grace of expression. It is a poem which requires careful reading on account of its strongly subjective character. As Prof. Henry Reed has said: "The volume must be a sealed book to all who allow themselves to think of poetry as words to be lightly or indolently read; or as a mere effusion of effeminate sentimentalism." It demands not only study, but reflection on the reader's own inmost being. This is one reason why the poem can never be popular with the mass, but it is one of the finest productions in the language, and that it will make part of that literature "which the world will not willingly let die," we think no genuine lover of true poetry can doubt.

Class Day Ode.

BY CHARLES F. ATWOOD, MALDEN, MASS.

AIR.—"*Twenty years ago.*"

The onward course of fleeting time
Has gathered us to-day,
To clasp the hand, and drop the tear
Which Friendship bids us pay.
That Friendship now so doubly dear
To us who felt its glow,
That bound our hearts so firm in one—
Brothers, four years ago.

The days, the months, the rolling years
Have fled so swiftly past,
We scarce can feel, or seem to feel
That this one is the last.
The same old faces greet us now
That once we used to know,
When Dartmouth first a greeting gave—
Brothers, four years ago.

We've fought the fight that honor claimed—
The good race we have run ;
For truth and manhood boldly struck,
And now the goal is won.
Yet still through all our joy and glee
The starting tear will flow :
We're parting now—how different then—
Brothers, four years ago.

But now life's battle shout invites—
We're girded for the fight :
Fond memories we leave behind,
To strike for truth and right.
The good right hand of fellowship
We pledge through weal or woe ;
The same right hand we proffered then—
Brothers, four years ago.

Moor's Indian Charity School.

In 1716, sixteen years after the town of Lebanon, Conn., now Columbia, received its first organization, a second religious society was formed, called Lebanon Crank. A church soon followed the establishment of the ecclesiastical society. Rev. Eleazar Wheelock was the third pastor of this new church and society. He was ordained in June, 1735. He was an earnest, eloquent revival preacher. He labored, as an Evangelist, in the Great Awakening under Whitefield, Edwards, and others. He was a man of missionary spirit. He was anxious for the conversion of the red men and watched for an opportunity to do them good. In December 1743, Samson Occom, a Mohegan Indian, came to Mr. Wheelock's house and was received into his family to be educated. His success as a student, and his promise of great usefulness interested other benevolent persons in the vicinity, to do something for the salvation of the Indians. Mr. Joshua Moor, of Mansfield, gave a lot of land near Mr. Wheelock's house, on which a school house was soon erected and a school opened for the education of red men. During the old French war, most of the Northern Indians joined the enemy and perpetrated most horrible barbarities on

the English residents of the frontier. Still the school was kept up, though many of Mr. Wheelock's friends advised him to abandon the savages to their fate. About twelve pupils were in attendance during the war. Of these Mr. Wheelock wrote: "Such was the orderly and good behavior of the Indian boys, that enemies could find little or nothing that was true, wherewith they might reproach the design." At the close of the war in 1763, the hearts of the liberal were opened to promote this noble enterprise. The neighboring clergy, the governors, of the New England and middle colonies all united in aid of this mission school. English students were, also, fitted for college or prepared for missionary labor in Moor's Charity School.

Mr. Wheelock thus describes the mode of training the Indians: "The students were obliged to be decently dressed and ready to attend prayers before sunrise, in the fall and winter, and at 6 o'clock in summer. A portion of scripture was read by several of the seniors of them, and those who were able, answered questions in the Assembly's Catechism; some explanatory questions were asked them upon it and answers expounded to them. After prayers, a short time was allowed for their diversion, and the school began with prayer at 9 o'clock and ended at 12, began at 2 and ended at 5, with prayer. Evening prayers were attended before daylight was gone. Afterwards they applied themselves to their studies. They attended public worship and had pews assigned them in the house of God. On the Lord's day morning, and between and after meeting the master attended them to inspect their behavior, hear them read, catechise and discourse to them. Once or twice a week they heard a discourse from Mr. Wheelock upon the most important and interesting subjects." The fame of the Indian School reached England, and voluntary contributions, were forwarded for its maintenance. In 1764, "The Society in Scotland for propagating Christian Knowledge," appointed a board of examiners in America to report on the qualifications of candidates for missions and Indian teachers. In 1765, they approved of Mr. Titus Smith and Theophilus Chamberlain, graduates of Yale College as missionaries, and eight Indian youths from Moor's charity School as teachers, among the Mohawks and Oneidas. The Indian students could speak English with considerable facility and were acquainted with the rudiments of grammar and wrote handsomely. Their manners and deportment were unexceptionable. These Indian teachers opened schools

among the Mohawk and Oneida red men, under the direction of the missionaries and for many months attended faithfully to their duties. One hundred and twenty seven Indian children were under their instruction and made rapid progress in learning to read and write. Some of the teachers maintained their integrity through life; others reverted to barbarism; but most of them died young and the tribes were not permanently benefited by their labors. As the school increased in numbers and expenses, in 1767, Mr. Occom the most distinguished of the Indian pupils and Rev. Nathaniel Whitaker of Norwich Conn. were sent to England to solicit funds for Moor's Charity School. This Indian preacher became a lion in English society and was received with great favor. The King himself made a royal donation of two hundred pounds. The Earl of Dartmouth was a liberal patron of the school and about seven thousand pounds sterling were collected in England and between two and three thousand in Scotland. The success of this mission was due chiefly to Mr. Occom, who was an eloquent preacher and a devout christian. His compositions were easy, figurative and impressive. He was earnest and solemn in prayer and ready in extemporaneous address. In private life he was agreeable and exemplary. With the characteristic gravity of the Indians, he had a little spice of humor as may be seen from the following letter written from London to his daughters at home:

"My dear Mary and Esther,"

"Perhaps you may query whether I am well: I came from home well, was by the way, well, got over well, am received at London well, and am treated extremely well, yea I am caressed too well. And do you pray that I may be well; and that I may do well and in time, return home well. And I hope you are well, and wish you well, and as I think you begun well, so keep on well, that you may end well, and then all will be well, and so, Farewell,"

"Samson Occom."

The writer of the above letter, was probably the best specimen of Indian character known to history. He is the only one of Dr. Wheelock's Indian pupils, of whom there were 150, who lived to old age. He died in his 69th year. A majority of them relapsed into barbarism and, during the Revolutionary war, joined the English and aided to ravage and devastate their benefactors. There are rumors that even Occom was sometimes inclined to indulge his appetite in strong drink;

but there is no record made of his intemperance. Joseph Brant was the most famous, as a warrior, of all Mr. Wheelock's pupils. He was sent to the school, under the patronage of Sir Wm. Johnson ; and, after he left school, joined his patron in the war, and became the formidable enemy of the colonists. He became a christian and took great interest in the labors of missionaries and in the efforts to civilize and christianize his race. He visited England after the Revolutionary war, and published there the Book of common Prayer and the Gospel of Mark, in Mohawk and English, and he there collected funds for the first Episcopal church which was built in Canada West. He died in 1807 aged 65. He, like king Philip, Pontiac and Tecumseh, proved that savages do, sometimes, produce truly great men, men of comprehensive minds and superior executive energy. Besides these two men, Brant and Occom, few of Mr. Wheelock's pupils proved successful in their labors. They were for a time, useful as teachers and interpreters, though it is believed that not one of them except Occom became a missionary or preacher of the gospel. We cannot doubt, however that many of them were useful in educating their brethren ; and occasionally, an Indian teacher showed the true missionary spirit. Joseph Wooley, a school-master among the Mohawks, thus wrote to his teacher : "The language of my heart is to contribute the little mite I have to the living God and be in his service. My soul seems to be more and more upon the perishing pagans in these woods. I long for the conversion of their souls, and that they may come to the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ and be saved. I wish I was made able to teach and instruct them, and I shall do whatever lies in my power to tell them of Christ as long as I tarry." As the limits of civilized life were extended and the Indians were farther removed from their place of education, Dr. Wheelock resolved to carry the school into the wilderness and offer education to the natives on their own soil, Accordingly in 1770, the President, his family and pupils, about 70 in all, removed to Hanover ; here under a new charter from George III. Dartmouth College was founded and opened for pupils without distinction of race or color. The first Commencement was holden in August 1771. Four young gentlemen received the honors of the infant college. One of them, Levi Frisbie wrote an excellent poem, at his graduation, which, possibly, has never been surpassed by any son of Dartmouth since that eventful day. It closes with the following lines:

"Thus Dartmouth, happy in her sylvan seat,
Drinks the pure pleasures of her fair retreat;
Her songs of praise, in notes melodious, rise,
Like clouds of incense to the listening skies;
Her God protects her with paternal care,
From ills destructive and each fatal snare;
And may he still protect and she adore
Till heaven and earth and time shall be no more."

The Cruise of the Alabama and the Sumpter.

REVIEW OF THE DIARY AND PAPERS OF THE LATE COMMANDER IN THE
CONFEDERATE STATES NAVY, RAPHAEL SEMMES.

The many Histories of the Great Rebellion; the numerous biographies of fallen heroes; the various books of many diverse titles; a part of the great heirship of the civil war have in them collectively elements of great evil to the future welfare and civil unity of our land. In the turmoil of the struggle and glare of continued battle we could not expect or desire records from individual authority. The public records kept in the archives of our National capitol and the war annals of each state, with public papers and reports, preserve most ample materials for the just historian, who shall collate, a quarter of a century hence, an impartial history of the trial and triumph of the western Republic in the darkest hour of her existence.

Passion and exultation are the influence which form the motives of minds issuing from a terrible fight; and whether it be the exultant unionist who writes, or the disunionist, with hatred and vengeance burning in his breast, can the story be accepted as the unbiased truth? Gross faults and glaring inaccuracies will be the inevitable characteristics of the work authorised in the attempt to make a mean between the inconsistent partialities of opposing narrators, true history. The events of the cruises of the Alabama and Sumpter we certainly would wish to be retained, if it were only to heighten the grand effect of that sea fight in which the Kearsarge sunk the scourge of American commerce and at the same time the hopeful spirits in France and England, so insolently sympathetic with the fratricidal enemies of the Republic.

This is one of very few circumstantial events of the war; or it might more properly be styled, departments of the Confederate States government, which require immediate record or the loss of the opportunity and materials. Capt. Semmes during his naval, or, as some chose to style it, piratical career was isolated almost completely from the government he fought to sustain; and whatever reports he might have been able, at widely distant periods, to deposite at the bureau of the Secretary of the navy C. S. A. were probably lost in the general destruction of the state papers at the downfall of the ill-starred government. These reasons doubtless influenced the collater of this book, one from his many admirers in the south, whose name or literary *soubriquet* even is unknown.

The chapter opens with a comparison of situations of the two sections of the disovered union in respect to commercial interests; the North is considered opulent, the South has not a "voice upon the sea." Also a cause is ascribed to the well known fact that more of the soldiers of Southern blood threw up their commissions, than sailors. "Soldiers go into the campaign and the destructive battle in pure patriotism for their own their native land; their positions in the army are held for the defence and honor of their governments: sailors love their ships as well as country and are very loth to desert the endeared home of floating walls, even if the cause is in opposition to their seeming interests." But the more obvious reason, if any were needed than that they fought for the old flag with every star undimmed, would seem to be found in their broad views of the unequaled greatness of the American nation as widened and established by a continual meeting and intercourse with the nations, peoples, flags and governments of every section of the globe; in observing the undiminished lustre of the American name by the comparison, and the deference always paid to the American sailor as the American citizen. Capt. Semmes resigned his office as a commander in the U. S. navy and followed the fortunes of the Confederacy, reaping in the end as the result of his choice, notoriety instead of true glory. He says, that "his judgement, his inclinations and affections all hurried him to link his fate with the first movement of the South." The affections of the heart, we fear, too often blind us to errors of judgement, and such incongruous faculties brought into action at once deserve little deference as a logical defence of a questionable course. How is made the first installment

of Semmes' diary in the work; it is of delays and of the blockading fleet at the passes of the delta of the Mississippi says, "the fleet seems to be kept very busy scouring hither and thither but nothing is accomplished. Whilst penning this paragraph news reaches us that the Lincoln government has crossed the Potomac and invaded Virginia! thus commences a bloody and bitter war! So be it; we but accept the gauntlet thrown in our faces. The future will tell a tale worthy of the South and her noble cause."

This is the style and the views of Capt. Semmes. He has forgotten Fort Sumpter as we overlook the earliest virtual commencement of the war. It was a mistake that the crude daily log book of the Captain should have bodily seen the light; its spirit and essence could have been better delivered to us with a true record of this eventful service of his chosen government by the pen and language of another; its asperities of word and thought softened by a true knowledge of Northern men and ideas; a burning patriotism quenched by defeat; his delusive hopes of false liberty crushed; and it would seem to the scanner of the pages of his printed journal that the good judgement of the Captain of the Alabama must have been warped by the enthusiastic reception which attended all his movements since the war.

The true style of narration is assumed in the first Chapters, quoting only occasionally by *orati directa* from Captain Semmes' own pen.

Through fear or ignorance of the commanders of our fleet at the delta of the Mississippi, Captain Semmes is allowed to sail the wide ocean with the privateer Sumpter, to capture, plunder and burn ships bearing the flag of the Union, with impunity. At every port entered, Captain Semmes makes extended communications with the chief civil or military officers, filled with special pleading and arguments to prove the Confederate States a *de facto* government, and to claim the rights of belligerents for himself and vessel, at the hands of foreign nations.

The unwillingness to grant the various requests of Captain Semmes arose not from hostility to the Southern cause, or sympathy for the North, but from fear and lack of instructions from the home governments, together with a deference for the opinions and requests of American Consuls and Ministers of Legation, who, in all cases heartily loyal, with great patriotism labored strenuously for the Republic, greatly

to the discomfiture of the officers of the Sumpter, and oftentimes to the nullification of their most cherished and dangerous plans against the life of our commerce on the high seas. Captain Semmes in his official correspondence exhibits a clear understanding of the laws and rights of belligerents, a good knowledge of international law which places all circumstances bearing upon points to be established in a practical rather than theoretical light, in a manner terse and concise, blended with a sensible pleading which, while enlisting sympathy so naturally inclining to the side of the weaker party, yet by insinuating ideas of righteousness of that sympathy gains too often his desired object. The Sumpter under the management of its redoubtable commander in its brief cruise burned or captured eighteen vessels which are entered in Captain Semmes' diary as so many "burnt offerings on the altar of his country's liberties."

The Sumpter's days of usefulness past, another more formidable steamer is furnished by Laird and Sons of Birkenhead, England, called the No. 290 until it is placed in the hands of Captain Semmes, then it becomes the Alabama. The great prosperity attending this vessel in its raid of conflagration and destruction needs no rehearsal. The glory of that final engagement in which the Kearsarge was the noble vindicator of United States naval reputation will live as long in the joyful memory of a true American as that system of maritime injury and foreign discouragement, which for long, tedious months had sickened the hearts of all the North, shall survive in vindictive recollection. The career of the English No. 290 or the rebel Alabama is but an exponent of the entire hollowness and fraud of British neutrality throughout the struggle, and of what it ever is when the cause of humanity and international equity demands justice while selfish interest requires injustice.

It is only just to say that the book with its many failings is interesting. The narration of exciting events transpiring continually under new circumstances at different geographical points, can never fail to interest, though the incidents be told by untutored tongue, with the uncouth words of heavy and deficient language. The records of Capt. Semmes are terse and matter of fact, rarely adorned with figures of Rhetoric and never assuming a florid style. In his occasional out-bursts of patriotism for the C. S. A. he becomes undignified by coupling with them unjust and unworthy remarks of his enemies.

Eloquent he never is, though it would seem impossible for a disciplined and cultivated mind to always be practical in view of the influences and opportunities which his position threw around him and placed in his grasp; the commander of a swift and beautiful ship; the ever varying sea with calm and storm; the glories of tropical sunsets; beautiful isles, with soft zephyrs wafting sweet perfume from spicy, fragrant groves; the phenomena of earth, sky, tides and trade winds, romantic harbors; pleasant cities; historic towns, with the interest of ages clustering around their stately ruins; the pursuit of war followed upon the deep, assuming with its terrible and cruel forms many beautiful images and treacherous embellishments. What position could awaken greater enthusiasm and furnish better subject for eloquent pen? The genius of a writer and the talent of an author we deny Capt. Semmes because under the circumstances he did not give us a far better book. It is taken for granted in the diary that a system of reprisals seeming piratical, was right, radically. We should be the last to deny that the principle followed out by the Confederate States in their naval warfare, was in accordance to the law and privileges of nations; for the letters of marque and instructions given for privateering during the Revolution, established precedents that ought to be defended as sacred by our national voice, as the only privilege and only power upon the high seas, of a weak people struggling for liberty or for existence.

The publication of his eventful career was not needed to make Captain Semmes honored in the South; in the North it will awaken respect for his official abilities; sorrow for the course he pursued; fear that the spell which his brilliant talents as commander holds over the minds of Southern masses may be deepened, and that Southern sentiment be cherished thereby which places the worship of their heroes, and a glory wrongly estimated before the lasting advantages of peace and union.

The Dartmouth Mountaineers.

No. 2.

Our last day among the Franconia Mountains was consumed in visiting the Pool, Basin, and Flume. The Ark carried us safely over the clear water of the Pool, and when that portion of the language which romantic people employ in describing objects of great natural beauty had been exhausted, we yielded a willing ear to the sage remarks of its philosophical proprietor. We stood beneath the huge boulder which is clasped so tenderly but firmly between the rough walls of the Flume, and wondered with the thousands who had preceded us, how in the natural course of events that great rock came to be placed in that position, and why the law of gravitation was, apparently, suspended in that particular instance. L., unmoved by the solemnity of the scene, quietly perched himself on the edge of an overhanging cliff and commenced a vigorous attack upon a supply of dough-nuts and cheese, in which undertaking he was entirely successful. He then took off his boots and stockings, and endeavored to follow up the mountain torrent, but found the water so cold that he was glad to beat a retreat.

As the shadows began to creep around to the eastward, we started for the Flume House, where we met a small party of Harvard boys who were enjoying themselves in that free and unrestrained manner which only pedestrians can fully appreciate. On our way back to camp we secured a large number of trout from a stream which flows by the roadside.

Each day developed some new trait of Phil's character until we were almost persuaded that he would make an efficient member of Congress, though the fact that he had never been a member of the prize-ring would probably defeat his election. Whenever anything had been lost on the way we had only to send him back for it, and he generally returned with the missing article. If, owing to the heat of the day, a heavy coat became burdensome, Phil would take it in his mouth and scamper off to the wagons. He also manifested a great partiality for bringing pails of water from the spring, the only objection being that nothing would induce him to forego the pleasure of carrying them

around the tent a few times, and eventually upsetting the fruit of his toil. His sagacity would not allow him to mistake two pieces of "fox-fire," which had been ingeniously placed in the edge of a thicket, for the eyes of some ferocious animal, an assertion which we cannot make in the case of M., who quickly placed a number of rods between himself and the terrible object and shouted "seek em" with a vigor that astonished those who were acquainted with his natural disposition. On the 1st of August we struck our tent and started for the Crawford House. Arriving at the farm house where Mc. had been so strongly urged to sing, some of the party started a song which soon brought the farmer's wife to the door of her cottage, where she remained alternately waving a bandanna and clapping her hands until we were out of sight and hearing. Shortly after passing through B., we stopped at a shoe-shop, where we met a queer specimen of the genus homo, quite unlike the well-known Yankee. In a conversation which lasted nearly an hour he asked only one question, and that an indirect one. Night overtook us midway between the Crawford House and B., and a beautiful spot on the Ammonoosuc bank was selected for a camping ground. A farm house was located conveniently near, over which one of the noblest of women presided. The appetite, which the majority of mankind acquire in the spring-time of life, had never been wholly eradicated in our company, and a shout of joy arose when the farmer's wife informed us that we might have all the milk we wished. She seemed to comprehend at once the vast change which two weeks of frontier life, and a consequent separation from laundry conveniences had wrought in our wardrobes, and nothing but a sympathetic regard for the feelings of unfortunate humanity would have induced her to begin a task before which the tribulations of washing-day dwindle into obscurity. May the two bouncing lasses who cast furtive glances at us through partially opened window blinds, prove "chips of the old block!" In such a case, the antipathy which we acquired in our younger days towards picking up chips would probably vanish. The following morning Burr, Mc. and H., who had parted from us near the Profile House for the purpose of gratifying their piscatory inclinations, returned with more than two hundred trout. Late in the afternoon we took leave of our kind friends and journeyed leisurely to the White Mountain House. In the evening, as we were sitting around the camp-fire, a deer, probably attracted by the light, came up

within a few feet of us and stood quietly regarding the scene with an expression of the most intense curiosity. W. grasped his gun and crept slowly toward the animal until he took hold of a leather collar fastened around its neck, when he remarked, "Boys, I guess this is a *tame* deer." The statement certainly seemed very plausible. We remained here nearly two days, dividing our time between fishing and extracting the greatest quantity of noise possible from an adjoining bowling alley. The afternoon of August 4th found us encamped at the foot of Mt. Willard. K. and M., two ambitious youths, who had ascended Mt. Washington, reached the camp about eight o'clock, p. m. The descent had been made in the midst of a drenching storm, with the thermometer at 47°, and very little of that enthusiasm which they had manifested earlier in the day was noticed. Just before dark an excursion party from Brown University drove up and pitched their tent within a few yards of us. We were soon gathered around one camp-fire, and our intercourse was marked by that cordiality with which collegians greet each other the world over. The rain fell in torrents during the night, but the tumult outside only made us sleep the sounder.

The forenoon of the following day was spent in visiting the various objects of interest in the vicinity of the Willey House, and listening to the tragic tale which has excited the sympathy of thousands. The rock which divided the avalanche and preserved the house, has either been broken off or buried beneath debris until only a few feet remain above the surface. In returning we stopped a few moments to make the acquaintance of that unsocial family group that has presided over this region with so much dignity. The "Old Maid" seemed to be enjoying a fair degree of health, but we noticed the same stony expression which sits enthroned upon the fair brows of those who have "received scores of offers," but have refused the most touching appeals and clasped their virgin zones yet more tightly. The "Young Man" presented rather a melancholy cast of countenance, and was probably a "victim of misplaced confidence." He is, however, in many respects a model young man, and never annoys his maiden relative by smoking poor cigars.

The cascades which we found here were extremely beautiful. The occasional glimpses that we caught of the silver spray gleaming through openings in the dark green foliage seemed more like a faeai-

nating dream than a reality. As we lay in a mossy nook, watching the foaming mass of water dashing over the rocks, we framed an elegant country seat, in the front yard of which that same cascade occupied a conspicuous position, while Phil. was stretched on the grass beneath a huge elm. It was built in the true air castle style. At Beecher's Cascade we found the following effusion posted up :

"Allow me in slight rhyme to repeat you a tale,
If the muse most poetic my intellect don't fail,
And tell you in brief how these cascades of fame,
Are presented to you with Henry Ward's name.
'Twas 'once on a time,' only two years are now gone,
Since he of the 'Plymouth' of eloquence renown,
Was reviewing these Falls on a slippery stone.
(Though the *wicked* can stand on places like these,
The *good*, it is said, pay 'natural law' fees ;)
So he of our rhyme, of good *standing* at home,
Suddenly with a 'lunge' into a basin was gone,
By the 'Hard Shell' doctrine into water was laid.
Since then these Falls go by the name of Beecher's Cascade."
"Shortfellow."

These lines are not quoted because of any poetic merit which they may have, since they could hardly be classed under the head of poetry, but simply as a curiosity. "Shortfellow" is evidently a rough diamond, and we fear that considerable polishing will be necessary, including a tedious wooing of the muse, before he is fitted to illuminate the republic of letters to any remarkable extent.

While we were discussing our dinner the attention of the company was arrested by the novel spectacle of A. chasing a stray chicken around one of the wagons. With hair streaming in the wind, a tin pan in one hand, and a prodigious club held aloft in the other, he was making the circuit at a fearful rate of speed, turning one corner just in time to obtain an aggravating view of the pullet as it disappeared around another. It was an exciting race, and bets were freely offered and taken on the result. The monotony of the exercise evidently disgusted the chicken, and at last it struck for a clump of bushes, whence A. soon returned with its lifeless remains, remarking that the unfortunate fowl had met its fate in accordance with an edict which said, "No trespassing will be allowed on these grounds." The same individual once halted by the roadside to get a drink of water, which

was handed to him by a little girl. After making several inquiries respecting domestic matters, and the intellectual condition of the district school, he put on a very serious expression and said, "My child, you must endeavor to attain a high state of civilization." With parted lips, and large blue eyes developed to their utmost capacity, the wondering child remained motionless until a bend in the road concealed the party from her sight. In the afternoon we ascended Mt. Willard. This mountain is so readily ascendable, and the views from its summit so distinct and charming, that it cannot fail to be a favorite with tourists.

At a little after 7 o'clock, on the morning of the 5th, twelve of us began the ascent of Mount Washington. We had scarcely emerged from the stunted growth of evergreens that crown the brow of Mount Clinton, when fleecy masses of vapor swept past us, and in a few moments more we were enveloped in a dense mantle of mist that obscured all objects at a distance of ten or fifteen paces. A stiff breeze was blowing, and our clothes were soon completely saturated, but, as if to render our situation still more dismal, each one contrived to recall some horrible tale of travellers who had lost their way and perished amid the bleak granite rocks. One told of precipices so deep that when persons had fallen over, not even a groan had come back to inform their anxious friends that terra firma had been reached. Slowly and wearily we pursued our cheerless way, now resting beside the sheltered wall of some huge rock, and again holding consultations over the faintly defined trail. About one o'clock, p. m., we entered the Tip Top House, where the sight of a score or two of pleasure seekers, whose circumstances were even more pitiable than our own, restored us to good humor. Several ladies appeared in dresses which would have been much more suitable for an evening party than a rain storm on Mt. Washington. We trust the fair sex will pardon the suggestion, but rouge which is not water-proof should never be used on a mountain excursion. To have a rosy hued cheek suddenly assume a yellowish tinge must be an unpleasant metamorphosis; while the rills of water trickling down, sometimes leave the face in a distressingly *streaked* condition.

Editorial Notes.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK. On Sabbath afternoon, July 14th, the Baccalaureate Discourse was delivered in the College Church before a large audience, by President Smith. His text was Psalm 119: 32, "I will run the way of thy commandments, when thou shalt enlarge my heart." Beginning with a reference to Bunyan's famous character of Greatheart, as an apt illustration of the style of excellence suggested by the text, he announced as his theme, "Christian Magnanimity," and proceeded to set forth its chief aspects and elements. (1.) Aspiration. This first, because it is most fundamental. It is the stamp of divinity on the human soul, distinguishing man from the brute, and engendering all that is praiseworthy. Only as man lives to ideals, is he true to himself and to God, leaving at last a memory which the world will not willingly let die. Just here is the line of demarcation between the better and the baser spirits of the race. A low and grovelling temper was depicted and rebuked, and true aspiration variously commended. (2.) Public spirit. This comes normally of true benevolence; it is, indeed, benevolence, in one of its most important manifestations. Yet it is variously limited even in good men, as by a natural narrowness of mind and heart, and by hereditary and social influences. Puritan individualism, it was suggested, unless carefully watched, may trench upon this grace. It is especially called for in the present age and in our own country. (3.) An unpartisan habitude. Parties are not to be absolutely deprecated. There will always be differences of opinion on important subjects—there may be religious denominations even in the millennium. But a partisan spirit, intense and predominant, is essentially narrow, and every way of evil influence. The signs of the times in this respect were shown to be eminently hopeful. (4.) A forgiving spirit. Though pertaining, as may be thought, to the alphabet of goodness, this is one of the loftiest traits, and of immense practical value, especially in the spheres occupied by educated men. Personal animosities have done great harm to various public as well as private interests, and it is truly noble to rise above them. Paul's example was cited, in that he rejoiced at the good done even by his enemies. (5.) The last and crowning element is faith, the golden zone binding all the rest together, and giving them vitality and worth. The discourse closed, after an extended discussion of the above points, with an address to the Graduating Class, enjoining upon the young men the broad and elevated cast of character which had been delineated.

The Prize Speaking, Monday evening, was pronounced, as a whole, by competent judges, the best we have had for several years. Some very difficult pieces were finely rendered, and some of the speakers who did not secure a prize, received high and merited commendation. The hand of

Professor Bailey is manifest, as well as the skillful teaching of Professor Sanborn, in the rising standard of excellence in this department.

Class Day Exercises occurred on Tuesday afternoon, and were regarded as quite equal, at least, to those of former years. The Oration received a very high meed of praise. Some complaint was made of the length of these exercises; and it is a question worthy of consideration whether, by some wise modification, there may not, hereafter, be an improvement in this respect. Tuesday evening was devoted to a series of serenades, the address before the Theological Society, having been postponed, in view of the detention of Senator Patterson, at Washington, to Wednesday forenoon. President Smith, Theodore Tilton, Dr. T. E. Thomas, of Dayton, Ohio, Professor Aiken, and W. A. C. Converse, Esq., were called out, and made brief speeches.

The Address by Dr. Quint, Wednesday morning, though on a theological subject, and abounding in solid thought, was so relieved and graced by apt illustrations, and such sallies of chastened wit as the Doctor is famed for, that the close attention of the most secular of his hearers was held to the end. Mr. Theodore Tilton, who addressed the United Literary Societies in the afternoon, agreeably disappointed some of his hearers by turning from all political themes to discourse, as he did charmingly, on "The art of using the Mind." He did indeed introduce, incidentally, some of his favorite theories; but he did it with so much good nature, and his address was so radiant with genius, that even those who differed from him on some points, could not fail to be delighted. He urged with peculiar earnestness and force the truth—worthy to be written in golden letters over every study—that moral and spiritual culture is essential to the highest intellectual developement. The poem that followed, by W. A. C. Converse, Esq., was founded on the motto of the new college bell, "*Vox clamantis in deserto*," "*Ora et Labora*." It touched felicitously on many scenes of the past, and many great lessons of the present.

After these exercises came a fine Gymnastic Exhibition by the students, under the direction of Mr. Welch,—first of the lighter exercises on the College Green, and then of the heavy in Bissell Hall. This exhibition was, to a great crowd of spectators, one of the most attractive things of the week. All were highly gratified with the appearance, within and without, of the noble Gymnasium Building. Professor Hitchcock, who has charge of the Gymnasium at Amherst College, was among the spectators. At the close of the exhibition, some remarks were made by President Smith, introducing George H. Bissell, Esq., the liberal donor of the Gymnasium, and an interesting speech was made by him. Though his promptly furnished checks, to the amount of \$24,000, had been used in the erection of the edifice, his first view of it was just before Commencement. He expressed the fullest satisfaction with the manner in which his liberal design had been carried out. A fine concert by the Boston Germania Band occupied Wednesday evening.

At eight o'clock, Thursday morning, the meeting of the Alumni was held in the Chapel. Judge Barrett, of Vermont presided. A number of speeches were made, chiefly in relation to names on the necrological list. It was stated that the completion of Bissell Hall, the organization of the new department of Physical Culture, the Agricultural College, and other matters of importance, had so engrossed attention, that not much had been done during the past year, in relation to the proposed Alumni Hall. The design, however, is by no means abandoned. Some progress has been made in obtaining subscriptions and plans, and the enterprise will undoubtedly be carried forward. Of the Commencement Exercises, at ten o'clock, the programme of which is given on another page, we have no room to speak particularly. It must suffice to acknowledge the very kind and appreciative way in which all the exercises of the week have been noticed by the Press, generally. We have met with but a single exception, that of one of the reporters for the Boston Traveller.

The Honorary Degrees conferred were as follows: D. D. Rev. William H. Lord, of Montpelier, Vt., Rev. Alvan Tobey, of Durham, N. H., Rev. George W. Gardner, of Charlestown, Mass.

LL. D. Hon. John Wentworth, Chicago, Ill., Prof. Dixi Crosby, Hanover, N. H., Prof. Dennis H. Mahan, West Point Military Academy, Hon. Timothy Farrar, Dorchester, Mass.

A. M. Governor Walter Harriman, John L. Thompson, Chicago, Ill., Samuel E. Pingree, Hartford, Vt., William C. Sturoc, Sunapee, N. H., John Y. Mugridge, Concord, N. H., William L. Gaylord, Fitzwilliam, N. H., Thomas Whipple, Laconia, N. H., Frank Moore, New York City, Leonard S. Parker, Derry, N. H., Samuel W. Thayer, Burlington, Vt., James R. Nichols, Haverhill, Mass., Osmyn Brewster, Boston, Mass.

M. D. Langdon Sawyer, Leonard W. Peabody, Leonard E. Wells, Cyrus K. Kelley.

The Commencement Dinner was served this year in the large Hall of the Gymnasium, an exceedingly convenient and pleasant place. It was admirably got up by Mr. Baron, of the White River Junction House. Judge Barrett, of Woodstock, Vt., presided. Speeches were made by Governor Harriman, President Smith, Dr. Thomas, of Ohio, Jonathan Bliss, Esq., of Alabama, and Professor Alpheus Crosby. Great enthusiasm was awakened by the announcement, made by President Smith, that Gen. Sylvanus Thayer, of Braintree, Mass, of the class of 1807, had just presented to the College \$40,000, to establish, on the most enlarged plan, a school or department of Architecture and Civil Engineering. Gen. Thayer was for several years the accomplished head of the West Point Military Academy. President Smith's brief eulogium on his character, met a hearty response from the audience.

With the usual Levee at Reed Hall, the exercises of the week closed. It was throughout, a week of great interest, made pleasant by a balmy air and sunny skies, and by the presence—if not of the extraordinary crowd that

General Sherman called together last year—of audiences quite large enough for comfort, and of many of the most intelligent friends of the College, from Massachusetts to Alabama. It was full of promise for the future. Sixty-two persons have already presented themselves as candidates for admission to College—fifty-two to the Academical Department, and ten to the Scientific—an uncommonly large number at this time, indicating, with the usual proportion of applications at the opening of the Fall Term, very large classes. We shall give all new comers a hearty welcome, believing as we do that they will nowhere find better culture, mental, moral and physical.

COMMENCEMENT DAY. We give below the subjects of Orations, &c., on Commencement day :

BARTLETT.—*English Oration*. The Educating Power of Democratic Institutions.

BROWN.—*English Oration*. Extremes of Social Life in England.

CATE & WALLACE. } *Forensic Disputation*. Ought the public Money to be given to Catholic Schools?

EDGERLY.—*English Oration*. The Literature of Nations as affected by their History.

GOODHUE.—*English Oration*. Obligations of self-made men to men of scholastic culture.

IRWIN.—*Dissertation*. Idiosyncrasies.

KETCHAM & LADD. } *Literary Disputation*. Has prose Fiction been a more potent Element in Literature than Poetry?

KING.—*Salutatory Oration in Latin*.

MANN.—*Dissertation*. Modern Discoveries in Electricity.

MATHER.—*Dissertation*. Place of Charlemagne in History.

MAYNARD.—*Dissertation*. Trades Unions.

MCNIECE.—*Philosophical Oration*. The Philosophy of Reform.

MERRILL.—*Philosophical Oration*. The Law of Compensation in Creation and Providence.

MOSHER & WHIPPLE. } *Ethical Disputation*. Is Crime diminished by the advancement of Civilization.

NOYES.—*English Oration*. John Quincy Adams.

PRESCOTT.—*Dissertation*. National Holidays.

REED.—*English Oration*. Pagan and Christian Heroism.

SANBORN.—*English Oration with the Valedictory Addresses*. Mission of the American Scholar.

THOMAS.—*Dissertation*. The memory of Burns.

WOODMAN.—*English Oration*. Influence of the Clergy in the American Revolution.

WRIGHT.—*Dissertation*. Voices of the Dead.

AWARD OF PRIZES. The Lockwood Prizes for excellence in English composition, for 1867, have been awarded as follows:

Composition, to the Senior Class. First Prize, to ROBERT G. MCNIECE, of Topsham, Vt. Second Prize, to CHARLES H. MERRILL, of Haverhill, N. H.

Oratory. Junior Class. First Prize, to J. A. Dupee Hughes, of Hanover. Second Prize, to Asa B. Cook, Jr., of Marshall, Mich.

Sophomore Class. First Prize, to Albert W. Cooke, of Milford, Ms. Second Prize, to George H. Chamberlin, of Manchester, N. H.

The Prizes offered to the Sophomore Class, for excellence in the solution of Mathematical Problems, have been awarded as follows, with high commendation of all the papers submitted: First Prize to WILLIAM D. HALEY, of Tuftonborough, N. H. Second Prize, to FISHER AMES, of Plymouth, N. H.

CLASS PICTURES. The work executed for the class of '67, by Mr. Stephen Piper, of Manchester, N. H., has given such entire satisfaction throughout the class, they deem it no more than due that some commendatory notice thereof be made. It is the unanimous opinion of the class that the pictures taken by Mr. Piper, for clearness and beauty of finish are unsurpassed by any class pictures that have come under their notice. They consider him in every respect a first-class artist, and heartily recommend him to all who desire superior pictures.

ALFRED A. THOMAS,
ROBERT G. MCNIECE,
HOWARD F. HILL,
FRED. G. MATHER,

Committee from the Class.

We have seen at the gallery of Mr. H. O. Bly, several *stereoscopic views* of the College buildings; the beautiful walks about Hanover and vicinity, and the scenery upon the Connecticut River. A very choice selection of these might be made, which will be valued by those who hereafter would recall the memories of college days. The execution of these pictures is very creditable; all the representations are clear and distinct.

F. G. Welch, Instructor in the department of Physical Culture in Yale and Dartmouth Colleges, will open a "Normal Class," for the training of teachers in Dio Lewis's new Gymnastics, in Glenwood Seminary, West Brattleboro', Vt. Term commences July 22, and continues eight weeks.

The Institution will also be open as a place of summer resort. Send for circular to Hiram Orcutt, Esq., West Brattleboro', Vt.

CLASS DAY EXERCISES. The entire exercises for Class Day have been published in elegant style, and will be sent, postage paid, to any address on receipt of forty cents. Address, B. W. HALE, Hanover, N. H.

SCHOLARSHIPS. Two additional scholarships of \$1000 each, have, within a few weeks, been founded in the College: One by Ebenezer Woodward, M. D., of Quincy, Mass., of the class of 1817; the other by Jeremiah Kingman, Esq., of Barrington, N. H.

EXCHANGES. Our usual exchanges have been received. A few new ones are at hand which we have not space to notice now. We select the following pithy little ballad from the "Monmouth College Clipper," which hails from Illinois. We deem it quite creditable in its way. The author evidently has been there:

YE STUDENT.

A varied life ye student leades,
As annie life cann be.
Sometimes he's sadd; sometimes he's madd;
Butte oft in merrie glee.

Righte sober is ye student, whenn
In ye Professor's sighte;
Butte when alone, he feareth none,
And heedeth not ye righte.

For whenn ye Tutor's in his bedde—
Is locked inn sleepe profounde—
Hee seekes ye square, and nightlie there
Hee goeth rounde and rounde.

Ande whenn hee taketh off ye ale
His nightlie little dramms,
Hee sings a songe which don't belonge
To Rouse his book of Psalmms.

Butte whenn ye Marshalle comes inn sighte,
Pacing his nightlie roundes,
Ye student runns, nor tarries once,
Till inn ye bedde he's founde.

For if ye greatte policemmann shoulde
Gette on ye vilyians tracke,
I feare me muche, his lightest touche
Woulde breake ye rogue his backe.

Righte anxious is ye student man
Whenn inn ye roome att home;
Hee porethe o'er ye mustie lore
Within ye classic tome.

Or strivethe hard too fixe ye rule
Uponn ye troubledde minde;
Or vainlie seekes within ye Greeke
Ye verb his roote too finde.

Fulle cunninge is ye student, too;
For well hee wots 'tis plaine
Ye paper slippe, ye rule wille keepe
Muche longer than ye braine.

And if hee failes to minde ye worde,
 Whene'er his turne comes rounde,
 Ye pockette holdes ye little scrolles
 Whereon ye taske is founde.

Ande onn examination daye,
 Iff ye conimtee menn
 Who shoulde appeare ye classe to heare,
 Are nowhere too bee seene.

Ah, thenn ye student's hearte withe joye
 Is fulle ande runninge o'ere;
 Ye graceless scampe his feete dothe stampe
 Upon ye chapelle floore.

Butte if ye dreade committe comes
 Too heare ye classe recite,
 Hee opes ye booke ande steales a looke
 Before ye Tutore's sighte.

Righte joyfulle is ye student whenn
 Ye longe, harde terme is o'ere,
 Whenn ancient verbes ande horride surds
 Disturbe his dreames no more.

Whenn onn ye swiftlie flieinge cars
 Hee seekes his home againe,
 Ye people's prayer is that hee there
 Maye evere more remaine.

Memoranda Alumnorum.

To this department of the Magazine we invite, from all sources, contributions of items respecting the residences, occupations, changes of business, professional success, promotions to official or civil positions, or any subject of interest relative to any graduate of the College.

Joseph G. Edgerly, class of '67, has been appointed Superintendent of the Public Schools at Manchester, N. H. "Yes, Old Joe."

Robert G. McNiece, class of '67, has been appointed Principal of the High School at Fort Wayne, Ind.

Nathaniel H. Clement, class of '63, is Attorney at Law, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Jesse Johnson, class of '63, is Attorney at Law, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Frederick W. Bailey, class of '62, is Attorney at Law, Jaffrey, N. H.

Oliver L. Cross, class of '62, is Attorney at Law, Montgomery City, Mo.

Grosvenor S. Hubbard, class of '62, is Attorney at Law, New York City.

Joseph R. Milligan, class of '62, is pursuing his Theological studies at Princeton, N. J.

H. E. Andrews, class of '66, is teaching at Memphis, Tenn.

H. J. Crippen, class poet of '61, is Private Secretary in the State Treasurer's office at Concord.

Wm. H. Farrar, class of '44, after graduation taught in Woonsocket, R. I.; after which he was principal of the High School, at Great Falls, N. H., for six years. He is the author of "Farrar's Problems" and other mathematical text books; is now engaged in mercantile business at Great Falls.

W. B. T. Smith, class of '66, is teaching High School at Fort Wayne, Ia.

B. O. True and S. Bell, class of '66, are attending the Theological Seminary at Newton, Mass.

C. C. Lane, class of '66, is Principal of Academy at Westfield, N. Y.

L. L. Wood, class of '66, is Principal of the East Jackson Union School, at East Jackson, Mich.

E. P. Kingsley, class of '66, is now attached to the Medical Staff of the Marine Hospital, Cleveland, Ohio.

David E. Wheeler, class of '27, is now a prominent member of the N. Y. Bar, his son, E. P. Wheeler, class of '61, being associated with him.

A. B. Long, class of '58, is practicing law in New Orleans, La.

W. L. Flagg, class of '63, is practicing law in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Charles A. Pillsbury, class of '63, is engaged in business in Montreal.

Leonard Wilcox, class of '65, is studying law in St. Louis.

W. D. Knapp, class of '55, is engaged in the practice of law at Great Falls, N. H.

Luther Farnham, class of '37, is Secretary of the General Theological Library, Boston.

W. W. Dow, class of '61, is pastor of the Congregational Church at West Brooksville, Me.

Richard B. Kimball, class of '34, Author of "St. Ledger," is, it is said, engaged in writing a new novel.

Rev. Benj. Merrill, class of '58, Scientific Department, and a graduate of Princeton Theological Seminary, who has been a Presbyterian Domestic Missionary in Maryland, has accepted a call to the Congregational Church at Pembroke.

George A. Miller, class of '63, is Principal of Academy at Elmwood, Ill.

Charles B. Dana, class of '28, after graduating at Andover, was for a long time Rector of Christ Church at Alexandria, Va., and has now a similar charge at Port Gibson, Miss.

C. Quincy Tirrell, class of '66, has been appointed Principal of the High School, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

Henry Clay Ide, of the same class, will continue to teach there for another year.

John P. Bartlett, class of '64, has opened an office as Attorney and Counsellor at Law in Omaha, Nebraska.

Charles A. Bunker, class of '64, has, since graduation, been Principal of the Academy at McIndoes Falls, Vt.

It is rumored that Levi Rogers, class of '66, has carried off the class cup.

THE DARTMOUTH.

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No. VIII.

EDITORS.—FALL TERM, 1867.

JOHN W. PAGE,

EUGENE B. GALE,

WALTER H. AYERS.

Characteristics of the Red Men.

No. 1.

CICERO somewhere remarks that there can be nothing so absurd that it may not be found in the books of the philosophers. If sages doat and drivel, who can blame the illiterate for their absurd fancies, or charge the common people with folly, because they are superstitious? Among other strange opinions of our own and previous ages, it has been asserted that barbarism is preferable to civilization. Savage life has had its admirers among the most effeminate savans of modern times. Its freedom, its inaction, its stolid indifference to the present and future, have been extolled as indications of a paradisiacal state. Both the wise and the simple have been captivated with the painted charms of this degraded condition. About the middle of the last century the Academy of Dijon, in France, proposed a prize for the best solution of the following question: "Has the revival of learning contributed to the improvement of morals?" Rousseau, then a young literary adventurer, at the suggestion of Diderot, took the negative of the question and obtained the prize. It was a mere accident that determined his choice of the negative of the question. When once committed to that view he soon became interested in it. His soph-

istry apparently captivated his own erratic understanding. His thoughts once published became objects of solicitude to him. They were the offspring of his teeming brain, and he must own and defend them.

“To observations which ourselves we make,
We grow more partial for the observer’s sake.”

A love of fame induced Rousseau still further to maintain his paradox. He wrote a treatise entitled, “*Sur l’Inégalité parmi les Hommes*,” in which “he compares the wild and civilized man, represents the former as the state of nature and innocence, and treats the idea of property and the inequality of condition to which it gives rise, as the source of misery and corruption among men.” His plausible arguments agitated all Europe. In France, owing to the terrible oppression of the royal, noble, and sacerdotal classes, in whose hands lay four-fifths of all the landed property of the realm, it stimulated the robbed and plundered commons to rebellion. His views have furnished the armor of modern Fourierites and Socialists. St. Simon, Louis Blanc, and Proudhon are his admirers and disciples. The latter stoutly affirms that all property is theft; it consists only of stolen goods; all men are equal and have equal rights, hence all property should be common. Such men mistake the sources of human misery, and impute to civilization the sins of oppression and bigotry. The whole theory is based on false premises. Statements are made as true, which facts contradict.

It is assumed that barbarians excel civilized men in strength, in personal beauty, in length of life, and in positive enjoyments; all which positions are refuted by multiplied facts. The bodily vigor of savages has been greatly over-estimated. In tropical climates, where men subsist chiefly upon the spontaneous fruits of the earth, the natives are uniformly idle, listless, effeminate and weak. They are destitute of manly energy and of intellectual acumen. They possess neither force of mind nor body. In the temperate zones where a sterile soil and intense cold compel the inhabitants to make greater exertions to live, their muscles are more compact, and their minds are more vigorous. They are capable of great efforts when strongly excited, and sometimes show respectable reasoning powers; but they are neither able to endure sustained and continued labor of mind nor body:

their physical and mental powers are infantile and weak. They are more remarkable for agility than strength. Their habits of hunting wild game quicken their perception and render them fleet of foot; but they can not endure daily toil like the civilized man. When reduced to slavery their bodies soon sink beneath their tasks. As trained soldiers they have ever been far inferior to the whites. Even men educated in affluence and luxury, after some discipline in arms, would wear them out with fatigue and well-sustained endurance of labor. Hence the Indians have been formidable in the shock of arms, in a sudden onset, or a single action, but have been wasted away by the perseverance and repeated attacks of the same civilized foe. When removed from his native clime, the savage uniformly falls by premature decline. It has been thought that the natives of our continent were long-lived and remarkably well-proportioned. To the stranger from Europe they presented but a single type of size, form, complexion, and age. They were straight, tall, athletic, and manly, uniformly having a copper color, black eyes, and long, coarse black hair, without beards. They looked like earth-born aborigines, retaining the solid structure and firmness of their kindred hills. There was no sick, decrepid or feeble person among them. Their warriors were brave, cunning, and apparently invincible. Their strength and beauty were greatly exaggerated. Upon further inquiry it was found that none but the most rigorous constitutions could survive the hardships to which their infancy was exposed; that a majority of every tribe died young; that the births were hardly equal to the deaths; that the feeble and deformed were destroyed, and only the finest and healthiest specimens of the race were preserved. They possessed, it is true, a keenness of scent almost equal to that of brutes; and they could follow the trail of a retreating foe, or the tracks of flying game, with a skill and certainty which astonished Europeans. To this they had been assiduously trained; this constituted nearly their whole education; and what did it amount to? It only assimilated them to the animals they hunted. Is it any glory to rational man to do dexterously that which his dog will do better by instinct?

These traits of Indian sagacity have been happily portrayed by Cooper in his novels illustrating savage life in North America. "The Last of the Mohicans" possesses a historical value on account of the accuracy with which he has exhibited the manners, habits, and pecu-

liarities of the native Indians. Civilized man, by his inventions, has superseded the necessity of this canine sagacity. Neither warfare nor the chase now call for the cultivation of such cunning, or quickness of perception. It never amounted to anything more than the education of a brutal instinct. The reason of the absence of diseased and deformed persons arose from the fact that such are either borne down by the hardships of life or left to die unpitied and alone. The same is true of those decrepid by age. They are often exposed by their children, and left to perish by starvation. Of the sick it has been aptly said, "death is their doctor and the grave their hospital." Privation, imprudence, and the pestilence has often swept them away by thousands. On the first arrival of the Pilgrims, the land had been literally desolated by an epidemic. In modern times whole tribes have often been wasted or depopulated by the small pox; and it is a remarkable fact that more of the aborigines of America have fallen by disease than by war. In profound peace they have suffered most. Their indolent and filthy habits induce disease. Their remedies are, for the most part, mere charms or incantations; and thus, as Thucydides said of the Athenians during the plague, "they die like sheep." The Indians, however, were higher in the scale of being than many other barbarian races. The bush-men of Africa and the natives of parts of New Holland are but few removes from the brutes they pursue. To test the strength of the savages of all countries, the British and American exploring expeditions have compared the ability of all nations to raise and support weights. An instrument called the dynamometer, or strength measurer, has been used for this purpose. It has always been found that civilized men are stronger than savages. This was, also, abundantly proved in the early history of this country. In war and in subjection, the savage always fainted sooner than his educated rival. Some feats of speed and strength could be mentioned in Indian history which surpass anything that can be told of the whites; but these were rare and occasional instances resulting from superior physical powers and the peculiar habits of savage life.

It has been asserted that superior intelligence always conquers when races or nations contend. It would be just as true to affirm that superior strength is always victorious, for both qualities concur in the result. The infidel Frederic the Great scoffingly said: "I have always observed that Providence favors the strong battallions." There

was more truth than poetry in the bold assertion. It is but another version, however, of the old proverb, "Fortune favors the brave." Besides the inferiority of all savages in strength, endurance, and longevity, they are almost infinitely below civilized nations in intellectual capacity. The multiplication of dialects and the complexity of language always indicate mental imbecility. Knowledge accumulates among men by union, not by division. Language is kept pure by standard, written records, and not by oral tradition. The civilized nations of the old world owed their progress to the invention of letters and the substitution of *books* for *discourse*. The Indians never advance in writing beyond rude pictorial inscriptions and hieroglyphics. Among the American tribes, there were some who could not reckon above three, and most of them could not proceed beyond twenty. A few only, in each tribe, were capable of a more sustained effort in enumeration. Their languages abound, like all half formed dialects, in metaphors and synonymes. Those tongues are generally the most meagre and insignificant, which multiply prefixes and suffixes, and have many words of the same meaning. Their very poverty often gives them the reputation of superior richness. Their very complexity is mistaken for precision and perspicuity. Some savages have been known to have a different series of numerical names varying with the objects counted. Instead of learning to enumerate one hundred they learned *ten modes* of counting ten. At first view this useless invention seems like copiousness; but when closely examined it shows extreme poverty of thought. Savage tongues multiply names of individual things instead of inventing abstract terms. They seldom reason; therefore they have no need of abstraction. They have not sufficient reflection to make them adequate to such a mental process. Hence the few generalizations to which they attain are represented tropically, and their language in consequence becomes highly figurative and flowery.* Every nation, in the infancy of writing, inclines to multiply synonymes rather than invent general terms.

*In 1702, Gen. Oglethorpe met fifty chiefs in council, at Savannah, in Georgia, and the sachem of the Creeks gave him a buffalo's skin, painted on the inside with the head and feathers of an eagle, and said, "Here is a little present; the eagle signifies *speed*, and the buffalo *strength*. The English are swift as a bird and strong as a beast; since, like the first, they fly over the vast seas, and like the second, nothing can withstand them. The feathers of the eagle are soft, and signify *love*; the buffalo's skin is warm, and signifies *protection*; he hoped therefore that they would love and protect their families."

"Thus the Book of St. Albans, written in the 15th century, by the Lady Juliana Barnes, prioress of Sopwell, informs us that in speaking of numbers or flocks we must say a *herd* of deer, a *bevy* of roes, a *sounder* of swine, a *route* of wolves, a *richess* of mastens, a *brace* of bucks, foxes or hares, a *couple* of rabbits. There are also terms for their lodging: a hart is said to *harbor*, a buck *lodges*, a roe *beds*, a hare *seats* or *forms*, a coney *sits*, a marten *trees*, an otter *watches*, a badger *earths*, a boar *couches*. Hence there are also separate terms to express their dislodging: we *unharbor* the hart, *rouse* the buck, *start* the hare, *bolt* the coney, *untree* the marten, *vent* the otter, *dig* the badger, and *rear* the boar." Besides these synonymous terms for hunting wild animals, the parts of their bodies, their motions, footprints, breeding, &c., had separate names. Ignorance and pedantry are sustained by like artifices. Extremes often meet. The barbarian and the philosopher both multiply words to display their skill. The technical terms of science far outnumber the necessary words in every cultivated language. The satire of Hudibras had a substratum in real life. Butler says:

"We grant although he had much wit,
 He was very shy of using it;
 As being loth to wear it out,
 And therefore bore it not about;
 Unless on Holy days, or so,
 As men their best apparel do.
 For Rhetoric he could not ope
 His mouth but out there flew a trope:
 And when he happened to break off
 In the middle his speech, or cough,
 He had hard words, ready to show why,
 And tell what rules he did it by.
 For all a *Rhetorician's* rules
 Teach nothing but to name his tools."

The uncultivated dialect does worse. It teaches nothing but to name its tools a score of times, and though it constantly *moves* it never *advances*. It *circulates*, but does not *progress*. It executes astonishing tricks, but performs no useful work. The very fullness of barbarian speech is therefore an incumbrance to the native mind. It *bewilders* rather than *enlightens*. Progress, in language as in philosophy, tends to *simplicity*.

In the early ages of society the imagination takes precedence of the judgment. Poetry is older than prose. Particular objects are named before general ideas are formed. Metaphors and symbols precede abstractions and deductions. Hence eloquence exists where there is little reflection. Some specimens of Indian oratory have been preserved, mostly of a pathetic and touching character. The speeches on record were often made at treaties, when the red man with subdued pride yielded to the claims of the imperious and encroaching whites. Consequently they breathe a sorrowful spirit. A tone of melancholy marks these constrained utterances of the desponding warrior. Some of them are lofty and dignified; others magnanimous and fearless. Few of the sons of the forest are gifted in oratory. They are naturally a grave, taciturn and stolid race. They seldom discourse except on momentous occasions, and then with evident preparation. In the wigwam and on the hunt, they maintain the utmost reserve. In council men of eloquence are highly esteemed, though a considerable portion of their sessions is spent in silent deliberation, or in the occasional interchange of thoughts. The members of these councils are the old men of the nation; and the epithet which distinguishes a member is equivalent to our term *magistrate*. They are called "*fathers*" only with reference to the household or lodge. The government is primitive and patriarchal.

Barbarians are prone to divide their race into numerous nations. The Indians are divided into tribes or clans. The office of chief is hereditary; though the exhibition of superior wisdom or unusual powers confers this power upon new men. The council is usually guided by public opinion in its legislation, and its decrees become the supreme law of the tribe. In the chiefs the sovereignty resides. They declare war, make peace, appoint ambassadors, and form treaties. But in matters pertaining to public lands or fund, they consult, in private, the warriors and common citizens of the nation. The United States have seventy tribes east of the Rocky Mountains under their protection. These tribes have been represented as more faithful to their treaty stipulations than the white men with whom they treat. A treacherous violation of plighted faith is rare with red men. When well-used they give no occasion of offence in this matter. William Morill, an Episcopal clergyman, in 1623, writes:

"Their gross-fed bodies, yet no letters know.
No bonds nor bills they value, but their row.
Thus without art's bright lamp, by nature's eye
They keep just promise and love equity."

Indian morality is superior to that of ordinary savages. In this respect some of their eulogists highly commend them; while their detractors pronounce them hopelessly corrupt. Before their acquaintance with the Europeans the family relations were comparatively pure. But their virtues seem rather negative than positive. They resemble frozen serpents or hybernating bears, whose vitality, chilled by cold and hunger, is not sufficiently elevated to give impulse to appetite; hence, their passions slumber beneath the icy incrustation of a frigid temperament. They practice polygamy without restraint. Their frequent wars destroy the males. The females are often double the number of the other sex. Women are openly purchased and are made the slaves of their lazy lords. All the drudgery of the lodge and the cultivation of the soil, the care of slain beasts, the cooking of the food, and dressing of skins, fall to her lot. In journeys she bears burdens, pitches the tent, prepares the food, and performs all the offices of the meanest slave. Her personal charms, under such treatment, soon disappear. She is morally and physically debased. Her dreary path is seldom warmed and illumined by the purple light of love. With few exceptions the women are more cruel and remorseless than the men. Their low condition makes them hopelessly sour. In the numerous wars between the Indians and early settlers, women were often the instigators and inflictors of the most appalling tortures. among the Comanches "it is an ancient custom to surrender a prisoner to the women to torture, for the first three days of his arrival among them. These fiends stake out the unhappy victim, by day—that is, fasten him on his back to the ground, with his limbs distended by cords and stakes. At evening he is released and taken to the dance, where he is placed in the centre of a living circle, formed by the dense mass of his tormentors, and made to dance and sing, while the furies of the inner line beat him with sticks and thongs of raw hide, with great diligence and glee, till their own exertions induce fatigue, when he is remanded to his ground prison to abide a sense of small vexations during the coming day, and a repetition of the fell orgies during the ensuing night." At the expiration of three days the prisoner be-

comes the slave of his captor. In cases of aggravated offences the captives are put to death with excruciating tortures, the executioners cutting off and devouring morsels of his quivering flesh to satiate, not their cannibal appetite, but their love of revenge. Thus they carve away his long arrears of guilt. The traveller Mungo Park affirmed that he never appealed to woman for charity or mercy in vain. Among the Indians the merciless cruelty to which females are subjected seems to have obliterated the hand-writing of God upon their souls. They are oppressed, and they expend the hoarded treasures of their revenge upon the prisoners which their lords have captured.

The story of Pocahontas shows that where oppression has not stifled the pulsations of her nobler nature, woman is true to her instincts. Mercy and love triumph over justice and the victim lives. Pocahontas was the favorite daughter of a king, and had never felt the wrongs to which her sex were everywhere doomed to suffer among the natives. Her heart was not hardened by unfeeling neglect. Her affections were untainted by selfish scheming. She saw the captive about to die. She pitied his helpless state and periled her life to save him. This solitary instance of sublime heroism in an Indian maiden proves that the race are not wholly heartless and unsympathizing. In the lodge of the modern chief his numerous wives fight each other with determined and persevering hate. The strongest ultimately gains the victory. The lord of the wigwam sits by in silence and takes no part, by word or deed, in their broils. If the youngest and fairest happens to be beaten, he takes her and retires to another wigwam, to teach the victorious termagants "better manners," as the poet says—

"Each female likewise long retains deepe wrath,
And's ne'er appeas'd till wrongs reveng'd she hath."

—Morrell, 1623.

The Practical Influence of the Ideal.

FIRST PRIZE ESSAY. ROBERT GIBSON MCNIECE, CLASS OF 1867.

ONE very obvious and striking characteristic of the present generation is the tendency to estimate the value of everything, whether in science or art, in ethics or government, in mental pursuit or physical

exertion, by the facility with which it may be made conducive to material welfare, and conformable to the Procrustean bed of utility. This state of things is doubtless owing, in great measure, to the reaction occasioned by the barren results of speculation and theology among modern philosophers, from the days of Duns Scotus, when the chief topic for metaphysical discipline was whether an angel could go from one point to another without passing over the intervening space, down to the great living English philosopher, who has recently attempted to annihilate the material universe in two volumes, 12 mo.

There seems to be some excuse for an attachment to the tangible and the real, when the victories of intellectual warfare and ideal speculation are so vague and unsatisfactory. Hence, *cui bono*, has come to be the rigid test to which all inventions, theories and plans must submit. If a thing cannot plant potatoes, build iron-clads, tunnel mountains, project rail-roads, nor be readily transmuted into edibles, broadcloth, or greenbacks, it is set aside as worthless. Hence the renewal of the old dispute concerning the value of classical studies. And so vigorous has been the attack on them by the utilitarians, that no less a philosopher than John Stuart Mill has felt obliged to leave the peaceful seclusion of his study, and come with all the power of his logic, reputation and signal ability, to their defence, as he did in his recent inaugural address before the University of St. Andrews. While it may be wise to measure the worth of a thing by some standard of practicability, and always to prefer the useful to the useless, there is something indirect, and their influence, though potent and salutary, is silent and unseen.

The object of this essay is to show that the ideal, so often spurned as airy, intangible and profitless, has some vital connection with, some valuable relation to, the practical, or useful—taking the words *practical* and *useful* to be nearly synonymous. The term ideal may be understood in at least two ways, viz: in the sense of imaginary, intellectual, or visionary, in contrast with the real, material, or practical; and in the sense of theory or speculation in general. Under the first division would be included all works of the imagination,—poetry, fiction, art,—and every imaginary standard of perfection and duty; under the latter, the speculations and theories of philosophers, whether in science, ethics, or politics. It is proposed to pursue the subject under these two divisions. Those who are the most ardent

advocates of utility forget that it is merely relative and not absolute; "and that a thing is useful or useless first according to its fitness or unfitness to produce some required result." Hamilton says "that of two utilities the one which conduces to the more valuable end will be itself the more valuable utility." Now, man's nature is three-fold,—physical, intellectual and moral. To cultivate the first, and that which ministers to its temporary and mortal convenience may be right and desirable in itself; but if the latter are neglected on the ground that a steam-engine, a sewing machine is more useful than the well-trained intellect, the cultivated task, the enlarged conception, and moral rectitude, then man becomes one-sided, coarse and half-developed; the inferior is put above the superior; the thoughtless and earth-born, the material and mortal, above the thinking, immortal and divine. Yet this is the legitimate conclusion to which utilitarian logic inevitably tends. "Away with your poetry and fine arts, your classics and fanciful ideals," says the modern disciple of utility. "Poetry and the classics cannot make boots, alleviate rheumatic twinges, nor pump from the bowels of the earth, Petroleum; and the noblest character which has yet been drawn by bard or novelist, the grandest ideal of art, cannot stock the humblest ladder nor protect one's shivering limbs from northern snows."

Such is the reasoning of the practical school, and it would be conclusive enough if the highest and only mission for mortals were that of the cabbage, simply to sprout and expand, to be moistened by the friendly dew, and nourished by the fraternal sun, then die and rot, and be gathered to the cabbage-heads of their fathers. But all agree that "man's chief end" is something higher than to labor, as many do, merely to satisfy the perishing, grovelling wants and desires of the body. Now if that is most practical, or useful, which is a means to the most valuable end, a thing which is self-evident,—and the most valuable end is obviously the development of the highest and noblest type of character in the race, and it can be shown that the influences of the ideal in poetry, fiction and art have a tendency to accomplish such development, tend to lead mankind away from the sordid and transitory to the contemplation of the divine and eternal, to make wiser and better citizens, hence to promote and establish the welfare and progress of society and the state, then certainly practical influence of the highest kind cannot be denied to the ideal.

Says Sir Philip Sidney with equal beauty and truth, "the tending end of all earthly learning being virtuous action, those skills that most serve to bring forth that, have a most just title to be princes of all the rest." Now in poetry, fiction and art is embodied an ideal so perfect, a standard of character and beauty so complete that the very contemplation of it cannot but elevate and purify human nature. At first sight these things appear useless and unprofitable ; but the worth of a thing is often determined, not so much by what it is, as by what it does. The influence of the ideal is unseen, to some extent. Its step across the centuries is noiseless. Its victories are not those of the warrior, "with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood ;" not banner and cannon, and chained captives. It affects character, building it up progressively, with no sound of axe nor hammer.

Let him who measures all things by the one relentless rule of practicality, ask with scornful sneer, when you dwell on the glories of the Homeric poems, "what useful end do they subserve?" If, as there is good authority for saying, by their graphic portrayal of the sad results of discord and disunion, and the manifold blessings of harmony and united strength, they become, as it were, the magnetic bond of union between the Grecian States, which enabled them so long to drive every invader into the sea, and kindled a patriotism that required a Marathon or Thermopylæ for the theatre of its immortal deeds, are they not as practical in their nature, influence and results, as that sordid utility which is concerned chiefly about the area of lands, and the revenues accruing from Pacific railroads and government bonds? If one would stop to consider and trace the influence of the ideal in such poems as the Iliad, Odyssey and Antigone upon science, literature and government, upon tribes and nations, inspiring them with loftier aims and more generous impulses, softening and melting savage character, throwing around humanity a more attractive charm of dignity and beauty, binding together families and commonwealths in national harmony by the mystic and insoluble bond of a national literature, and then consider in addition their salutary power over individual character, by the sublime and eloquent lessons which they teach of gratitude, reverence to the gods, filial obedience, patriotism and fraternity, he would be slow to set aside poetry as worthless, because it treats of the ideal. Indeed, is that not the very highest practicality which seeks to develope man's intellectual and moral fac-

ulties, which cultivates a loftier appreciation and love of truth, beauty and goodness, which draws men heavenward, and adds day by day to treasures which are eternal, even if less time and energy should be devoted to the planting of vineyards, the invention of machines and the building of houses, which must all wither and vanish on the grave's brink? Those who would rudely banish or neglect their ideal, on the ground that it has no connection with material profits and practical uses, would tear from the world's memory that inspiring lesson and picture of the sublime devotion and self-sacrificing affection of Antigone, whose moral influence is to encourage fidelity to the teachings of common humanity, and the rule of eternal rectitude, rather than, by blind and passive obedience to despotic and unjust human law, to gain the favor of earthly princes at the price of manhood and truth. They would cover with oblivion, after dwelling in the hearts of men for three thousand years, and moulding them to higher purposes and nobler devotion to truth, those sweet and potent lessons of domestic affection and conjugal fidelity, exalted friendship and filial devotion, piety, love of country and manly heroism, so beautifully portrayed by poetic genius in the case of Hector and Andromache, Ulysses and Penelope, Achilles, Patroclus and Æneas. Is it of no *practical* value to the world, that there should be a restraint set upon vaulting and unprincipled ambition by holding up before mankind the fiery terrors that gnawed the soul, and the miserable end of the unforgotten Macbeth; that the daughters of King Lear, for their filial ingratitude, should have visited upon them the hatred of men and the wrath of heaven; that from generation to generation the minds of men should be entranced over the legends of the Red Cross Knights of holiness, temperance, chastity, friendship, justice and courtesy in the *Færie Queen* of Spenser? Says Stuart Mill, "some of Moore's songs have done more for Ireland than all Grattan's speeches."

Dickens is a good illustration of the practical influence of the ideal in fiction. It may well be doubted whether any other agency has been as instrumental in ameliorating the condition of the poorer classes in England as Dickens in some of his ideal characters, in which he represents the woes, the poverty and the sufferings of the poor with such pathos and vividness as to melt the hearts of titled nobility, and stir them up to use their wealth and influence for the elevation of their unfortunate fellow creatures. In all ages, how many

hoary wrongs and abuses have been compelled to hide their heads and disappear forever before the imaginary thunderbolts of some ideal Jupiter.

Don Quixote was a myth of the fertile brain of Cervantes—an ideal knight who went forth on his gaunt and shadowy steed to defend and do homage to the fair. But in such ludicrous caricatures was he portrayed, that the laughter which his whims evoked fell upon the head of chivalry itself, and that effeminate and love-sick institution was shamed out of existence. So the "Song of the Shirt" was a thing conjured up by the poet's imagination; but it voiced with tearful melody the sorrows and degradation of a wretched class, and touched the world's sympathy in their behalf. So also is it in art. The world even yet is elevated, and quickened to purer aims when it bows in admiration before the beauty, majesty, power and dignity of the Apollo Belvidere, or the masterly productions of Angelo and Raphael. How could the Greeks fail to be the high-souled, imperial-minded and courageous people they were, when on every side, from the cradle to the grave, they were inspired by the loftiest ideals which an almost divine genius could embody in enduring marble, or on glowing canvas, where "every sculptured ruin and column became an animated monitor beckoning them on to fame and immortality?"

The other branch of the subject, that pertaining to the speculative, or theoretical, remains to be briefly considered. "Begone with your dreamers and theorizers, who spend their strength blowing bubbles and speculating on airy nothingness," is the sarcastic cry of him who is blindly wedded to the practical. But how many would-be utilitarians ever stop to consider, that theory is at the foundation of nearly all practical matters? A Cunard steamer, with its wonderful combination of grace, speed and power, "walking the water like a thing of life," is without doubt very practical as to its results. But its origin is far back in the wild theory of a poor Philadelphia blacksmith, whom people treated as insane for entertaining such idle speculations, and whose merited fame is showered upon the head of his patron and friend, Robert Fulton. The locomotive and telegraph, so typical of the high civilization which gave them birth, with their iron lungs and wings of lightning pay large tribute to the world's wealth, happiness and progress, by their practical utility. Yet without the speculations of ideal philosophers and closet-wed theorizers, who in their day were

mocked and derided by narrow-minded bigots, whose one ringing refrain on all occasions, is *practicality*, men would now be making wearisome pilgrimages from state to state in the lumbering and traditional stage-coach. and the lightning, instead of being a humane and willing servitor to run at man's bidding and carry messages from city to city, binding even continents together in fraternal union, would still laugh at man's ignorance and blindness from its cloudy realm in the skies. Indeed, there is scarcely anything which is commended on the ground of its utility that does not owe the discovery of its value to theory. Even Christianity itself stands upon its present broad and sure foundation, because the theories and speculations of skeptical philosophers have obliged its advocates to clear away the shifting sands on which it had well-nigh drifted, and anchor it to the immovable and eternal rock. Is it not altogether true, as Ruskin tersely says, that "the step between practical and theoretic science, is the step between the miner and the geologist, the apothecary and the chemist; and the step between practical and theoretic art, is that between the brick-layer and the architect, between the plumber and the artist; and is this not a step allowed in all hands to be from less to greater?"

The Athenian wits and satirists took delight in making sport of Plato's ideal republic, and the world has had its protracted and sneering laugh at Harrington's Oceana, St. Pierre's Arcadia, Bacon's New Atlantis, and Sir Thomas More's Utopia, all the ideal portraits of a model Republic, drawn by men in advance of their times, and held up, that nations might be attracted by their beauty. And what has been the *practical influence* of such ideals? Why, the freest and most perfect government on the globe, the American Republic, is founded on the principles of toleration laid down in More's Utopia, and the governments of the Old World, are fast weaving into their political fabrics the truths set forth in these ideal romances, and so long scouted as visionary and theoretic.

The ideal has a high practical influence in this, that by keeping constantly before mankind a type of perfect beauty in human character, "to light man's attempts at self-culture," it causes dissatisfaction with present attainments, with the actual and imperfect, and inspires the loftiest effort and sacrifice to realize in individual character, the perfection of the ideal. It leads the poor peasant dwelling in his rags and mud cottage, oppressed by European tyranny to seek the

broad and fertile lands beyond the sea, where his remunerated toil causes cities to spring like flowers from the plain, knits communities and commonwealths together with ribs of iron, and opens for his posterity highways to learning, influence and renown. It holds up for the scholar, the statesman and the poet, for men of all ranks, an attractive and honorable goal, in the attainment of which human nature is invested with a beauty and dignity more perfect and noble, and by leading from one mountain-top of attainment to another, like "some bright particular star" it conducts at last into the presence of eternal truth and glory.

A Trip to the Iron City.

It was by a lucky stroke of Providence that I chanced to spend a few months in Pittsburgh, the Iron City. It was rather queer that Fortune should have sent me there: but she often plays strange freaks with human destiny, as if to see what odd crooks and turns she can make in the paths of men. How surprised, thought I, will be classmates when they reassemble once more at "Old Dartmouth," to learn that Tim has become a prodigal from his Alma Mater, and left the onward marching ranks, not to rejoin them till Autumn has come and and gone and Winter has wrapped the earth in its winding sheet of snow! And how can I forget those warning words of our respected President, uttered with such paternal earnestness: "My dear Tim, you will not *always* be a Junior, and room up in No. — T. H." (Words true but vainly spoken!) But I really wonder if a little stamina and pluck is not in as high demand in this age of "realisms," as brains crammed with Greek roots and mathematical formulæ, and if a little jarring and jostling out in the "wide, wide world" will not do as much toward making a *whole* man, as smooth sailing in the life-boat as it floats the successive rounds of the college curriculum.

"False doctrine, and not according to the belief of wiser and older heads than yours!" I seem to hear "Dr. Hopkins" exclaim. Can't help that. Rigid creeds and conventionalities were not made to fit everybody, and so with this bit of philosophy, true or false, just as you please, we say farewell to cloister and books! Hail glorious dawn of active scenes!

It was a hot sultry morning that I for the first time walked along the streets of the Iron City. Good Heavens! what a horrid smoky place, I exclaimed to myself, and with good reason, for although the sun had risen high in the unclouded heavens, its beams scarcely penetrated the dense mass of smoke which hung like a pall over the city, and all things seemed shrouded in a strange unnatural gloom. What use can there be of long prayers and sermons if men and women (yes, women whom a speck of dirt shocks more than a current of electricity from a galvanic battery,) can live with any degree of complacency in such a place as *this*. Here go the merchant, the lawyer, the "preacher," and withal the German laborer, (oh, how on earth can one be blamed for despising "Dutch" after he has seen a German!) all bearing the same badge of citizenship to the Iron City, the impress of smoke, *smoke*, SMOKE. As I wandered on from street to street I thought of the lines of Scott in his description of Edinburgh:

"The wandering eye could o'er it go,
And mark the distant city glow
With gloomy splendor red;
For on the smoke-wreaths, huge and slow,
That round her sable turrets flow,
The morning beams were shed,
And tinged them with a lustre proud,
Like that which streaks a thunder-cloud."

Yes, the Iron City rises before my vision now, while I pen these lines, like some vast stupendous furnace hissing with molten glass and iron, or like some huge monster, reposing in broken and disturbed slumbers along the banks of two majestic rivers, and winding its slimy folds over and among towering hills, and breathing forth from a hundred mouths, at every exhalation, smoke and soot and flame. Her many foundries seem like gigantic altars, ever burning with incense, and startling the nightly shades with their lurid flames, like fiery demons.

But in spite of all its dirt and smoke Pittsburgh is not without many redeeming and attractive features. It is situated at the head of the great Ohio valley, at the confluence of the Alleghany and Monongahela rivers, and the scenery along these noble streams is picturesque and sublime, and highly diversified by plain, mountain and valley. A walk of a few moments brings the pedestrian from the midst

of the city, upon high table land, far above all dust and smoke. The suburban regions are truly romantic and beautiful. There are Oak-land, Homewood and Shadyside, places worthy the theme of the poet. Here, surrounded and almost hid from view by lovely groves of oak and maple, are the homes of merchant princes and iron masters, who have expended with lavish hand the accumulated wealth of successful years in making their country seats delightful and attractive.

The roar and hum of the distant metropolis falls upon the ear only as the faint murmuring of a far off waterfall. The dismal shrieks of steamboats, plowing their way through the quiet waters of the Monongahela or Alleghany, ever and anon echo through hill and vale, and then die away in the distance, only to make the intervals of stillness seem more sweet and enchanting. Here is just the clime for one to dream life away in blissful forgetfulness of all that speaks of earthly cares and solicitudes. The Iron City, however, is no place for idle dreamers. Action, *action*, *action*, is most emphatically the watchword of the day, and business moves onward with a rush.

The extensive resources of the surrounding country afford rich and ample rewards for industry, and the most flattering inducements for effort and enterprise. The manufactures of glass and iron in this city are the most extensive of any in the Union, while the annual income of the neighboring coal fields is truly surprising. Of course in such a place as this, wealth is the one all-absorbing object of pursuit and the criterion of distinction. Methinks the bard might truly sing, respecting Pittsburghers in general :

“Mammon leads them on ;
Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
From heaven ; for even in heaven his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent ; admiring more
The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy, else enjoyed
In vision beatific.”

Men seem not to dream of fame or honor only as they may chance to meet with it “on the road to Fortune.” What use here for one to seek for education, to burn the midnight oil, since he will have but the poor satisfaction of hearing it said of him “he has got *only* a few brains and the sum of all misfortunes, a light pocket !”

But so the world goes. Take warning, reader, if you wish to be

estimated according to what you *know*, don't venture outside of thinking, brain-working old New England. If, however, you desire to be rated by what you can *do*, travel westward where men are weighed in the scale not of mere mental calibre, but of real sinew and pluck; where they are not honored because they are profound Egyptian mummies, but because they are living and effective powers.

What I saw of Pittsburgh led me to the conclusion that the "natives" were generally kind and hospitable to strangers. Doubtless, now and then, a visitor to a private dwelling may meet with the response "Not at home," or "Can't be seen to-day, call another time," for there are different kinds of people here as well as everywhere else; but this does not often happen. A worthy visitant to the Iron City will meet with some smutty faces, but he will always find many congenial hearts and warm friends. My sojourn here was a delightful period of relaxation and very swiftly did the weeks and months glide away. It was my intention to have taken a steamboat ride on the Monongahela to Brownsville; to have visited the coal mines, and to have taken a brief survey of some parts of the oil regions, whence came, by way of a little New York philanthropy, the wherewith to erect our Gymnasium; but the time allotted for my stay beyond the Alleghanies passed with these purposes unaccomplished. And now, weary of the busy strife and turmoil of the metropolis, weary of the unceasing sound of many hurried footsteps as

"Each where his tasks or pleasures call,
They pass and heed each other not,"

I long for the quiet shades of Dartmouth and the pure atmosphere of New Hampshire. And yet, when on a lovely afternoon the train which bore me homeward rolled swiftly away; as the grand old hills which I had learned to love and venerate receded from my view, a feeling of sadness stole over me at the thought of leaving far behind old smoky Pittsburgh where I had passed the delightful Autumn of '66. It only remains for me to mention the passage of the Alleghanies on my journey homeward. The train wound its way along the sides of lofty mountains at a slow and lazy rate as if the iron horse wearied in its long ascent, and when at length it reached the highest summit and began to descend, we beheld far below a deep ravine, while beyond were towering cliffs piled one upon another till they seemed to

minge with the clouds and rest among the stars. The shades of twilight were just beginning to gather and to throw around us their somber mantle as if to deepen the impressiveness of the scene. It was a grand and sublime picture in which God appeared in his transcendent glory and majesty. We soon reached again the level of the plain and the dim outlines of the receding mountain summits faded one by one in the misty shadows of evening. Oh, how like faithful sentinels did they seem, stationed there in the distance by the great Omnipotent to keep guard during the long hours of the approaching night! This was the only interesting incident on my way back to my "old native State." This sublime scene will long remain bright and unfading upon the tablet of my memory, and in the hereafter of life it will recall from the vista of departed years many a fond recollection of my trip to the Iron City.

TIM.

Midsummer.

CRIMSON roses, golden-hearted,
Rarest bird-songs all in tune,
Green leaves faintly, faintly stirring,
Whispering of June.

O'er the hill-tops like a spirit
Hovereth a purple haze, •
You may almost *feel* its presence
In the meadow ways.

All the far-off fields are sleeping;
Cattle resting at their ease;
In the hearts of wind-rocked flowers
Lurk the humming-bees.

In the fragrant woods are shadows
Lying cool across the grass; •
There is scarce room for the sun-light
Through the leaves to pass.

Up in heaven clouds are floating,
Fleecy, soft, with fold on fold,
Picturing now a towering bulwark,
Now some castle old.

'Cross the foot-path leaping, babbling
Like a tired child in sleep,
Sings the brook as if 't were dreaming
Things all pure and deep.

In the fields the scythes are ringing,
Soft and low, now loud and clear,
And the reapers they are singing
Words I can not hear.

Over all a nameless something
Which we feel but cannot see ;
God is good, and His midsummer
Cometh near to me !

ADAM.

Character of Prescott.

FOUR great authors died during the year 1859. Prescott the historian expired in the midst of his labors, and Irving the "Goldsmith of America," the most elegant and pleasing of American authors soon followed him. England lost two of her first historians, Macaulay and Henry Hallam. Death takes from us every year men prominent in the ranks of literature, but not often are we called upon to mourn the loss, in a single year, of those who have contributed so largely to standard literature. The history of England acquired new interest from the brilliant and condensed pages of Macaulay and Hallam ; while a clear light was shed upon the almost unknown history of Spain by the magic pens of Prescott and Irving. The biographies of literary men are always interesting and valuable, but when they recount any singular misfortune their lessons become doubly impressive. They teach us how the mind can rise above physical infirmities. They should inspire the idle with a spirit of industry, the diligent with renewed zeal. All have more or less curiosity respecting authors. We are inclined to judge too much of one's character from his writings. To thoroughly appreciate, however, a writer, we should make it our aim to acquaint ourselves, as far as possible, with his private life. We admire the simple yet beautiful verses of Burns ; but we pass over in silence his crazy, drunken paroxysms. As we read the noble, heart-stirring

verses of "Childe Harold," we are pained to learn that Byron wasted the noble talents which God had given him. When Richard Steele was sober, some of the finest essays in the English language, upon the happiness of a temperate life, flowed from his pen. But what valuable lessons can we learn when permitted to study the character of him whose life was a constant example of virtue, whose valuable writings were the productions of a lofty and noble mind. The life of Prescott was marked by peculiar misfortunes, yet it gave ample evidence of an exalted type of character. By a somewhat remarkable accident he was deprived of the use of one of his eyes, which turned his attention from the bar to the pursuit of literature. His tastes had always tended in this direction. In health it had been his constant delight, in suffering his never failing solace, but now he was to enter upon a severe and minute study to secure success in an arduous pursuit. In English literature he was well versed; he had previously studied the principal modern languages; with the classics he was familiar: but now at twenty-five he was to begin again as it were. This together with the continual suffering from his eyes might have discouraged one with a less courageous heart than his. He subjected himself to the strictest rules in regard to study, exercise and recreation. "It is of little moment," he wrote in his Private Memoranda, "whether I succeed in this or that thing, but it is of great importance that I am habitually industrious." He hesitated long upon the subject of his first literary efforts, but finally decided to write "The History of Ferdinand and Isabella." He immediately marked out a course of reading on this subject, embracing several hundred volumes, enough to tax the energies of one with unimpaired health. His eye commenced to trouble him at the beginning, and he passed four months in a darkened room as a penalty for excessive reading. He provided himself with a reader and was never afterwards without one. By means of this assistance, he was enabled to obtain the desired information, he soon became an adept, so that the sense of hearing was developed in a wonderful manner, to compensate to a great degree for the loss of eyesight. When in England, he obtained a mechanical contrivance for assisting the blind to write, called the *noctograph*, by means of which the hand is guided. The principal difficulty in the use of such an apparatus was that the letters and words were made only from mechanical habit, and if the person using it happened to make

a mistake he could not return and rectify, for if he did the MSS. which at the best would hardly be legible would be with great difficulty deciphered. It is evident that the utmost care must be taken to form every sentence in the mind before it was given to paper. This contributed much to the clearness of his style, as all the chief points had to be kept in view; and he rapidly cultivated this power of retentiveness so well that he could thus keep in his memory *sixty printed pages* of Philip II., correcting and revising them as he rode or walked for exercise. After pondering over it, he wrote in the boldest and freest style. He gave life, freedom and perspicuity to his thoughts, and mode of expressing them. As soon as he commenced the more severe task of composing, his eye became worse, and he was soon conscious that unless great care was taken he would soon be left in total blindness. From this time till death he took every precaution to strengthen, at all events not to exhaust, its impaired power. He was exact in everything that pertained to the daily distribution of duties. He rose early, though with great reluctance, for in truth he was naturally very lazy. Even in the coldest weather he was accustomed to walk three or four miles before sunrise; on his return from the morning walk he adjusted his clothes to the temperature of the house; from the breakfast table he went to his study; at ten o'clock his secretary and reader came, then followed the severe labor of the day. Every contrivance which ingenuity could invent was at hand to relieve his eye from every sudden shock or pain. While composing portions of Philip II., he wrote only thirty-five minutes in each day, divided exactly by the watch into portions of five minutes each, with at least half an hour between, and always stopping when the least pain was felt. He said, "he reckoned time by eyesight, as distances on railroads are reckoned by hours." In spite of all advice he determined to endure blindness rather than give up his pursuit; and it was this unyielding disposition which enabled him to triumph over physical infirmities.

With all his preparation he composed slowly. He read thoroughly everything which pertained to his subject; after reading for a year on his proposed work, he said to a friend that he should *commence* to read for the first chapter of "Ferdinand and Isabella," which was carefully written and corrected three times. A difficult chapter in Philip II., was written and revised sixteen times, this was of course

an exceptional case, yet there was the same regard to thoroughness in all his writings. Upon his first effort he spent as he himself says *ten* of the best years of his life. Severe and faithful as had been his studies, he always had many misgivings about publishing his writings even after they had received the highest praise from critical friends. The popularity of his histories, at home and abroad, is too well known to be spoken of at length. They have all been translated into the principal modern languages. Edward Everett once said that when he was in England he called upon Sir Thomas Granneville, a profound scholar and critic, and found him reading Xenophon's *Anabasis*; on his making some passing remark on the beauty of the author, Granneville holding up a copy of "*Ferdinand and Isabella*" replied,—"*He is one far superior.*" Mr. Griswold says—"Prescott excels most in description and narration but his histories combine in a high degree almost every merit that can belong to such works. On every page we find that peculiar philosophical spirit mingled with a uniform candor." Sparks the historian said,—"*He possesses to an eminent degree love of truth, impartiality and discriminating judgement. You will find in him no extravagant theories, no overwrought descriptions to the faults of a favorite hero.*" His rich imagination, his love of nature, his modesty, the depth of thought, his impartiality, all conspired to make his writings interesting and attractive. In society he was always popular, that kind and gentle sympathy, with his brilliant conversational power, made him an universal favorite, yet he always kept that simplicity of character, that kindness of heart which made his presence always welcome to the homes of the poor in Boston. "*His modesty*" said Josiah Quincy, "*was as innate and deep seated as his genius. His delicate temperament shrunk from public notice and praise. To the merits of others he was just and liberal, concerning his own, reserved and silent.*" What a noble tribute was paid by Edward Everett to his friend a few days after his death!—"He has driven his artesian criticism through wretched, modern competitions and the trashy exaggerations of intervening commentators down to the original witnesses, and the sparkling waters of truth have gushed forth from the living rock."

Such were the prominent traits in the character of Prescott the historian. We have seen the proud, ambitious young man suddenly struck with a deadly blow which was destined to effect so radical a

change in his character. The discipline which was acquired in the darkness of his room was not without profit. He realized that his future life must be one of self-denial and patience. With every excuse for a life of idleness we find him determined to enter upon a most difficult and laborious pursuit. Naturally of an indolent disposition we find him subjecting himself to the most rigid rules. Often suffering the most acute pain, still preserving that quiet humor, those flashes of wit and love of repartee which were so characteristic of him. His modesty forbade that his generosity should be known only to a few personal friends. When to a character like this the great gift of imparting his ideas to coming generations is added, how great an influence it must yield long after the hand that wrote has crumbled to dust. He had always expressed the wish that he might die suddenly. It was granted. He died almost immediately from a stroke of apoplexy. His last request was characteristic of the man. He desired that his remains might rest for a time, in his study with his cherished books amidst which he had found so much pleasure and profit. The poor whom he had assisted, the men of letters with whom he was intimately associated felt that they had lost in him a kind friend and benefactor.

Nix.

An Old Man's Reverie.

I am looking at the firelight
And the shadows on the wall,
And without, the moon's half hidden
And the snow flakes softly fall.

And I hear the merry jingle
Of the sleighbells from afar,
And the laugh of youth and pleasure
Ringing through the frosty air.

But my fire burns low and dimly,
And sad fancies fill my mind,
Sitting listening to the murmuring,
Mystic whispering, of the wind.

For I'm dreaming of my dear ones,
Sister, wife, and noble son,
Of my kindred and my neighbors,
For I loved them every one.

But they're lying in the church-yard,
For they left me long ago,
Left me ere my cheek was withered
And my hair was turned to snow.

Yes, soon will come the answer
To my sad unspoken prayer,
For I shall lie down beside them
And we'll sleep together there.

Dartmouth Mountaineers.

No. 3.

THE stay upon Mt. Washington was short. It was impossible to do more than hold one's self together out of doors. The wind was driving furiously; while the mist and rain, spite of the thickest clothing, speedily formed miniature rivulets—then cascades, whose icy waters leaped joyously down the shuddering back, from the very nape of the neck, to the sole of the boots, which soon became full to overflowing. The view was confined to a few square feet, and it required a great degree of enthusiasm to mount the little piles of stones which surrounds the flagstaff, and serves to direct the tourist where he may find the "height of land." Not one of our party ventured to "shin the pole," and win the honor of having reached the highest point this side Virginia and the Rocky Mountains. It was left for future years and a fair day. That day Fancy alone can picture. Before us rises, in place of the youthful mountaineer, a staid and portly form, or one it may be surmounted by a shock of gray and leaning upon a staff; while the feat is accomplished by one younger, an active youth, zealous for the family honor, whose mien calls to mind days long gone by. But the chronicler must deal in fact, not trifle with Fancy. Within doors there was little to detain the party. A glance at the motley

crowd huddled around the fire, the quaint old room, the mountain views, and the log-book,—faithfulness compels us also to mention the jolly landlord's phiz peering out from a queer little nook of a closet, from which was wafted a suspicious odor, though of course our party kept aloof;—resting but a brief hour, the valiant twelve, having refreshed themselves with a lunch, set out for the Glen.

It was a rich substitute,—that hard, macadamized road gently graded and smooth, for the rough bridle path so sadly out of repair up which they had toiled from the Notch, and the party were in fine spirits. Their spirits were so high in fact that when they drew near the toll-gate at the foot of the Mountain, some of the more philanthropic and tender-hearted suggested that they should not disturb the gentleman who occupied the house adjoining the bar which loomed up, Apollon-like, across the way, and put him to the unnecessary trouble of relieving them of twenty cents apiece. This struck the most as a bright thought, though there was a fearful ravine and a swollen stream on one side of the road, while an almost inaccessible cliff rose on the other. They took no time for reflection, but, acting at once upon the suggestion, and choosing as they thought, the lesser evil, made for the ravine, and in a few moments had disappeared from view. Long after, the few who had proved of tender consciences, though hard of heart, and had remorselessly waked the old man from his afternoon's nap, were joined by some sorry-looking personages, who soon proved to be friends,—hardly angels,—in involuntary disguise. It was the divergent party. It was a tedious dismal tale they had to tell of the

—“moving accidents by flood and field,
Hair-breadth 'scapes”—

they had experienced. Doubtless a full record would be of thrilling interest; but, as they never fully completed the sad recital, and among the archives of the expedition we find no notes which would furnish us with any clue, we are utterly unable to give more than the simple fact that no lives were lost.

At the Glen the Falls first received a visit, and well did they repay for the day's toilsome march. The Cascades of Franconia and the Notch seemed to have lost their charms by the side of this. If the Glen has but a single bit of nature, to offer as a shrine, whither at fashionable hours the dainty Miss may resort to pay her tribute of

drawing-room expletives, or at the hour of quiet, when light and shade become ready limners to retouch the scene with colors ever changing, the true lover of nature may receive fresh inspiration and pay anew his vows of devotion,—if there is but this single cascade in that Mountain ravine, it can easily vie with the wonders of the Notch. Passing on from the Falls, as the huge pile of buildings which are called the Glen House came in sight, no wonder was expressed that the visitors resorting thither should have called forth such an exhibition of man's handiwork in this region. It seemed an awkward though expressive tribute to the Falls of Glen Ellis.

It was the purpose of the party to pass the night at a farm-house some five miles further on ; but on attempting to complete the march, it was found that the two hundred pounds avoirdupois which served to encase the valiant spirit of our friend W., had proved altogether too much for his lower extremities. In other words his ankles had failed. As we viewed with mournful forebodings the helpless "*enfant*," we were forcibly reminded of the witty remark of Sidney Smith, made while viewing a woman so enormously fat that it was a problem how she was to be removed from the street, "Read the riot act and disperse her." But there was no riot act to be had in those woods, and we were three miles from the farm-house and supper. At this juncture the Captain stepped forward, and, lending his sturdy shoulders, the company moved on without further delay. It was a hospitable mansion, that house with the whole-souled farmer. The supper deserves a full description ; but no bill of fare was preserved, and in making inquiries about it afterward of the parties concerned, we could gather, only vague, incoherent replies, chiefly in the form of descriptive adjectives, from which we thought ourselves justified in concluding the company were just at that time in a more practical than æsthetic mood. But the beds ! Ah, the beds ! Such marks of civilization had not been seen for two weeks, and no wonder their tired limbs were astonished by the clean, white sheets and soft feathers. The Seven Sleepers were eclipsed ; and we know not but the weary twelve had been there now, had not the active farmer prepared a breakfast of shining trout, taken fresh that morn from a Mountain stream, whose odor in process of cooking soon penetrated every portion of the house, and proved an excellent substitute for a breakfast bell.

In this happy manner was the bright morn of August 6th ushered

in. Three o'clock that afternoon saw the party at North Conway, where they found the camp, and renewed their acquaintance with the three who had been left the morn before to come on through the Notch and await in this gay little village the arrival of their comrades. It was in a manner somewhat unique that the march of this day was accomplished. In fact we have thought that the character of individuals was in some measure revealed by the manner in which they made that journey from the Glen to North Conway. Each took his own course. The Captain's shoulders not being quite equal to the task of resuming their last night's load, W. made the trip on the coach in a legitimate manner. It happened fortunately there was no luggage that day and the passengers were few. H. & A., however, after the coach had started, quietly mounted and placed their persons in the place where the trunks usually go, and where the driver is wont to aim when told to "cut behind." Whenever there was a stop to water or change horses these youths would mysteriously appear from behind some clump of bushes, or from out some store where they had been inquiring the price of peanuts, and linger about in busy idleness, till there was a fresh start. Mc. displayed something more than mere "cheek" when he climbed into a passing wagon which contained only a lone female, and after having comfortably seated himself asked "may I ride." With trembling look she surveyed the stalwart form so unceremoniously placed by her side, and meekly replied "yes." It so happened however, that she found it in her way to turn down the first side road. McM. did not stop to inquire whether she lived there, but hurriedly took to the turnpike. A few of the party bravely walked the entire distance, among which were sturdy "Old Joe," the indefatigable Captain and our worthy commissary, who came into camp in his usual brisk manner, all unconscious of the trials in wait for him. It seems that the three left with the tent and team, had reached the place of encampment the evening before, and had been amusing themselves the meanwhile by casting the horses, eating ham and eggs, and forgetting to get some bread baked according to commands of the commissary. As the horses were found to be but slightly damaged, Joe,—small Joe,—was forgiven this much; but the crime of having neglected the bread was one not so easily forgotten by the injured party, and poor Joe was not suffered to sleep that night until Mc., with more than his usual eloquence, had

again and again rehearsed the whole grounds of complaint, stated carefully the solemn responsibilities placed upon the company, pictured the disastrous results that must inevitably follow, and, by way of peroration, entered upon certain not very complimentary remarks, all which Joe, having by this time become thoroughly aroused, declined peacefully to hear. Mc. was at this point advised to lie down and go to sleep; and Joe never again referred to the subject.

After an animated discussion at the encampment, it had been decided to move that eve, a few miles nearer Centre Harbor. The vote was taken when the Captain and W. who had been "invited out to tea," were away up town, engaged in some little offices they found it necessary to perform before they appeared in society.

A fine assortment of interjections, was brought into requisition when they returned, and found everything packed up just ready for the start. But it was too late, and they reluctantly sent up their hastily written notes, and resumed the pilgrim staff. The Captain was so unfortunate as to have his boots get the start of him on the march, and was obliged to follow on behind, in that condition which small boys so much enjoy when the warm days of summer begin to approach. But he toiled up through the sand with his wonted grit, Bobby meanwhile keeping him company and warning him against lying down blanketless in the damp bushes to pass the night. Sam, by reason of certain infirmities, was placed upon one of the teams, and carefully admonished to follow the telegraph wires, and not drive too fast. His scornful reply was, as he cracked his whip over the horse's back, "I guess I have travelled." Well, he did travel; but he kept straight on; for when, after a few miles journeying, he came to a place where the monitor wires turned sharp around the corner of a hotel he took no notice but without hesitation selected the road that leads "Down East." Fortunately there were in the hotel at that time certain of his friends, who had been discussing its merits, and cultivating the acquaintance of the landlord; when one of those personages always to be found sitting in the porch of a public building, came rushing breathlessly in, and declared that their "team was on the wrong road." They dropped their acquaintance immediately, and hurried out just in time to hail the fast disappearing horse and tent, and rescue as well a comfortable night's lodging, as the redoubtable Sam, from further shame and disgrace. Sam never speaks of his travels now. The

tent was pitched that night by the light of a lone candle, streaming from the window of a little one-story house, where lived a benevolent old couple, who kindly furnished us with what was wanting for our supper. Here Mc's above mentioned lecture was delivered, and we lay down to sleep.

Wednesday the 7th, was a day of wearisome travel. A distance of thirty miles to Centre Harbor remained, and we resolved to make it. The lame and the halt relieved each other in driving the teams, while the whole-souled trudged on through the hot sand and scorching sun, vainly trying to see where the fun was in a pedestrian's lot. And yet it was a beautiful route we had to travel that forenoon. In our rear was the lonely Kearsarge, surmounted,—crowned as it seemed,—by its dreary old castle of a house, roofless and fast falling to decay, while by our side were the green meadows of the Saco stretching away in the distance till checked by the steep, rough sides of Mt. Chocorua, with its wild legends of Indian hate and cruelty; but all this was lost on the weary little company. It was on this day that A. once more showed himself equal to any emergency that might arise, whether upon the road, or when in quest of fresh apple-pie among strangers. While sitting down to rest with a number of others beneath the shade of some trees, a small boy was seen to approach, driving a wagon which appeared distressingly empty. A. at once arose and accosted the youth, in tones most seductive; but it only had the effect of making him vigorously ply the whip, as if he were anxious to rid himself of some dread spectre which had suddenly arisen to his sight. The horse went fast, but the energetic A. went faster; he overtook the fugitive team after a short race, and climbed in over the bootless vehicle to a comfortable seat beside the unaccommodating urchin. Entering at once into conversation, he so beguiled the credulous little fellow by marvellous tales of the dog Phil., his wondrous sagacity and his ravenous appetite, especially for human flesh, that the horse no longer feeling the whip gradually slackened his pace to a walk, and thus enabled H. and B. to hobble up and place themselves snugly in behind. The boy, though thus afflicted, Sinbad-like, with a burden he could not shake off, was, like most other boys, found to be open to the soothing influence of some maple sugar, found in the pocket of one of his latter tormentors, and soon appeared on good terms with his fate.—Later in the day these same boon companions, H. and A., in company

with Joe, the younger, fell in with some currant wine at a farm house on the road and found it so palatable that they took with them, when they resumed their journey, a black bottle whose dimensions exceeded what was absolutely necessary to supply their wants.—The effect was some apparent ;—H., after travelling on both sides of the road for a time at length sought to ascend one of the telegraph poles ; but, after long embracing its smooth sides making no progress upwards he was, upon urgent solicitation by his friends, dissuaded from further attempting the feat and led quietly away. But they were too old boys to keep company long with the bottle, or long to indicate by their jovial conduct the friends they had lost. They recovered the full use of their faculties in time to eat a supper, such apparently as they had never met with before, and one which took them all the evening to describe to their less fortunate companions. The last words A. murmured just as he was falling asleep were, “By Golly ! such nice things,—hot biscuit,—cakes, pies, and”—the rest was lost in indistinct mutterings. This day the Captain’s courage gave out for the first time, and all through the hot hours of noon he stretched his huge form along the tent, which was thrown as a covering over the baggage wagon, and slept ; while the horse proceeded along the road at his own sweet will. As a result, there was a delay of some hours, the horse having taken the wrong route, and it was late at night when the company found themselves encamped in the churchyard at Centre Harbor.

Thursday the company commenced breaking up. It was a day of alternate rain and shine. Between two of these showers the village artist attempted to take a photograph of the camp, but the showers were altogether too neighborly, as the resulting pictures, when sent to our address at College the following term, sadly showed. Indeed, it required a very fertile imagination to recognize in the dark blotch anything we had ever seen before. In selecting the Class Artist a few weeks later, Centre Harbor was reckoned out. The Captain found relatives,—cousins or something of the sort,—once more and was invited out for the afternoon and evening, leaving his cousinless comrades,—those who had not yet taken their farewell of camp-life to solace themselves by a ride on the Lake. The weather was far from being such as excursionists pray for, yet we found enjoyment in dividing our attention, as the showers would at intervals drive us within

odors, between the natural beauties to be seen from the deck of the little steamer, and those more artificial to be found within the cabin. H. was the fortunate boy this time. By dint of no little maneuvering, and certain wily stratagems, he found himself ere long seated beside a pretty Miss, fresh from a boarding school, who had been ostensibly reading a book all the while, but somehow had kept herself sufficiently well acquainted with our hero's plan of attack to capitulate just at the right moment and enter at once into ready conversation. The excellent youth did not go upon deck again when the rain ceased; and he was heard to complain that the trip was wondrous short; when in truth we had been the entire length of the Lake and consumed the whole afternoon in our excursion. For ourselves we have faint remembrances of fair islands freshly arrayed in their bright green verdure, and set with an apparent negligence and abandon, that was only an added charm, in the midst of quiet waters which the storm even then scarce ruffled; while far away, constantly shifting their cloudy mantle, were mountains of new forms and with faces unfamiliar, around which clustered other and wilder legends; but all seems shadowed now by that veil of mist which time has only served to render more impenetrable. Before we left the boat the clouds had settled down for a long night's rain, and dreary enough did we find our encampment, though slightly wet as it was, with blankets dripping, and a small torrent running through the midst of the tent. However, the kindness of friends near by who lent a kitchen fire to dry the blankets, and a little labor at ditching, soon made us quite comfortable, and we lay down to rest that night in gay spirits; as any one would easily have believed could they have looked in upon us and heard the long yarns, interspersed by jest and repartee, which kept us awake almost into the wee hours of our last night together.

The following morning was made famous by the reception of hot corn cakes, from the direction the Captain had taken the afternoon previous. The party showed their appreciation of the gift by cheers and a tiger for the giver, and a rapid demolition of the comely pile. Those cakes call up kind thoughts of the donor even now. May his crop of maize never fail! May corn cakes be for him perpetual! May his generous spirit never faint, or grow weary in well-doing!—And may his children grow up hale and hearty, nourished by food intellectual as by food,—such food,—terrestrial! There was another

exodus from the camp when the morning boat went out, and only a solitary half dozen were left to pursue their lonely way back to the familiar streets of Hanover. Placing their persons in the vacant nooks left by the baggage, which their lost companions had taken, they proceeded on their journey in comparative ease. As they came within sight of the chapel spire they saw approaching certain of their acquaintances,—not students, but persons who sometimes associate with students, from the upper classes,—certain who were wont never before to cut them on the street. At this sight the chivalrous six at once arose from their recumbent positions on the wagons and held themselves in readiness to salute the ladies *a la mode* as they should approach. The ladies did approach, and—passed them with only a look of curiosity half mingled with mirth! And then they remembered they were not the youths of three weeks ago. Straightway they went to their rooms, and, arraying themselves in their fairest, took their revenge by making such a swell through the streets of Hanover that there was no longer any doubt of their personal identity. They were at home.

And here we must lay down our pen, but not before we pay a slight tribute of respect and gratitude to the kind friends we met along the route. With the single exceptions of one village, and that shall be nameless, we were everywhere,—rough and uncouth as was of necessity our appearance,—treated not only with a respect, but with a kindness and a favor to which we could lay no claim. If the name of a student is a talisman to friendships such as these, we would wish to bear it evermore. There are certain faces still fresh in our memory, we would like to call up and picture to others; there are certain acts we shall not soon forget, of which we should like to make mention here; but we feel that a more fitting and acceptable return would be made by retaining those bright pictures and offering simply, the tribute of thankful hearts. Long may it be ere their names their kind deeds, or the bright recollections of the many happy hours spent together, shall perish from the memory of the "Dartmouth Mountaineers."

Editorial Notes.

The "Dartmouth," one of the mementoes of the love of the class '67 for their Alma Mater, passes with this number into the hands of the succeeding class; and as it sought no encomium when under the superintendence of its former editors, so it will be our purpose that it shall retain the standard given it by them. Yes, another college year has passed "like a Phaëton rushing through the air only to leave the chariot empty,"—and as a beautiful star which lent its radiance to our path, loses its lustre and reflecting but a flickering ray, is lost to view, so has the past year stolen by us and floated away upon its visioned pinions to the "voiceless grave." But the College under the guidance of its friends has not been neglectful and remiss in its duties; it has constantly been gaining a stronger foothold in every particular, and so long as its friends continue to give their pecuniary aid as well as their influence, we are confident it will succeed. The closing year dismissed from our halls many pleasant and agreeable friends, to battle upon the arena, and struggle with the difficulties of life, and to whatever course their talents and inclinations may tend, they have gone forth with the best wishes of the friends they leave behind, and we trust they may carve their path to fame and fortune. The vacation, to which we looked forward with so many expectations was, we presume, to all, one of pleasure and enjoyment; released from our daily routine of care and study we had opportunity to give free scope to our æsthetic and sportive inclinations; and as we have gazed upon nature decked in her most gorgeous robes, and viewed her picturesque grandeur or romantic and wonderful combinations, which furnish so much food for the imagination, we have felt how difficult it is to remain indifferent to her loveliness. The pleasant though varied methods in which the vacation passed with all furnished us that mental rest which fits us anew for the duties of the present year in acquiring those intrinsic, heaven-bestowed qualities of intellectual capacity, of strict integrity, pure morality, correct judgment, and of courage to do and dare what conscience dictates. These are the attributes that govern circumstances and control events and they the characteristics which command permanent respect, ensure lasting regard, and challenge universal admiration.

The wide-spread influence and remarkable good standing that the college has obtained abroad, brings to her portals this fall many new comers, and each day, the different sports upon the green call out those interested and once again the town has assumed that vivacity and bustle that term-time alone can give to it.

We are pleased to welcome so many to these halls, where we are confident they can secure the best of mental and moral culture, and where, with the opportunity of procuring physical training now offered, they cannot fail of realizing their brightest hopes..

The goal of greatness and fame is before us all to struggle for, but "tis a cold heart that deems these enough." Our nature demands the intercourse of friend with friend, without which there will be a blank the world can never fill. The man of genuine sensibility will find in this a more lively joy, a higher happiness than in all the reputation of talent and power. In this humble sphere the affections find constant exercise; the social and moral sense is kept lively and on the alert, and friendship is the source of the greatest share of all true enjoyment. It may be difficult to convince the heartless aspirant for fame or the sordid man of gold, that, except as means of advancement, friends and kindred are of any consequence; but reader, if there be one kind heart from which you would not have your memory erased, you need no argument to make manifest the pleasure resulting from intercourse of friend with friend.

While the world may refuse the fame of greatness and the tribute of idolatry, he who holds with others a community of affection, who is rich in the hearts of but a humble few, shall be remembered when he is in his grave, and "the tear of first sorrow that falls on the fresh turf of his rest shall no be the last."

THAYER SCHOOL OF ARCHITECTURE AND CIVIL ENGINEERING.—This, we understand, is to be the designation of the new department established by the munificence of Gen. Sylvanus Thayer. He has already paid into the Treasury of Dartmouth College, \$20,000, and has given security for \$20,000 more, to be paid at specified and convenient times. And he has declared his purpose, over and above this, to defray the whole expense of the School up to the year 1870, leaving the fund meanwhile to accumulate.

The school is to be essentially, though not formally, of a post-graduate character; that is, the requisites for admission, will in some respects—in Mathematics, for example—embrace as much as is usually studied in College, and probably more. The course is to extend through at least two years, and is designed to be of the very highest order, aiming at the thoroughness and completeness, in the lines of study pursued, of the best European Schools. The generous and far-seeing founder, is deeply impressed by the demand for architectural and engineering ability which the rapidly unfolding resources of our country are sure to make; and he believes there will be an increasing number of young men, from New England and elsewhere, who will be glad to avail themselves of such a course of instruction as he proposes to connect with his Alma Mater.

It is not probable that the School will be organized in less than a year. The selection of the principal instructor will be a matter of importance, and, with the high aims of the school, of some difficulty. And it is understood that, when selected, he is to spend some time in Europe, for the purpose of examining similar Schools, and more fully fitting himself for his work. We shall welcome this accession to our enlarged circle of our educational appliances. The position and history of Dartmouth render it em-

inently fitting that, as her alumni and friends furnish the means, she should become more and more an educational centre.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.—It was expected that this new Department would be open for the reception of students this Fall, and arrangements for that purpose were partly made. It was found, however, that to complete all the adjustments and necessary provisions, further time was required; and the Trustees are wisely averse to any haste that will "make waste." They wish to lay all the foundations and shape all the appointments so as to give the best promise of success.

They may have been led to special care and wariness by observing the embarrassments which have attended the nascent state of the Massachusetts Agricultural College. Greater caution is necessary from the fact, that there are few lights of successful precedent. Meanwhile, the fund is accumulating, thus furnishing ampler means; and we expect in due time—probably within a few months—to chronicle a completed programme.

In an interesting article on "Our Colleges," in the last number of the *Christian Examiner*, Dr. Samuel H. Taylor, of Andover, is termed "the most eminent of American Classical teachers." We would not disparage other excellent teachers, in our commendation of this distinguished son of Dartmouth; yet the language of the *Examiner* will doubtless meet a hearty response from many of our younger alumni, his grateful pupils. It is an interesting fact, that his predecessor, at the head of Phillips' Academy, Mr. Osgood Johnson, of the class of '28, was hardly less excellent as a Classical Teacher. To these two men belongs the honor of having raised that Institution to its present pre-eminence among the Academies of Massachusetts, if not of the country. We could name not a few other Dartmouth Alumni, Dr. Richards, of Meriden, prominent among them, who have done admirable service in our Preparatory Schools.

NEW STUDENTS.—We have had a very large accession of Students this Fall, nearly 120 in all—the largest number ever received here at the beginning of a year, with perhaps a single exception. The catalogue is not yet made out, and admissions have continued up to the present time, so that we cannot give final statistics; but we shall have a Freshman Class of about 80, with 20 in the corresponding Class in the Scientific Department, and 17 or 18 in other classes. The new students, we learn, are from 14 different States, including 4 from California. The five States furnishing the most, are, in the order of their respective quotas, as follows: New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, New York, Maine.

COLLEGE GROUNDS AND BUILDINGS.—We were glad to see the President and a landscape architect from Boston, Mr. Charles Follen, perambulating the College Grounds in the rear of the buildings, the other day, in reference to certain esthetic improvements which the Trustees have in view. Mr. Follen declared himself surprised and pleased with the varied capabilities of the grounds. He is to draw a plan, on artistic principles, embracing walks, trees, shrubbery, and other ornamental matters, on which the culture of the premises may, from year to year, proceed. With such a plan carried out, in addition to the beautiful campus in front of the buildings, and the fine views in different directions—particularly that from Observatory Hill, down the Connecticut Valley, ending with Ascutney—our surroundings will be well nigh peerless.

We are gratified also, with a rumor that the plan of introducing a heating apparatus into the College Buildings, is under consideration. We hope it may be found feasible. To be relieved from the extortions of fuel-venders, the trouble of having wood cut and stored, the labor of keeping up fires, and the annoyance of the dirt and ashes connected with them,—to be able in January, by the turn of a screw, to let the genial air of June into our rooms,—is certainly “a consummation devoutly to be wished.”

The usual match game of Foot-ball between the Sophomore and Freshman classes, was played Saturday, September 14. The four games were respectively 10, 8 1-2, 6 1-2 and 1 minutes in length. The second game was won by the Freshmen; the other three by the Sophomores. There was much fine playing during these games manifested on both sides, and we regret our space will not admit of minuter details. Wilson was warner for the Sophomores, and Burleigh for the Freshman. H. S. Clark and H. C. Bliss, class of '68, umpires for '70. O. D. Robinson and R. O. Lindsley class of '69, umpires for '71. W. A. Chase, class of '65, referee.

The fine residence of Dr. Dixie Crosby took fire on the morning of the 15th, in the attic. The students were soon on the ground, and in a half hour the house was cleared of every moveable article; but we are sorry to say the flames were not subdued till the upper part of the house was destroyed, owing in part to the slate roof. We were greeted with the Dr.'s presence Monday morning, in the chapel, and received his heartfelt thanks for our services, and it is no more than duty that we tender ours to those kind neighbors who were so thoughtful of our wants when the work was over.

The address of the class Secretary of '67, is Northfield, Minn.

We have an article on “The Study of the Classics,” which we are obliged to omit till next number.

In our next number we will give a list of the names of the class of '57, who participated in the war. They claim to be the *banner* class in the service.

Memoranda Alumnorum.

H. J. Boardman, class of '58, is practicing Law in Boston, Mass.

T. P. Redfield, class of '36, is practicing Law in Montpelier, Vt.

Charles Reed, class of '35 is engaged in the practice of Law in Montpelier, Vt.

Stoddard B. Colby, class of '36, delivered an address at the Commencement of the Norwich University, in its new location at Northfield, Vt., and the honorary degree of LL. D. was conferred on him by that Institution.

Charles Harper, class of '38, read Law and commenced practice in Clarkburg, Va., where he remained several years. In 1845 he went to Texas. During the war with Mexico, he served as Adjutant, but is now following his profession in Indianola, Texas.

G. W. Wing, class of '66, has been appointed Deputy Secretary of the State of Vermont.

B. F. Brickett, class of '67, is *zealously* pursuing the study of Law with D. & C. Sanders in Lawrence Mass.

Abram Brown, class of '67, has been appointed Principal of the Academy at Westfield, N. Y.

Almon F. Cate, class of '67, is giving instruction in a boarding school, at _____, N. J.

Josiah G. Dearborn, class of '67, is Submaster of the Lyman School at East Boston, Mass.

Horace Goodhue, Jr., class of '67, is Principal of the Preparatory Department of Northfield College, at Northfield, Minn.

Charles F. King, class of '67, is Principal of a Grammar School at New Bedford, Mass. We understand he has lately been married.

Thomas Lecky, class of '67, is Principal of the Academy at Gilmanton, N. H.

G. A. Mosher, class of '67, is Principal of the Champlain Academy, at Champlain, N. Y.

Samuel P. Prescott, class of '67, is Principal of the Academy at Frances-town, N. H.

Walter H. Sanborn, class of '67, is Principal of the High School at Milford, N. H.

Rev. Alfred B. Dascomb, Class of '58, who has lately been preaching at Waitsfield, Vt., is called to the Congregational Church at Woodstock, Vt., as successor of the Rev. Dr. Clement. It is understood that he accepts.

C. C. Woodman, class of '67, is Principal of the High School at Fair Haven, Mass.

B. C. Noyes, class of '67, is Principal of the Grammar School at Dover, N. H.

Rev. Henry C. Goodhue, class of '57, is Pastor of the Congregational Church at West Barnstable, Mass.

D. B. Whittier, class of '48, is Cashier of the Union Straw Works at Foxboro', Mass.

William S. Palmer, class of '53, taught several years in different institutions in New England and Ohio; and is now settled in the ministry at Wells River, Vt.

C. E. Lane, class of '66, has been elected Principal of one of the public schools in Columbus, O.

Our friends, Elliott, class of '64, Parker and Whittemore, class of '66, we are pleased to learn have entered the militia as substitutes, and are as formerly ready to do or die.

"The old Continentals in their ragged Regimentals,
Faltered not."

B. A. Kimball, class of '54, C. S. D., is engaged in the iron business at Concord, N. H. Firm of Ford & Kimball.

John H. Blodgett, M. D., connected with the class of '64, till Junior year, and a member of the far famed College Battallion of Rhode Island Cavalry, is located at Sutton Mills, N. H., in the practice of his profession. Mr. Blodgett may be remembered by some as the Maxima Aquila of the Owls.

W. A. Webster, connected with the class of '66, is in business at Concord, N. H., opposite the Phoenix Hotel.

L. D. Stevens, class of '43, was a prominent candidate for the Speakership of the N. H. Legislature this year, and narrowly escaped an election.

Rev. Samuel C. Bartlett, D. D., class of '36, Professor in the Chicago Theological Seminary, delivered a very able address at the last Anniversary of the Andover Theological Seminary, before the Porter Rhetorical Society.

Rev. Charles E. Lord, Class of '38, was installed, in August last, as Pastor of the Congregational Church, in Chester, Vt.

J. E. Ayers, class of '63, is Professor in the Western University of Pennsylvania situated at Pittsburgh, Pa.

Henry C. Ayers, class of '64, is engaged in the Insurance business at Pittsburgh, Pa.

Alfred Kittredge, class of '27, is Attorney at Law in Haverhill, Mass.

John James Marsh, class of '41, is Attorney at Law in Haverhill, Mass.

Joseph A. Shores, class of '51, is Principal of the High School at Haverhill, Mass.

Lafayette Ranney, M. D., class of '42, is practicing in New York City.

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EDITORS.--FALL TERM, 1867.
JOHN W. PAGE, EUGENE B. GALE,
WALTER H. AYERS.

Characteristics of the Red Men.

No. 2.

WITH reference to the moral and religious notions of the New England Indians, the following facts are instructive. Governor Winthrop, in his "History of New England," states that upon the petition of two sachems, near Providence, to become subjects of the Massachusetts colony, and thus receive their protection, the following questions and requisitions were propounded to them: 1. "Whether they would worship the true God that made heaven and earth?" Ans. "We desire to speak reverently of the Englishman's God, and not speak evil of him, because we see the Englishman's God doth better for them than other gods do for others." 2. "That they should not swear falsely." Ans. "We never knew what swearing an oath was." (This answer recalls a reply of one of our Indian agents to John Quincy Adams, in answer to the question, "Do the Indians use profane language?" Ans. "They are not sufficiently civilized.") 3. "Not to do any unnecessary work on the Lord's day within the gates of towns." Ans. "It is a small thing for us to rest on that day, for we have not much to do any day." 4. To honor their parents and superiors." Ans. "It is our custom to do so—for inferiors to be subject to superiors; for, if we complain to the Governor of Massachusetts that we have wrong, if they tell us we lie, we shall willingly bear

it." 5. "Not to kill any man but upon just cause and authority." Ans. "It is good and we desire to do so." 6. "Not to tolerate licentiousness and theft." Ans. "Though it be practiced among us, yet we allow it not, but judge it evil; so the same we judge of stealing." 7. "For lying, they say it is an evil, and we shall not allow it." 8. "That they should suffer their children to read God's Word." Ans. "As opportunity serveth by the English coming among us, we desire to learn their manners.

The religion of the aborigines of our country is peculiar. They have no temples, no ritual, no public ceremonies and no prescribed creed; and yet, they are said to be a very religious people. The *Astees* of Mexico and Central America seem to have had more pomp and ceremony in their worship than the more scattered population of the North. They held common assemblies for the sacrifice of human victims and reared *teocalli* or public altars where their horrid rites were celebrated. The religion of the Northern tribes is chiefly private and particular, each man entertaining his own superstitious notions respecting his relation to the Creator. They believe in a supreme god, or rather a transcendental power of goodness called the Great Merciful Spirit, by whom the earth, animals, and man were created; also in a great antagonistical power who is ever at war with the good Spirit. This duality of gods is universally believed. Many have imagined a resemblance in their belief to the Jewish religion; and without doubt analogies may be found for this theory or any other which one may choose to put forth. A good and evil deity at war with each other is a Persian notion, and belongs to the religion of the *Magi*. The prevalence of this notion among all the *Indians* would indicate, at least, an oriental origin. The agency of evil spirits, in all human affairs, seems to have originated with *Zoroaster* and his followers. "The Indian god of North America," says *Mr. Schoolcraft*, "exists in a dualistic form; there is a malign and benign type of him; and there is a continual strife, in every possible form, between these two antagonistical powers for the mastery over the mind. They are in perpetual activity. Legions of subordinate spirits attend both. Nature is replete with them. When the eye fails to recognize them in material forms, they are revealed in dreams. Necromancy and witchcraft are two of their ordinary powers. They can, in a twinkling, transform men and animals. False hopes and

fears, which the Indian believes to be true, spring up on every side. His notions of the Spirit world exceed all belief; and the Indian mind is thus made the victim of wild mystery, unending suspicion and paralyzing fear. Nothing could make him more truly a wild man." They hold themselves to be natives of the soil. They emerged from caves of the earth and clefts of the rocks, from the interior of the earth. They have a tradition of an ancient deluge which covered the whole earth and drowned all mankind except a limited number. They believe in the immortality of the soul. The prevailing notion is, that the souls of the departed go to the islands of the blest to be compensated for the evils endured in this world. The Great Spirit so much talked of by Indian admirers as corresponding to the Jehovah of the Jews, seems to receive far less notice from them than his antagonist. Their great object seems to be to propitiate or avert evil demons. All diseases are the work of devils; hence their curative processes consist chiefly in charms, incantations and exorcisms. All mystery with them is called medicine, and their medicine men are the most arrant quacks and boasters on earth. They surpass in vain glory, the Indian root doctors among us, who have so much more brass than brains. They are fatalists with regard to their own destiny. Every thing is unalterably fixed by immutable laws; hence they never blame their medicine men for failing to make good their splendid promises. If the patient dies it was so ordained, and they submit in silence. A few simple remedies are applied by their doctors, in some cases, which are useful; but the notion that prevails among farmers that the Indians possess an instinctive or inspired knowledge of nature's remedies, is an absurdity exceeding the fables of Indian mythology. They have some confused ideas of a future state of rewards and punishments, though they are the merest crudities of superstition and folly. Their mythology is a perfect chaos of wild and incoherent fancies; and yet, the grave chief rehearses these fables with the same apparent conviction of their truth with which he describes his own achievements in battle. Says Mr. Shoolcraft: "A mammoth bull jumping over the great lakes; a grape vine carrying a whole tribe across the Mississippi; an eagle's wings producing the phenomenon of thunder, or its flashing eyes that of lightning, men stepping in viewless tracks up the blue arch of heaven; the rainbow made a baldrie; a little boy catching sun-

beams in a snare; hawks rescuing shipwrecked mariners from an angry ocean and carrying them up a steep ascent in leathern bags," are related with the same gravity as the plain events of the preceding day and are expected to claim the unqualified credence of those who listen. Their untamed imagination has not passed the limits of infancy. Their strange creations are even more incoherent and extravagant than those of children. Every variety of character may be found among the Indians, as among Europeans. It is not strange, therefore, that different travellers arrive at entirely different conclusions respecting them. That they are cruel, superstitious and revengeful, all admit."

These are common traits of all wild men. That they are often hospitable, faithful and honest is also admitted; yet, they are troublesome neighbors. Ignorant people are always the most difficult persons to deal with. As to cruelty, that is the natural offspring of violence. Barbarians always love to torture their victims. In this, man falls below the brute; for there are few beasts of prey that cause unnecessary pain in the taking of life. 'Tis true the cat plays with her captive, but seldom wounds it till she wishes to appease her appetite. War has no graces or amenities, in any age or nation. It brings the civilized man to a level with the savage. Little can be said in palliation of the cruelties of Christian nations; nothing in defence of the tortures inflicted by the red men. Much has been said of the wrongs which the natives have suffered, at the hands of the whites. No doubt the strong have injured the weak. The arm of power has often crushed, where the spirit of the gospel should have stooped to heal. Catlin arranges the climax of Indian woes as follows: "White men, whiskey, tomahawks, scalping-knives, guns, powder and ball, small-pox, debauchery, extermination." The worst vices of civilized life have been adopted by the Indians; and generally its virtues have been persistently rejected. Some deem them incapable of civilization. This is undoubtedly a mistake. They are men of the same blood with the whites; possessing the same moral nature and endowed with the same mental powers. Any wild race may be elevated, if a sufficient time and suitable means be allowed for the work. Moral progress is always slow. Centuries, not years, are required for the complete recovery of apostate races. Men expect too much, and give over their efforts too soon. The civilization and

christianization of several tribes within the territory of the United States renders the elevation of the red man no longer problematical.

Eliot, who translated the entire Bible into the Indian tongue, and labored for many years among the Massachusetts Indians, was far more successful as a missionary, than the majority of modern ministers laboring among the oriental nations. Through the earnest and persevering efforts of Eliot and Mahew there were, in 1660, ten towns of Christian Indians in Massachusetts, and no less than 3000 adult converts in the Islands of Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket. But war, famine and pestilence finally exterminated the whole race of praying Indians. Among them were found many noble specimens of undoubted piety. Concerning the natural traits of the aborigines there has been much diversity of opinion. Those who have suffered from their treachery, cruelty or revenge have maligned them. Those who have received favors at their hands, highly commend them. Mr. Catlin spent eight years among the Indians, this side the Rocky Mountains, in professional pursuits, as a portrait painter. He, of course, had no occasion to come into collision with them as his objects were entirely pacific; and the uniform good will they showed him, would be no certain criterion of their general deportment to strangers. He says: "I have visited 45 tribes, speaking different languages, and containing in all 400,000 souls. I have brought home safe and in good order, 310 portraits in oil, all painted in their native dress, and in their own wigwams; and also 200 other paintings, in oil containing views of their villages, their wigwams, their games, and religious ceremonies, their dances, their ball plays, their buffalo hunting, containing in all over 3000 full length figures, and the landscapes of the country they live in, as well as a very extensive and curious collection of their costumes and all their other manufactures, from the size of a wigwam to that of a quill or rattle." He adds: "I feel bound to pronounce them a kind and hospitable people. I have been welcomed, generally, to their country and treated to the best they could give me, without any charges made for my board; they have often escorted me through their enemies' country at the hazard of their own lives, and aided me in passing mountains and rivers with my awkward baggage; and under all these circumstances of exposure, no Indian ever betrayed me, struck me a blow, or stole from me a shilling's worth of my property, that I am aware of. In all these little com-

munities strange as it may seem, in the absence of all jurisprudence I have often beheld peace, happiness and quiet reigning supreme for which even kings and emperors might envy them. I have seen rights and virtue protected and wrongs redressed ; I have seen conjugal, filial and paternal affection in the simplicity and contentedness of nature." He is almost ready to join the party of Rousseau, and pronounce the wild life of the natives of the forest the only natural and happy mode of existence. He almost envies their domestic joys and public quiet. He says : "I have long looked, with the eye of a critic, into the jovial faces of these sons of the forest, unfurrowed with cares, where the agonizing feelings of poverty had never stamped distress upon the brow. I have watched the bold, intrepid step, the proud yet dignified deportment of Nature's man, in fearless freedom, with a soul unalloyed by mercenary lusts, too great to yield to laws or power except from God."

This is the bright side of the picture. There is, undoubtedly, a fascination in a wilderness life. Men, who love adventure, soon become enamored of it. Travellers who only visit uncultivated nations to gratify their curiosity, are more apt to speak well of them than colonists who live among them, and are regarded *ab initio* as intruders and aggressors upon their rights. Charlevoix, the French priest who sojourned, for a long time with the natives, soon after the discovery of this country, says : "The care of orphans, widows and infirm persons, and the hospitality which they exercise is admirable. Nothing can exceed the care which mothers take of their infant children." Others as stoutly affirm that the old and infirm are exposed to perish alone, and that the children lashed to a board, are leaned against a tree, for hours together, with as much indifference as though it were the stretched skin of a beaver that hung upon this Indian cradle. At other times, they used to bury them, except their head, in snow, to render them hardy. Says Dr. Robertson : "When their parents became old, or labor under any distemper which their slender knowledge of the healing art cannot remove, the Indians cut short their days with a violent hand, to be relieved of the burden of supporting and tending them."

But there can be little doubt that they are generally hospitable ; and, in their way, fond of their children, that promise well. In 1674 Capt. Gookin, one of the first writers of Indian history, says : "If

strangers come to their houses, they will give them the best lodging and diet they have, and the strangers must be first served by themselves. The wife makes ready; and by her husband's direction delivers to the strangers according to their quality or his affection. The men and women are very loving and indulgent to their children."

Roger Williams, who, in his flight from Massachusetts Bay, on account of religious persecution, received great kindness at the hands of that great sachem, Canonicus, affirms "that the Indians have none of the distinguishing vices common to Europeans; that they have no poor among them and orphans are taken care of by their nearest relations."

The Indians possessed those virtues which are, everywhere, found among barbarous nations, if we except the cannibals of Oceanica and some of the most degraded tribes of New Holland and Africa. Their vices were, perhaps, fewer and less offensive than those of Eastern nations in a similar state of wildness. Still, it may be a question whether it was possible for the best of men and the most unexceptionable of Christians to live at peace with them. It is said that no Quaker blood was spilled by the natives; hence, it is inferred that Indian massacres were all provoked by the aggressions of the whites. It may be said, in reply, that the Quakers of Pennsylvania settled among broken and waning tribes, who had lost their martial spirit; and furthermore it is distinctly charged upon the Quakers by Mr. Parkman, in his *History of Pontiac* and by some other writers of American history, that they protected Indian murders and notorious criminals from the pursuit of the officers of justice; and that Philadelphia was, at one time, a sanctuary for the treacherous savages who had invaded the frontier settlements, plundered their property, and then burned their dwellings.

It is charged upon the Quakers that they actually espoused the cause of the natives against their neighbors without regard to the right or wrong of the dispute. These allegations have never been satisfactorily answered. The Indians were found to be very deceitful and cruel by the first settlers of New England. These Christian men endeavored, to the best of their abilities, to do them good. They honestly labored for their conversion to Christianity. They honorably purchased and paid for every rood of land they occupied. It may be said that the purchase money was too inconsiderable to be

named as a valuable consideration. It would be now, but it was not so then. Wild land is worth but little before human labor has been bestowed upon it. The Indians valued their possessions chiefly as hunting grounds. The game, in New England, was already quite exhausted. The natives had never appropriated the soil by dividing and fencing it. But small portions of it had ever been cultivated. It was a wilderness, for the most part, open by the laws of Nature to any who might choose to occupy it. It could hardly have been argued that the Creator designed that this whole continent should be made a grand park for the game of hunters. The Indians could scarcely be said to own the soil because they had swept over it in pursuit of the wild animals that had their lairs in its interminable forests. Private property was scarcely known to the aborigines. The land was claimed only by the right of discovery, and the partial possession of it by roaming hunters. This title was fairly extinguished by the Puritans in their purchases. They paid as much as any European monarch would have demanded for wild lands owned by the right of discovery and partial occupation by sailors. So far as the New England and Middle States were concerned, the colonists did respect the rights of the natives and paid what was to them a valuable consideration for their lands. In the rupture of treaties, the Indians were generally the aggressors, if we can at all confide in history. In the wars that resulted from these broken covenants, the natives were, beyond measure, deceitful, treacherous and cruel. Their wanton massacres of unoffending women and even infants; their midnight assaults upon defenceless hamlets and houses, their habitual robberies, and the destruction of valuable property, their merciless tortures of captives, all tend to justify our fathers in their open and manly warfare upon them. The Puritans strove to live peaceably with the red men, but they could not. War was their only safety. Still, the Indians find men who justify all their conduct. These eulogists may be divided into two classes. 1. Sentimentalists, who laud the simplicity and bliss of savage life; who feel a deep interest in nature, and prefer a wigwam to a palace or an Indian village to a prosperous city; who are charmed with the imaginary innocence of the natives and prefer their religious instincts to the genuine piety of the Christian; who prefer a bark canoe to a steamboat, or a picturesque water-fall to a three-story cotton mill. To such tender and

sympathetic souls, it is a melancholy thought that civilization in her stately march should disturb the graves of departed nations; that the peaceful hum of business should be exchanged for the war-whoop; that the merry dance of machinery should take the place of the dance of warriors; that schools and churches should usurp the old dominion of ignorance and superstition. 2. Another class of persons, like Catlin, defend the Indian character because they have received kindness at their hands. They have seen only the best phases of savage life. They have gone among these wild men for their own pleasure, to visit them; to examine their modes of life or to gratify their curiosity. This is far different from settling among them, or being constrained to live near them for life, to deal with them, and to make them allies, by habitual bribery and to incur their hostility by withholding what they demand. The apostle of old, prayed to be delivered "from unreasonable and wicked men." Such, in my view, were the New England savages. The treatment they received, at the hands of the Puritans, was, in general, as good as they deserved. We cannot say this, however, with reference to more modern legislation. Some of the weak and wasted tribes, in the Southern States, have been grievously misused by the neighboring whites and often the guilt of recent transactions by a species of *ex post facto* imputation, is transferred to our ancestors. Pointing to the sad and melancholy history of the retreating red men of the South, the Indian eulogists triumphantly asks, "Where are the Indians of New England?" I answer, with the fullest conviction of the truth of what I affirm; *Extinct* by the Providence of God; through improvidence and crime, their own executioners. In 1623, an episcopal clergyman named William Morrell came to New Plymouth, and resided without any sacerdotal charge, one year, observing the character of the natives. On his return to England, he wrote the results of his observations, in a very harmonious and well constructed Latin poem in hexameter verse, with an English version of the same in harsh and discordant numbers. From the translation I select the following lines :

"Those well scene natives, in grave nature's hests,
All close designs conceal in their deep breasts;
What strange attempts so'er they doe intend,
Are never fairly usher'd in, till their last ende.
Their well advised talk evenly conveyes

Their acts to their intents, and ne'er displayes
Their secret projects, by high words or light,
Till they conclude their ende by fraud or might.
No former friendship they, in mind, retaine,
If you offend once or your love detain;
They're wondrous cruell, strangely base and vile,
Quickly displeased, and hard to reconcile;
Stately and great, as read in rules of state,
Incensed, not caring what they perpetrate."

"They now accustom'd are two gods to serve,
One good, which gives all good, and doth preserve;
This they for love adore; the other bad,
Which hunts and wounds, yet they fore feare are glad
To worship him."

He concludes thus :

"If these poore lines may winne this country love,
Or kind compassion in the English move;
Persuade our mightie and renowned state,
This poore blinde people to commiserate;
Or painful men to this good land invite
Whose holy workes these natives may inlight;
If Heaven grants these, to see here built I trust,
An English Kingdom from an Indian dust."

Literary Characteristics of the Age.

To a close observer, no feature of the present age is more striking than the general avidity for reading. With the great improvements in the arts of printing and engraving, books have become cheap and have been made attractive in typography, binding and pictorial illustration. Hence every man reads something : either the newspaper, the monthly or quarterly review, the last novel, or the higher literature of science, of history, of political, mental or moral philosophy, or of the ancient or modern classics. This has led to a higher appreciation of literary talent, to a corresponding intellectual taste to enjoy what the present age produces, and also an increasing esteem for the writers of all ages.

Time must test the merit of literary labor. Incidental circumstances often prevent a proper appreciation of genius, which subsequent generations will discover. Prejudice, political difference, poverty, and various other causes may interfere, during a lifetime, with the fulfilment of the dreams of honor and fame cherished by the literary devotee. Socrates suffered all the malice of his enemies, for exercising the very talents which should have secured him esteem and happiness. Goldsmith was poor and his poverty subjected him to insult. Milton was blind and underwent many privations and afflictions. Hence it remained for a future and especially this reading generation to do them the honor denied them by their contemporaries.

In the present "republic of letters," there is an ignoring of the poverty, nationality and age of the great writers, who have from time to time moved the world with their eloquence or science, or charmed by their sweetly flowing numbers. Homer, Virgil, Milton, Shakespeare, Addison, Johnson, Irving and others claim kindred in the impartial and generous admiration of an age which expatiates over the wide fields of literature, and gives a kindly recognition to whatever is pure, solid, noble and brilliant.

This universal reading of the age has produced a corresponding development of writers, and has given increased importance to literature as a profession. Such fortunes, as those of Sir Walter Scott in England, and Cooper in our own land, arising from literature as a profession, are phenomena of this age alone. In the French and English Parliaments have been men like Brougham, Macaulay, Thiers and Lamartine, who were writers by profession, and who rose to their eminence through literary distinction. Spain has had even a play writer as Prime Minister. Literary men are often sent to foreign courts, as Ministers, Consuls, or Secretaries of Legation. Washington Irving while minister to Spain collected materials for his valuable life of Columbus, and Wm. H. Stiles while U. S. minister to Austria compiled the facts and statistics for his "Empire of Austria." Theodore S. Fay was sent to Switzerland, Nathaniel Hawthorne to Liverpool, and George P. Marsh to Italy; not so much for their special fitness as national representatives as an official tribute to their literary worth. We have outlived the days, when literature and poverty were always associated together, and we have outlived the humiliating dependence of intellect on wealth. There was a time when men of learning

felt honored to enjoy the favor of kings, courtiers and titled nobility. But nobles now lavish money on learning and kings seek the honors of authorship. The elder Napoleon craved a place in the French Academy in equal companionship with LaPlace, Biot and Arago, and his imperial nephew has recently annotated an edition of Cæsar's wars. To Queen Victoria also we must assign a place among the few Royal authors, as a life of Prince Albert from her pen has lately made its appearance.

Another characteristic of the age, and that which has developed the universal taste for reading and writing, is the general attention paid to education. Owing to the peculiar character of our government and its institutions the means of education may readily be brought within reach of all classes of society. In most European countries, education is more limited than in the United States, but much more general, than in any past age. In France the pride of nobility, which has so often proved fatal to its prosperity, is not yet sufficiently subdued to admit the poorer classes to an equality with their titled countrymen in point of educational advantages. Turkey and Russia are opposed to the enlightenment of the public mind; while it seems to be a cardinal point in the policy of all the Roman Catholic powers to keep the masses in the darkest ignorance. Germany is doubtless the most generally educated of the cultivated nations, and England may claim to be a distinguished rival of her continental sister; for her monarchs, with few exceptions, have been generous patrons of learning. Oxford and Cambridge are monuments of this. Hence, though there may be wanting the distinguished talent of the court and time of Elizabeth, there exist a refinement of taste, a profundity of erudition and a universality of information characterising the masses of the people which have perhaps never been exceeded. The number and character of her *Reviews* which could not be sustained except by the general patronage of the masses is a proof of this view.

Such are some of the literary characteristics of the age. We will say a word in behalf of the literature of our own land. It is not to be expected that a nation in her infancy, such as is the United States, should furnish a literature as ripe, substantial and rich as a nation with institutions hoary with the frosts of a thousand years. Ours is comparatively a new country. The public mind has of necessity been engaged in mechanical and agricultural pursuits, incident to the set-

tlement of all new countries rather than in intellectual labor ; so that the literary character of the nation has scarcely yet had time to attain to any degree of maturity or to assume a definite type. A more thorough discipline of mind is required, a severer taste is to be cultivated, that our own Universities may send forth such accomplished scholars as those who give tone to the literary taste of the old world. While we are willing to accord to the mother country, all the honor to which she is rightfully entitled for her learned scholarship, and high literary taste and refinement, we may rightfully claim no small share of credit for high literary attainments. Notwithstanding we may at the time have proved obnoxious to the taunt of the English Reviewer in the query "Who reads an American book?" we might now with equal propriety, in return ask the question : "What English *litterateur* would consider his library complete without the works of Washington Irving, of Prescott, of Bancroft, of Bryant, of Longfellow and of Cooper? While therefore we admit that we possess not the wisdom and finish which are the fruit of age, the consideration of the past and present of our literature is animating to our national pride, and is prophetic of a high and brilliant destiny.

The Rain.

The beautiful rain is here again ;
Come list to its tinkling tread,
And welcome the beat of its fairy feet
On the gray roof overhead.

With musical sound it trips around
The edge of the mossy caves,
And thence to the ground in a merry bound,
To moisten the myrtle leaves.

It trembles now on the hawthorne bough,
It taps on the window pane ;
Its cool hands pass o'er the wilted grass,
And bring it to life again.

In the shady dell, where the violets dwell,
And the sunbeam scarce can break,
It dances light, like an elfin sprite,
Till the flowers are all awake.

And each tiny cup is lifted up,
To gather the sparkling dew
That steadily drops from the tall tree-tops,
Where the leaves are drinking too.

No lightning flies through the clouded skies,
And never a sound is heard
But the sweet refrain of the falling rain,
And the leaves by the light winds stirred.

The robin has flown to her rustic home,
And, safe in her quiet nest,
No storm can intrude on the little brood
She shelters beneath her breast.

But see! the clouds rise from the western skies;
The heavens are all aglow;
And the clear light gleams in lengthening beams,
For the sun is sinking low.

The rain is gone, and the night has come,
The sun is behind the hill;
While valley and glade are vocal made,
With the song of the Whip-poor-will.

As the breezes bring on their balmy wing,
The breath of the freshened flowers,
Let *our* praise ascend to our Heavenly Friend,
On the wings of the evening hours;

To Him who maketh the sun to shine,
Who maketh the rain to fall;
To show from above His boundless love,
The Maker and Lord of all.

H. W. C.

Reform.

COLLEGE graduates are very fond of comparing their Alma Mater with other institutions, and among the various merits claimed, none has more weight than its age. An institution may be well endowed, may have fine libraries and apparatus, and an able corps of instructors, but if it is of recent foundation, it fails to draw the number of students, which one of greater antiquity but not better in any of the above mentioned respects attracts.

The sons of Dartmouth regard her long list of graduates, and especially her reputation and age, with admiration; and with like feeling should we esteem those scholars who founded the institution, who watched over and directed its early years, who superintended the instruction of its youth, and labored earnestly with Christian zeal and love. But I fear they are little remembered at the present time. They have almost passed from the memory of men. Hardly ever does any one hear mention of them or of the work they effected. It is safe to say that there are many connected with the College who have scarcely any knowledge of its early history. The reason of this is plain. There is but little about the College to remind the students of its former benefactors and instructors. This is most assuredly a great mistake.

It is a custom in many great schools to keep before the eyes of the students reminders of this class of men. At Eton and Harrow, busts and portraits of their masters and patrons are placed in appropriate positions in the chapels and library rooms, and their names are engraved on tablets fastened upon the walls. The same custom is prevalent at other schools. By this means their memories are perpetuated and delivered from the oblivion into which they would otherwise fall. But at Dartmouth there is comparatively nothing of the kind. Our bare walls are not covered with the faces of our departed scholars. The student may go daily to the Chapel, he may pass through the well stored libraries, and yet see almost nothing to remind him of the former Professors and graduates of the College.

There are, we believe, two portraits in the College Library, and a few in the Society libraries; but the total is insignificantly small.

There is a respectable collection of portraits stored away in a dusty room, and kept for grand occasions, but in our humble opinion they might as well not exist. This is to be regretted. We ought not to entirely forget these men, who formerly honored our Alma Mater. We hope there will be a reform in this respect, and that before long we shall have more to remind us of the past history of our College, as concerns its former instructors.

But there exists a negligence equally culpable. How is the memory of Dartmouth's honored men preserved without her halls? Let us direct our steps to yonder burial ground, where,

"Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

As we slowly pass amid the graves, and read the names of pious and honored men, who formerly walked the halls of Dartmouth, and imparted their learning to her students, a feeling of awe and reverence comes over us.

"The Grave, dread thing!
Men shiver when thou'rt named."

Pursuing our course, we come to a little group bearing the marks of age and neglect.

Around the dilapidated and time-worn tombstones stand scraggly and unsightly bushes, while the rank and tangled grass wears the aspect of desolation. We approach one of these and standing by the side endeavor to read the inscription. The letters on the broken slab are nearly obliterated, but we finally ascertain that it is in memory of Eleazar Wheelock, the first President of the College. While we look upon the grave, we think it strange that some kind hand has not replaced the almost useless stone by one more fitting, and then we think of Old Mortality restoring the half-effaced inscriptions on the grave stones of the Covenanters. That such neglect should be allowed at this day, is something for which we are unable to account; and even if we could find some poor subterfuge, yet we should not feel inclined to employ it, for

" Oftentimes, excusing of a fault,
Doth make the fault the worse for the excuse,"

And we assert plainly and boldly, that there is no sufficient reason for such shameful neglect of the dead. This should have been remedied ere the present time. More than fourscore years have passed since President Wheelock was borne to his last resting place in yonder enclosure. And at this late day it is our imperative duty to utter a protest, that the grave may not be forgotten. Though our pen may be feeble and our labor may effect nothing, yet we deeply feel the importance of the subject, and unless something is done, and that too before long, the students in a few years will not be able to find the grave of President Wheelock. But a few months and the sons of Dartmouth will assemble from all lands to celebrate her Centennial Anniversary. Coming back on such an occasion, and visiting the old familiar places, which recall the scenes of their College life, they will naturally think of the years, which have gone since the founding of their Alma Mater, and of the men who labored here in the remote past. And when wandering about the places which were frequented in their youthful days, they come to the cemetery and look upon the graves of those formerly connected with the College, will not a feeling of indignation and shame arise within them, as with great difficulty in deciphering the time-worn letters on a shattered tombstone they ascertain that in the uncared-for grave before them was buried the first President?

Will they not think that the care of the Institution, and of the memory of its instructors has fallen into unworthy hands? The replies to these questions must be obvious to every candid person. But let not this happen. Let the Trustees take measures to retrieve this fault, and before long let an appropriate stone mark his resting place. Let not a cold, calculating, utilitarian spirit govern them in their plans for the welfare of the College, but let them be influenced by motives of a higher nature, which will have regard for the memory of the dead, even when amid the busy cares of an active life.

FIDES.

Jean Ingelow.

A few years ago the reading public was startled from its perusal of second-rate poetry, which was just then very abundant, to find that a new singer was at hand, one who, to quote the language of the *London Spectator*, could give "something more than common-place thoughts clothed in tolerably pretty words." The title page of the unpretending volume bore only these simple words that told us almost nothing: "Poems by Jean Ingelow." And who was she? From what corner of the world had this woman started who dared to lay her hand on the beautiful, smiling earth and sing of its mysteries? None knew. It is but recently that we have discovered that she is an unpretending English woman, though probably of Scotch descent,—living a quiet life in a quiet street in the suburbs of London. We know that she is neither ethereal or seraphic in appearance, but she has bright eyes, a kindly face, and she wrote "Divided," "The High Tide," and "The Songs of Seven." Should we ask more? Does the mere fact of an author's offering the fruits of his brain to an hungry people, give that people the right to demand his station, general character and appearance? Certainly not. We may thank God that He has given us Jean Ingelow, let her be of whatever rank or station.

Now, what constitutes poetry? It is an old question, and one never answered. If it be but the vehicle for conveying metaphysical, mystical thought that needs rhyme and covering to conceal its shallowness, Miss Ingelow has evidently missed her calling. But if poetry has for any part of its work the inspiring of the love for the beautiful in Nature, and the "looking from Nature up to Nature's God," if a high, pure morality is anything, if verse that rings in one's ears like beautiful, yearning music is anything, then shall we place her high among those who have sweetly sung and well. What wealth of description is found in these simple lines taken from the opening of the beautiful poem "Divided!" How vividly they picture the scene!

"An empty sky, a world of heather,
Purple of foxglove, yellow of broom;
We two among them wading together,
Shaking out honey, treading perfume.

Crowds of bees are giddy with clover,
Crowds of grasshoppers skip at our feet,
Crowds of larks at their matins hang over,
Thanking the Lord for a life so sweet."

Throughout this exquisite poem, word paintings are thrown with a lavish hand. All things that are bright and beautiful, full of fragrance and rich with melody, Jean Ingelow has summoned to herself.

In "Honors," she touches something deeper; the want of success that is felt by each and all of us even in our noblest efforts. Oh stout hearts that have failed, oh dreamers who have sighed that your dream has not come true, oh ye who have grasped at the wreathes and have found your hands empty, read what Jean Ingelow writes! Go gaze on the beauties around you, ye who have found life meaningless and say with her,

"For me this freshness in the morning hours,
For me the water's clear tranquillity;
For me the soft descent of chestnut flowers;
The cushats cry for me.

Then saunter down that terrace whence the sea,
All fair with wing-like sails you may discern;
Be glad and say, 'This beauty is for me,—
A thing to love and learn.'"

"The Letter L." is a simple story of love and wedlock, but there is a grace and charm thrown about it that we cannot portray. Take for example the words of Lenore as she meets the husband and wife, and the spell is broken; or the concluding verses where the man wakes to the sense of his folly, and the purity and nobility of his wife.

"The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire" is perhaps Miss Ingelow's master-piece. In tragic interest, at least, it surpasses all her other poems, and here and there are to be found touches of pathos that could scarcely be equalled. The whole poem has the vividness of a drama. We have the ringing of the bells "that ring the tune of Enderby;" then the picture where

—"Dark against day's golden death,
She moved where Lindis wandereth,
My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth."

Immediately follows the exquisite milking song, a fit prelude for what is to come :

“A mighty eygre reared his crest,
And up the Lindis raging sped,
It swept with thunderous noises loud ;
Shaped like a curling, snow-white cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud.”

In the terrible flood that follows Elizabeth is drowned, and ere yet the early dawn is clear” her body is drifted to the door.

“But each will mourn his own, (she saith,)
And sweeter woman ne’er drew breath,
Than my sonne’s wife, Elizabeth.”

Two other poems in her earlier volume demand particular attention, “The Songs of Seven,” and “Brothers and a Sermon.” The first of these is perhaps the best known of her writings. It has been illustrated in a separate form, and its simple rhyme has caught the ear of many who have always ridiculed poetry. And very sweet and full of beautiful pictures it is! Aye, more; there is an infinite tenderness and pathos in the songs of “Widowhood,” and “Longing for Home.” Jean Ingelow could never have written the “Song of a Boat” without a loving, kindly heart.

The second, “Brothers and a Sermon,” deserves to be ranked with Tennyson’s “Aylmer’s Field.” The sermon is given to an assemblage of fisherfolk, and the words and the subject are fitted to their comprehension, taking its illustrations from the walks of life with which they are most familiar. As we close the poem do we not feel what she has said ?

———“It was as if the Christ
Had been drawn down from heaven to track us home,
And any of the footsteps following us
May have been His.”

Since this volume of poems, we have had from her pen, from time to time, stories in prose. But it is quite evident that she was never born for a novelist. Pleasant enough are her “Studies for Stories,” especially “The Cumberer,” and “The Stolen Treasure,” and we have read with interest her “Laura Richmond,” and yet she is unmistakably

bly out of her element. We miss the delicious pictures, the charm of her breezy rhythm. Still in these days when the world is flooded with sensational literature, when there is so much that is positively *bad*, we would say nothing against these pure and healthy, but rather prosy bits of fiction. Indeed, should we expect one who has so highly cultivated the poetical part of her nature to equal her illustrious contemporaries in prose?

Her latest work is now before us: "A Story of Doom and other Poems." Of the longer effusion we can say but little; that it is on the whole a failure, must perhaps, be confessed. Jean Ingelow's muse is not a tragedy-queen who stalks with martial stride, and has thundering in her voice. Rather does she love quiet meadows and pastoral scenes, flowers blooming, birds singing and bright winged butterflies. She can tell us of quiet loves and household sorrows, but it is not to be demanded that she will be posted in days literally before the flood, or be versed in the language of patriarchs. Still in the fanciful story of Japhet and the Slave Girl Amarant, we may detect something of the old sweetness, something of the quiet beauty that characterized her more successful poems.

And now we must differ, wholly preposterous though it may appear, from the judgment of the remarkable critic in the *Atlantic*, who has pronounced this latest volume nonsensical and unworthy of Miss Ingelow. (Does the fact of its being published by Roberts Brothers in any measure account for this?) He declares "Lawrence" to be simply absurd and provocative of laughter. What can he mean? It is told in simple, flowing verse; the story is as pure and sweet as heart could wish. What could be more affecting than the quiet ending where the words of the old wife wake Muriel to a true knowledge of the love she bears her husband? And the dame adds:

"He knows you love him; but he will not speak;
No, never. Some men are such gentlemen!"

"Gladys and her Island" is an allegorical fable "on the advantages of the Poetical Temperament! It was a happy fancy, oh rare, sweet singer! to create the dreamy, loving little Gladys roaming about the domains of Poetry and Romance, finding a bright, new world, a broad, rare kingdom. And though for her lay the blank, dreary future, filled with naught but "sums on rainy days," and "prac-

tising,"—"and the din goes on and on, still the same tune, and still the same mistake," yet she

"Felt like a beggar suddenly endowed
With a warm cloak to 'fend her from the cold,
'For, come what will,' she said, I had *to-day*,
There is an island."

Of the shorter poems in this volume "The Warbling of Black-birds," "The coming in of the Mermaiden," "Song of Margaret," and two or three of the "Songs with Preludes," strike us as particularly beautiful. Especially would we lend a word in praise of "Regret." How very true it is,

———"They are poor
That have lost nothing; they are poorer far
Who, losing, have forgotten; they most poor
Of all, who lose and wish they *might* forget."

Such words are not copies of the namby-pamby poetry of the time, they are not echoes of Tennyson—though in these later days many of our singers have been straining, generally without success, to imitate him—they are freighted with a meaning and a fullness of thought that destine them to live.

In closing this brief sketch of Jean Ingelow's writings we come to this conclusion. Harriet Prescott, in a Review of her new volume, places her with Mrs. Browning. This, indeed we cannot admit. There is an immeasurable distance, it seems to us, between Elizabeth Barrett Browning and any woman that has followed her. She holds a place that later female poets can but look up to and wonder at. In the grand strength of her simple saxon words, in the deep meaning of her rhyme, in the spirit that blue-heavened Italy and the old world have wrought within her, she cannot be approached.

But among those who sing most sweetly of all the beauties of nature, who can paint quiet, homely scenes, the English cottage life, the fisher-folk, children singing; who by a few masterly touches can make a landscape or a figure stand before us; whose writings breathe largely of a pure, loving, noble spirit, among these, and holding a high position, would we place Jean Ingelow.

ADAM.

Band-box Governments.

A CHAPEL SPEECH.

What our national wants are, at the present time, is a problem lying without the pale of abstract science. It can be solved by no geometrical rules, neither do the sines, co-sines or tangents of trigonometry apply in this case, and the experience of the past throws but a feeble light upon the subject; some new science must be discovered and developed before we can reach its complete solution.

Science and history, however, chemically combined do give a light, which if carefully analyzed shows dark lines in the spectrum, from which we can read the third element of national strength and security. The two long known and acknowledged are the Ballot-box and the Cartridge-box. The third, as far as human knowledge can penetrate, is the *Band-box*; and the neglected science relates to the moral and social influence of woman, involving woman's rights, woman's politics, and a female government, the desideratum of the Nineteenth century. It is strange indeed that a subject of such vast importance should have been neglected until this late day, and that the women of the fifty-ninth century, Anno Mundi, should be the first to discover that

“The best laid schemes o’ mice an’ men
Gang aft a-gley;
And leave us nought but grief and pain
For promised joy,”

and that man, weak, feeble, ambitious and degenerate, can no longer rule and reign over the whole universe of mind and matter, heaven and earth, land and sea, things known and unknown, without some softening influence to prevent that fatality so characteristic of them.

It is also strange that from under the rubbish of so many centuries we hear no voice and find no struggle in behalf of woman's rights, persecuted and downtrodden as she has ever been. But one instance can be found in the long train of history, where it was a national custom for woman to take up arms and defend their homes, when the valor of men failed to ward off the rude assaults of barbarians; this was among the ancient Germans, and had their deeds been handed down to

us, we, no doubt, should find that many of them were worthy of the high name and honor of noble women.

The idea of a band-box government is purely American. It has sprung from true patriotism and love of humanity characteristic of America. It is a genuine Yankee stratagem of the most subtle nature, intended to throw around our institutions a mantle of protection of the finest texture and most elaborate finish, which our less civilized neighbors dare not profane. The perfection of this scheme may be considered as the climax of human skill and wisdom. It will bring into play a new motive power which will drive the machinery of government with less friction, and while it confers an inestimable blessing upon the fairer portion of our population, we shall be acting in accordance with the divine principles of freedom embodied in our constitution. Says Artemus Ward: "When the Irish, which air pagans, and worship imidges that aught two be puddown by law, when these Irishers can come over hear and vote, its a burnin shame that eddikayted, varchus, reding, riting and sighferin ladys of the pressunt jenurashun should be put inn with iddyaughts, fellyuns and dekkreppit pussons."

Is there any reason why our women should be classed with paupers, prisoners and rebels, and denied a voice in those great affairs as vital to their interests as to those of the lordly sex? Do they lack courage? Read "Women of the War" if you doubt. Can you compare the courage, patience and suffering of those noble women with that of those apostate renegades who have glutted Canadian taverns and gambling halls, during our great struggle, then coldly say "we can't endure a *Band-box Government*—women have no political rights that we must respect?" Do you suppose that big pensions and "fat" bounties, clerkships, and hope of office induced them to leave pleasant homes and kind friends for the hardships of the campaign? None of these, through sympathy and mercy flew to those fields of blood and carnage, to bind up the wounds of the bleeding patriot, to cheer the soldier in that lonely hour when death unfolds her dusky wing to soften the hero's pillow, as full of sorrow he closes his eyes in that "long last sleep." Don't think that their greatness rests upon the number of bawbles and gewgaws they can display, for there is something noble, generous and firm in those characters equalled by but few men.

Do you doubt their ability to govern? Glance over the past and

tell me if you can find more brilliant names than Isabella of Spain or Elizabeth of England, in the history of those nations? How nobly they have lived! Are not these sufficient examples of woman's skill and wisdom in the noblest art known to man? They lived not for their own age, but for all time. But few crowned heads have had greater influence in molding the destinies of mankind than these. But few have bestowed greater blessings. And who can tell when the light of their glory shall fade and the works of their hands perish! Generations have come and gone, kings risen and fallen, war and desolation swept over the earth; yet they remain as enduring monuments of woman's greatness which the haze of centuries does not dim. As long as America exists the name of that great benefactress, Isabella, will linger upon the tongues of men, and not until the last voice is silent, the last heart throb of the Englishman is quiet, will the splendor of Elizabeth's reign cease to be the proudest theme of the English historian. But the motives and principles that prompted these noble women to action, these, truly these

"Shall resist the empire of decay,
When time is o'er and worlds have passed away;
Cold in the dust the perished heart may lie,
But that which warmed it once can never die."

Thirty years have elapsed since a maid of eighteen ascended the British throne. And have not these been years of prosperity and progress to England? Who would place her stately reign beside that of any other crowned head in all the realms of the East, or compare it to the sublimest career of any potentate that has passed from the throne since this century commenced?

Do not be alarmed then at this noble scheme; for there are women as generous, sincere, noble, aye heroic, in America, as the world has ever produced; though for a time many of them may be infatuated with a love of imaginary waterfalls and blinded by illusive chimeras. The mists of error will soon vanish before the healthy blasts of reason. This despotism of fashion cannot always reign. Women are fast falling into the ranks where truth and justice would place them. And the old maxim that "pride goes before a fall" or as the modern version has it "pride goes before a waterfall" has too much weight to be neglected by them in this their greatest undertaking. Let us then "remember whose sons we are." Let us remember too that the war

of opinion on this subject cannot always last. We have a cunning and persuasive foe whose scheme sits heavily on reason and common sense. Though we see but few faint ebullitions on the surface of political morals to-day, to-morrow the mighty storm may break forth in its rage and fury and woman though aggrieved and oppressed, may break down the puny bulwarks that defend this fanatical dogma that the men are the lords of creation. The fires are already kindled and are sweeping our western borders with majestic fury. England is not silent to the demands of the times. John Stuart Mill is clinching bolts which time cannot rend.

The Band-box Brigade is on the march. Are you ready to join them? They would gladly accept your aid now. Do you wish to be honored and remembered? Take your stand boldly beneath their banner. If you do not, I fear that when the smoke of the last great battle in this conflict has cleared away, you will find your fortress ruined, your schemes crushed, and that your folly and mad opposition have led you on to disaster and defeat, and then

“Poor fellow wretches wheresoe’er you are,
Who bide the pelting of this pitiless storm;
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your looped and windowed raggedness
Defend you in seasons such as these.”

Our Journalism.

Americans are proverbially proud of whatever is American; but our most overweening national pride can not claim for ourselves any great national literature. Much of our own that is in itself truly excellent is modeled after foreign patterns. This can be accounted for by the circumstances of our early national life. Our ancestors were exiles, not conquerors.

“With them the need that pressed sorest
Was to vanquish the seasons, the Ocean, the Forest.”

The body must be fed before the brain can have leisure to work. American genius has been more largely turned to inventions than to

poetry. Some one has shrewdly observed that politics was like a stone hung around the neck of literature; and in no nation has it absorbed more of the thought and feeling of our educated men. American pilots have sailed so little in the light of experience and precedent, that the wisest and best must leave the cloister to help in the cabinet. But in one department of letters, the most ephemeral of all literature, American genius has run riot. Men who have spent years on a railroad locomotive, tell us there is the keenest enjoyment in the thought that the ponderous machine is completely under control; that a single impulse will send it bounding along the track. Society with all its mighty forces is such an engine. There are levers which, skillfully handled, will almost reverse the whole direction of its motion. Beside every system of politics, philosophy and religion have sought for some periodical to defend its claims.

With such stimulants in a soil of perfect freedom and with the readiest access to the popular heart, American Journalism has grown into gigantic proportions. Of course, in such an advance, there is much of mushroom growth and much of sham. That was a sad commentary on the veracity of the press, so often repeated during the past years of war, "You can't tell anything by the papers." That friend, who merely to excite our interest, would entertain us with stores of falsehood, would be held in merited contempt.

But our Journals should come to us as friends, and we should be able to go to them as to friends whose unselfish aim it is to instruct with sacred truthfulness. There is a poor comfort in knowing that it has never been better; for Jefferson tells us with bitter sarcasm that he never believed any thing in the newspapers except the advertisements. A sad truth is forced upon us by the review of some of our most popular periodicals. There is one, the editor of which has proved himself to be one of the most enterprising of business men and shrewdest discerners of the popular taste—"Ay there is the rub." It may be found in every village that the mail-carrier has penetrated. And what is ominous of evil, is that it is thus recommended to universal favor, not by the few pearls "*rari nantes*" but chiefly by the dry, insipid husks of a passion long since torn to tatters. A journal has lately appeared or has now reached its second volume, remarkable for illustrative and typographical beauty, in which the news of the courts is collected and elaborated with fiendish care. "The arrow that flieth by day and the pestilence that walketh in darkness" is not as

fatal as the subtle poison of such fountains. Much of the interest in some of our periodicals is centered in personal contests between rival editors whose weapons are slander and low invective, and he prevails, who is the most consummate master of both. We might learn a lesson in this from the higher class of English periodicals, which it is said never condescend to such foul warfare. A higher moral tone should pervade the press, backed by an independence which dares to call things by their right names. Honesty in trade has been recognized as the best policy. Are honesty and sincerity fatal to editorial success? Those men who avow their determination to give the public that for which it will pay the best, those who boast that they have no policy in politics, no principle of morality that is independent of popular favor; these are they whom the people delight to honor. How was it with William Legget? "I cannot," said he, "trim my sails to suit the varying breezes of popular opinion, and I prefer to scrape a blade bone of cold mutton in defense of truth to faring sumptuously every day at the cost of principle." He was consistent and what was the result? Desertion and poverty, to be followed when it was too late by monumental honors and words of heartfelt eulogy. The fault is in the people, indeed, and hence we need journalists who will tell the royal truth, regardless of praise or blame, who will educate the masses to prefer honesty to duplicity, and sincerity to cant. It has been often questioned whether the press is the pioneer or follower of public opinion. The history of American Journalism answers this in favor of the former. Hence it invites and should obtain the best talent of the land, the purest patriotism and the truest manliness. There are already some noble examples. Bryant might be named, surrendering the applause which the world would gladly have paid to his eminent poetical ability, to become a noble example of a true accomplished and unswerving editor.

The sphere of the Press is as broad as the universe of intelligence and its effects, as enduring as the pillars of our language. The orator influences while speaking. The voice of the preacher is heard throughout his parish, and the teacher rules supreme within the walls of his schoolroom. But the still voice of the type penetrates the deepest retirement and like rain drops wears away the hardest stone, till known falsehood often repeated seems half a truth. The subjects treated are not merely or chiefly temporary and incidental; many of them are as vital as truth, and concern the great object of society's improve-

ment. Journalism from the beginning has enjoyed that liberty of action and expression, which it has ever been the aim of Democracy to foster. All political parties have regarded it with favor, so that to all it extends the richest opportunities to bless their race. The masses of society are moving and are looking for trusty leaders. If they are led aright the consequences will be as glorious as momentous; but if led astray woe to their guilty guides!

Originality.

One of the rarest and noblest traits of character is originality. The mind can have no higher function than to create. This faculty identifies the finite understanding with the Infinite. It reveals in man something of the glory of the great Originator who spoke the universe into being and created all things by the might of his power. The world has had but few original men. There have not been many navigators who have dared to turn the prows of their ships upon old landmarks and unfurl their sails amid unknown seas in quest of new continents and islands. There have not been many pilgrims from home firesides, like the solitary voyagers of the *Mayflower*, who have crossed tempestuous oceans and built their habitations amid forest solitudes. There have not been many adventurers, like Cortez in his perilous march through the wilds of Mexico upon the almost impregnable citadel of Montezuma, who have passed the boundary of civilization and penetrated the most remote regions of savage foes. So there have been but few pioneers in the vast realms of thought. But few with daring spirit have sallied forth without the strong holds of already discovered ideas and pitched their tents on new camping grounds; yet these have been the noblest heroes and benefactors of the race. They have been the inaugurators of political and religious innovations and reforms which have turned the clock of the world forward whole centuries. They have kindled the flames of conflagration beneath the tottering edifices of by-gone ages and laid amid their ashes the foundations of marble temples. They have cut the strong cables which would bind the world to the bleak shores of remote antiquity and kept it adrift out upon the broad deep highway of progress. They have

ever been the violent agitators of the public mind and have given to the great heart of the universe its vital throb.

Originality has ever been one grand distinguishing characteristic of true greatness. Without this exalted trait of mind, Luther, within the walls of a convent, would never have forged the thunderbolts which shook the globe and revolutionized the world. It was this which gave to Bacon that towering preeminence of mind which raised him far above the men of his own age and gave to the world a new system of philosophy. It is this which gives a charm to poetry and song and throws a halo of glory around the names of Shakspeare and Byron. Originality, whether displayed in controversies of church and state, or in investigations of science, or in gently flowing streams of poetic lays, in whatever channel it directs its course, widens and deepens the range of finite thought and conception and is clothed with a peculiar majesty and power. To and fro the original mind walks with stately tread between earth and the realms of the mysterious and unknown. It is its sublime mission to seek for new truths and ideas outside the beaten paths of hackneyed thought, as the astronomer searches the remote heavens for undiscovered planets.

To be original in a sense, however, one need not make a wonderful discovery in science or philosophy like Newton or Bacon; for the power to effect such results is the prerogative of only a few giant intellects which happen along now and then in the course of successive ages. But there is a lower stage of originality within the reach of every mind which will strive to attain it. It grows out of a habit of independent thought, of firm reliance and constant exercise of one's native powers. It is not necessarily the fruit of assiduous application to books; for these are only the depositories of other's ideas and their true function is to teach *how* and not *what* to think. Most people read too much and think too little, and thus all their thoughts and opinions are borrowed and they hardly dream of such a thing as having an idea of their own. The world is becoming flooded with books and individual minds are fast being "drowned out" of their own personality. We firmly believe if we had fewer volumes in our libraries we should have more original minds, fewer borrowers and more capitalists in the world of thought. Why did the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries produce such a long list of immortal names in all parts of the then civilized world? Why was there such a culmination of light upon the land of Britain during the period of the reign of

Queen Elizabeth, which shines out bright as the noonday sun upon the page of history? It was simply because ideas had but just begun to accumulate and to be treasured up in immense libraries. Men could not then forage at large and supply themselves with spoils from the productions of other minds. Their only alternative was to think for themselves and to depend, in a measure, upon their own native powers. Learned divines and *philanthropic* reformers were not then thought to be original for devising arguments in favor of female suffrage and for forming Eutopian schemes of "*Band-box Governments.*" It was the pioneer age of standard literature and it developed true pioneer mental calibre.

Again, to be original often requires a little courage and pluck. Popular opinion is becoming too great a bugbear in the way of free thought and action. Few have the moral courage to declare their own opinions, lest they may be called whimsical or eccentric, and thus it is everybody's aim to be as nearly as possible like everybody else. But is it the acme of all true and manly development to become conformed to one common standard of right thinking and acting? Did God create all minds to fit the same groove? As well might we expect that he would have sent the planets wheeling in one great orbit, and caused the rivers to flow oceanward in the same channel. It is the rightful prerogative of every rational mind to act its proper self, and shame on that individual that dares not assert his own individuality! It is unmanly to be ever looking about for the smiles and approvals of others. To meet with opposition, to encounter and overcome obstacles was just what man with all his noble powers was made for; and he who, through fear of reproach or scandal, swerves to the right or left from the path of independent thought and action, barter away his manhood; he sells his birthright for a mess of pottage.

The present age emphatically demands original, *independent*, FEARLESS men. The world is all fenced around with stubborn laws and formalisms. In the church we meet with rigid creeds, which discard every thing that is not overflowing with "sound orthodoxy," so that the spontaneous outflowings of the heart are chilled and stifled by the cold atmosphere of intellectualism. In the transactions of state and individuals, we encounter selfish and intriguing policy which makes everything subservient to personal interest. The politician looks upon principles as the meaningless nonentities, by means of

which he is to gain a seat in the halls of Congress. The man of business weighs every thing in the scale with paltry gold. Society is becoming little else than the mere enactment of dead formalities which make men icebergs and polished hypoerites.

It is not so strange that the wear of the world makes wonderful transformations in original character, and that men suffer the sharp corners of their individuality to be worn off in becoming conformed to all the crooks and turns of the world's conventionalisms. It is not at all surprising that there is to-day hardly a free thinking, free spoken man even in our own republican America. And yet we think this growing tendency of the age to servile acquiescence in current forms and opinions, speaks not to the credit of the originality of the nineteenth century. We should do well at the present day to remember the wise saying of Sir Philip Sidney, "Eagles, we see, fly alone and they are but sheep which always herd together."

The church needs more original and independent theologians who are not afraid of over-stepping some of the prescribed limits of strict doctrines. The state and world at large calls for more statesmen and and reformers who are not frightened out of their own ideas by a little popular clamor, and who dare to adhere to principle even though they may incur the odium of a whole nation. It is the bold, straightforward and aggressive spirits which are the worlds motive powers. They keep it wheeling on through all the successive rounds of its progress. And the names of these alone are immortal : for they are linked with ideas and principles which are the only enduring monuments of the mind. "If man works upon marble, it will perish ; if he works upon brass, time will efface it ; if he rears temples, they will crumble into dust ;" but if he creates a newthought, he plants a gem in the diadem of the intellect which is immortal.

TIM.

Editorial Notes.

A college magazine, unlike all other periodicals, has no other object than to amuse and perhaps instruct. It has no religious or political creed to maintain; nor has it in view the accumulation of wealth for its publishers. The reputation of its contributors are not at stake except before our little world. Like an easy man of leisure it saunters forth, free from the weight of responsibility, content to reflect its genial influence. It is the *organ* of our college community and therefore its pages are open to all its members and it claims an interest from all.

With such purposes we send forth another number of our "Dartmouth." We ask no intense application such as befits scientific or metaphysical subjects nor do we profess to place before you the humor of Punch. We, therefore, claim no exemption from criticism nor do we court it.

It has been our fortune often to meet members of other colleges; and the cordial grasp of the hand and the fraternal greeting have invested college associations with a new interest. The generous sympathy, kind words and deeds, and noble natures evinced by every thought and act, have endeared the place to every one, so happy as to share its privileges, that is not entirely destitute of feeling. It is fortunate that this miniature world has been devised and interposed as a trial stage before we enter upon the sterner duties of life. Gray haired men point to their school days as the happiest of their life. Such testimony should teach us to moderate and temper with a kindly disposition these mock trials of strength. Picture to yourself the whitened locks of three score, the careful step and fading sight, then will you reflect upon those "Attic nights" and "refections of the gods" and wish them, with all your heart, untainted by selfishness and base craft.

Each class has assumed the cast off dignities of its predecessors. In most cases they fit well though so often worn. Our *novi homines* take their places with all the diversities of character which is always apparent in the freshman class. Those little impositions, harmless in themselves, are practiced even less than usual. The class has gained the respect of the whole college, a respect to which their numbers and talent entitle them, while their good sense prevents all servile adulation and perturbed anxiety to be reckoned with "upper class men," that is so nauseating in a new but untried friend.

I have heard it asserted that no elevation in life pleases a college graduate as does the step from freshman to sophomore year. It seems like a new atmosphere, the draughts of which intoxicate. They have now gained coherency; boon companions frequent together congenial haunts; cliques

have begun to be formed and affinities established. With a *nonchalance* which is only apparent junior year is entered. A position is reached which is only second and it is invested with something more on account of its rank in *prospectu*. This year is passed and what shall we say of seniors? We dare not profane such a theme by words of ours. We only know that it is a happy period which occurs only once in our lives, and passes away more swiftly than the other years were slow in their progress. It is properly the culmination of the other three in enjoyment and benefit acquired.

The days of hazing are, no doubt, over and we of course hail with joy the dawn of civilization, where, if at all, refinement and intelligence ought to be expected. Foot-ball games have ceased since the match and there is nothing of the nature of oppression to disturb the quiet. There is a feeling generally prevalent in some communities, that freshmen are abused, that they are subjected to insults and injuries that are brutal. That there exists a class feeling at Dartmouth, as well as at most other colleges, is undeniable; but in this there is nothing unjust. As a new friend is to be proved before he is admitted to intimate companionship, so of a new member of college. In this there is neither arrogance nor oppression. In well regulated societies the same rule exists. To intelligent persons it is needless to remark that this has no connection with a barbarism once in vogue which all friends of education so deeply deplored. It was remarked to me recently by one whose consideration and judgement none could suspect, that his sympathies were always with the freshmen, but in a matched contest he always wished the sophomores to beat, "for," said he, "they have more at stake."

But we anticipate a millenium which will please the most fastidious when ladies are admitted to a membership in American colleges. Men of penetration tell us that the time will come. We saw only this afternoon some ladies enter the library during its hours of business. Then we imagined when it should be an every day matter and we should call her "frater" and "social." But alas! these are but *husks*; the time is too far distant to congratulate ourselves with much assurance. It *may* happen to our successors. The days of chivalry will then revive "former things will have passed away." In such an age of progress it is impossible to forecast events. Be not surprised, ye gallants, if you are taken by storm before you expect; and sons of Dartmouth prepare to welcome her daughters.

A few weeks since, the First-nine of the Dartmouth Base Ball Club received a challenge from the Amherst nine, to play the third of a series of games between the two clubs. As each of the Clubs had been victorious in one game, a close contest was anticipated. The Dartmouths were ready and entered into correspondence as to arrangements, which met with no

response for an almost unwarrantable length of time, and when it did, the response was merely a withdrawal of the challenge. We understand that the principal reason alleged for this course was, that there were differences of opinion among the members of their nine, which could not be amicably settled. The *non acceptance* of a challenge has a common interpretation. While we would not wish to infer that the *withdrawal* of the challenge can have any such interpretation, nor wish to cast any reflections on Amherst as a college, we would suggest to her nine that it might be advisable to come to an understanding with herself first, and send her challenges afterwards.

ELOCUTION. A teacher who can simplify and abridge the technical rules of any difficult department of education, deserves a civic crown. This service to liberal culture, Prof. Mark Bailey has performed. He has prepared an introductory Treatise on Elocution, for Hillard's Sixth Reader. All the essential rules of this art are here presented in a concise, original and intelligible form. Prof. Bailey has no superior in the country, as a successful teacher of Elocution; and, in the felicitous exhibition of its rules, he has no peer. This work will add to the deserved popularity of Mr. Hillard's Readers. He is an eminent belles-lettres scholar, and has shown admirable taste and skill in his selections. Every variety of style and subject is represented; "the simple, the grave, the gay, the humorous, the pathetic, and the declamatory." Each extract is the best of its kind, and worthy of the attention of the young reader.

TO THOSE WHO HAVE NOT PLEDGED. The object of the *Di Gamma* society is to inspire self respect. It was our pleasure a few evenings since to take "a peep behind the scenes," and witness the initiatory rites. The *The elect* ("*O terque quaterque beati*") are conducted blindfolded to the hall. Then ensues a series of experiences which forcibly reminds one of the "weakness of the flesh." Such treatment Jack Falstaff would not have envied, even after the pinching, burning and turning about at the hands of the fairies. After being placed prone he receives a "blanketing," but alas! he has no chivalrous knight near like Don Quixote to condole with him in such an hour. The oath is administered, an *iron-clad*, after every-thing *worldly* has been shaken out, and certificates to a good *moral* character free from all early *INDISCRETIONS* are required. In addition to the usual form, a little of the lower regions is imported in the form of burning phosphorus and placed at the nostrils; this is to give due solemnity. A plentiful effusion of cold water completes the ceremony. The finale for them is to stand guard and protect their honor and probity, and show zeal for their society by patiently enduring the kicks and taunts of passers by. This latter is a very necessary part. If the trying ordeal is sustained without flinching, they are duly admitted to a participation to all privileges and *IMMUNITIES* of the society. None but Gothamites need apply.

We learn from *Hamilton Literary Monthly*, President Samuel G. Brown was duly inaugurated at commencement. He has already gained that esteem and confidence to which his eminent abilities and suavity of manner entitle him. Under his regime evening chapel service has been abolished, the chapel repaired so that it will "safely compare with nearly every college chapel in the land," and we learn from the last "*Campus*" that a new bell has been donated to the college by one of her graduates. He was elected to a professorship at Dartmouth in 1840, and so long had he been with us that we knew how to esteem him. He was presented, by the class of '67, with a black walnut chair with his name carved upon the back. All students of Dartmouth and especially those who have been under his instruction wish him an honorable and happy career in his new position. The chair of Intellectual Philosophy and Political Economy is vacant, but is supplied at present by President Smith and Professor Noyes.

Dr. Lord who has awarded diplomas to thirty-five successive classes, a few sabbaths since stood in his old accustomed place to address an assembly of Dartmouth students. Like Nestor, "during his life two generations of articulate speaking men have become extinct;" and very properly he may be called a "harmonious orator." It was remarked by one who had known him that even now he is improving. He retains his strength to a remarkable degree. His is the ripe old age of a philanthropist and scholar. It gives us pleasure to see his benign countenance in our midst; it brings to mind half a century in the history of our college.

It has for some time been a matter of discussion, whether Hanover could afford a new church, for it certainly has for a long time been in need of it, but as public interest is inclined to turn to worldly affairs, it has been concluded to only repair the old, and whilst that is being done, the students assemble in chapel for sabbath worship, and the inhabitants of the village in the vestry.

Among other improvements in our little village, is that of enlarging the hotel, which, though of considerable size, is nevertheless insufficient for summer guests. Mr. Frary the proprietor, is building out 20 feet toward the common, and we understand is to make further improvements, in the spring—a work for which he should be commended although many censure him as they think the beauty of the street will be impaired thereby.

Hon. William H. Bartlett, of the class of 1847, one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of the State of New Hampshire, died in Concord, after a protracted illness, Tuesday, Sept. 29, aged 40 years. He was regarded as one of the ablest lawyers in the State, before his election to the bench, and as a Judge he commanded, in a high degree, the confidence and respect both of the bar and the public.

Hon. Stoddard B. Colby, Register of the Treasury, died Sat., Sept. 22, at Haverhill, N. H., aged 51. He graduated from Dartmouth College in 1836 and commenced the practice of law in Derby, Vt., in 1838; he removed to Montpelier in 1846 where he continued his practice with great success.

The *Freeman*, in speaking of him, says: "He took a high rank in his profession in the conduct of his cases both in preparation and on trial. He was one of the most ready men at the bar we ever saw. Nothing seemed to disconcert or daunt him.—As a jury advocate he had few equals and hardly a superior in the state; and in some classes of cases was excelled by no lawyer at the bar."

In 1864 he received the appointment of Register of the Treasury, which office he held till his death.

EXHIBITION OF THE PUBLIC LITERARY SOCIETIES, Nov. 22d. Oration. *Man's Power over Nature's Laws.* Henry Andrew Wise, West Lebanon.

Oration. ————— Fernando Cortez Hathaway, Hardwick, Vt.

Debate. *Do the best interests of this country demand a more centralized government?* Aff. Charles Henry Chandler, New Ipswich. Neg. Henry Clay Bliss, Hartford, Vt.

Poem. *Aspiration.* Carlos White, Topsham, Vt.

LIBRARY. The books of the College Library are being numbered by the Librarians, and it is understood that a catalogue is to be published. Not only facility in charging, but in finding books will thus be acquired, and a large mass of useful matter be made accessible to the students. Query. Is the north room to be catalogued? If so, may we not hope to have access to its valuable contents?

Dr. George Ticknor, of the firm of Ticknor and Fields and class of 1807, has recently written a history of Spanish Literature, said to be a better account than exists even among the Spaniards. This with his *Life of Prescott* has distinguished him justly as one of the most scholarly of Dartmouth's graduates.

Stephen Piper of Manchester, has been elected class artist. He was employed by '67 and gave universal satisfaction. He is expected in town this week to take negatives.

We wish to say to the friends of the "Dartmouth," that it is particularly desirable that all contributions should be forwarded at their earliest convenience, and that if class Secretaries would evince a little more interest, we could furnish our readers with a more complete *Memoranda Alumnorum*.

Mr. Wm. D. Walker, of San Francisco, a former resident of this place, and member of the class of '65, shows his appreciation of the worth of our magazine, by sending us two dollars and a half *in gold* for one year's subscription, with the promise of the renewal of the subscription at the end of that time. Mr. Walker has also been a frequent contributor of Memoranda Alumnorum, and in various ways expressed his sympathy in our undertaking. May success attend him.

We regret to say, especially in connection with the above, that a *few* of our subscribers have not yet paid their subscriptions. We shall be *ready* to receive the money at their *earliest* convenience.

LECTURES. One of the disadvantages, necessarily, of a college situated so far from our large cities, is the want of popular lectures. But this may be supplied to some extent at least. Successive classes have undertaken the task, and have failed because their numbers were not large enough to make up the deficit. It is pretty certain that the citizens of our village will not attempt the project but they may help sustain it.

Why will not the members of the college unite to sustain a series of popular lectures? Charles Dickens the English humorist is coming to our country to give readings. Let his admirers bestir themselves and obtain if possible a visit from him.

A sketch of the Life and Character of the late Hon. Matthew Harvey, of the class of 1806, by Wm. L. Foster, Esq., has recently been published. It was originally read before the New Hampshire Historical Society.

Exchanges. We have been pleased to receive The Advocate, The College Courant, Yale Literary, The Hamilton Campus, The Hamilton Literary Monthly, University Chronicle, The Vidette, The Indiana Student, The Asbury Review and The Miami Student.

The public societies, which have enjoyed a respite of ten years, have awakened from their Rip Van Winkle sleep. The necessary measures have been taken to put them on an active basis. The old organization for the most part has been resumed.

In their first meetings a commendable spirit was shown which warrants the belief that it supplies a lack of which the students had become already cognizant. The art of speaking is, certainly, an indispensable part of the education of every American. As we looked upon a prominent character of our country, a few days since, and saw the despair depicted on his countenance, the hopeless wave of the hand, the nervous undecided manner when called upon for a speech, it inspired within us a feeling allied to the serio-comic. So ludicrous did it seem that the figure still lingers in our minds. But let some of the spirit of Webster and Choate be infused into our societies and no Dartmouth boy need to find himself in such a plight.

Let not the societies disgrace their precedents.

HAZING ABROAD. From our exchanges we learn that this practice has been nearly abandoned in all our principal colleges. At Williams some of the spirit still survives. But the freshman did not flinch, and the presence of the President among them soon dispersed the sophomores into empty closets which were near. At Amherst four of the sophomores have been suspended, as we learn from the *Vidette*. At Yale one of the freshmen has been kidnapped by mysterious personages and conveyed away out of town. The University (Mich.) Chronicle speaks of rushes as terrible affairs. The unsophisticated tone of our younger sister bespeaks innocence which we hope never to see defiled.

The several classes in gymnastics are doing very finely under the instruction of those appointed by the faculty. The instructors during vacation, were under the tuition of Professor Welch at Brattleboro.

On account of a defective arrangement with the printer, this month's issue is somewhat later than intended. With the commencement of another volume we hope to have the magazine a *periodical*.

The last Baccalaureate discourse of President Smith can be had by applying to B. W. Hale, Hanover, N. H.

Memoranda Alumnorum.

We have received from C. A. Carleton, class of '57, a list of the members of that class who were participators in the late war and their respective ranks. He claims '57 to be the "banner class," and doubts if any other can show a better record. We would be pleased to receive communications from other class Secretaries.

Charles A. Carlton, Private, 12th N. Y. S. Militia, (mustered into three months service.) Adjutant, 4th N. H. Vols. Brevet Col. and Act. Adj. Gen. 10 Army Corps, U. S. Vols. 2d Lieut. 19th U. S. Infantry.

John H. Clark, Surgeon U. S. Navy.

David T. Corbin, Capt. 3d Vt. Vols. Capt. 13th Reg. Veteran Reserve Corps. Brevt. Maj. U. S. Vols.

Edward H. Denny, 1st Lieut. 2d Mass. Heavy Artillery. Brev. Capt. U. S. Vols.

Henry Doane, Capt. 43d Mass. Vols.

John A. Follette, Surgeon 39th Ohio Vols.

Henry M. Frost Chaplain 7th Vt. Vols.

Henry W. Fuller, 1st Lieut. 1st N. H. Vols. Adj. 4th N. H. Vols. Lieut. Col. 16th N. H. V. Col. 75th U. S. C. T. Brev. Brig. Gen. U. S. V.

William J. Galbraith, 1st Lieut. 78 Penn. V. 1st Lieut. U. S. Signal Corps.

John B. Haselton, Act. Asst. Paymaster U. S. N.

Moses K. Haselton, Paymaster 1st N. H. Vols. (Died in service.)

Lloyd W. Hixon, Asst. Surgeon 13th Mass. V.

Arthur E. Hutchins, 1st Lieut. 11th N. H. Vols. Killed in the battle of the Wilderness May 6. 1864.

Edward F. Noyes, Col. 39th Ohio Vols. Brev. Brig. Gen. U. S. V.

Samuel A. Duncan, Maj. 14th N. H. V. Col. 4th U. S. Colored Troops. Brev. Brig. Gen. and Brev. Maj. Gen. U. S. V.

Ezra K. Parker, 1st Lieut. Batt'y. "E." R. I. Light Art'y.

Samuel E. Pingree, Lieut. Col. 3d Vt. Vols.

Lucius P. Shaw, 1st Lieut. 2d Kansas Vols. Killed by railroad accident when returning from the battle of Wilson's Creek, Mo.

Nick Smith, Capt. 19th U. S. Inf'y. Brevet Col. U. S. A.

Thaddeus Stevens, Private, 1st Penn. Vols. Major 122d Penn. V.

Henry M. Wells, Surgeon U. S. Navy.

State Service.

John Mitchell, Capt. Indp. Reg. Iowa Cav'y., for campaign against the Indians.

Rebel Service.

Edward C. Brabble, Col. 32d N. C. Vols. Killed at Spottsylvania C. H. May 11th, 1864.

Charles C. Crosby, class of '47, has recently been elected to the Canadian House of Commons from Stanstead County, C. E.

Rev. S. H. Willey class of '45, is acting as President of the College of California, at Oakland Cal.

Rev. Alfred Stevens, class of '39, for 25 years the pastor of the Congregational Church at West Westminster, Vt., is still enjoying the united sympathy and support of his parish.

Rev. Horace Richardson, class of '41, is engaged in the ministry at San Francisco, Cal.

Chas. F. Kittredge class '63 has been appointed Governor's Aid, of New Hampshire.

James W. Palmer, class of '67, is Principal of High School at Bradford, Vt.

L. A. Gould, class '64, is practicing law at Olneyville, R. I.

A. B. Abbott, class '66, is teaching at Glens Falls, N. Y.

Chas. E. Swett, class '64, is Principal of the Oneida Seminary, at Oneida, Madison Co., N. Y.

THE DARTMOUTH.

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No. X.

EDITORS.—FALL TERM, 1867.

JOHN W. PAGE,

EUGENE B. GALE,

WALTER H. AYERS.

Political Satirists.

No two men of the last generation resembled each other more in mental constitution, habits and taste than George Canning and Sydney Smith. One was a statesman ; the other a parson. They were by the admission of all, the first wits of their age. They assailed the same classes of men and with the same weapons. They were the sworn foes of pedants and bigots. They agreed in every thing but politics. Here they parted company and finally became personal foes. The tory and the whig could not consent to hunt their literary game in the same enclosures. Sydney Smith says of Canning : "When he is jocular he is strong ; when he is serious, he is like Samson in a wig : any ordinary person is a match for him ; a song, an ironical letter, a burlesque ode, an attack in the newspaper upon Nicholl's eyes, a smart speech of twenty minutes full of gross misrepresentations and clever turns, excellent language, a spirited manner, lucky quotation, success in provoking dull men, some half information picked up in Pall Mall in the morning ; these are your friend's natural weapons ; all these things he can do ; here I allow him to be truly great." This is precisely what Canning would have said and what the world did say of the caustic critic who penned this sketch. Men of genius whose trenchant blades "do to death" the knaves and fools that swarm in society rarely receive their proper meed of praise in their life time. The

spent arrows of the satirist are hurled back upon the assailant, and what is wanting in force is made up in numbers. Nearly a whole generation passed away before the peerless wit of Sydney Smith was duly acknowledged. His honest and honorable assaults upon old abuses, in church and state, barred his promotion for nearly thirty years. He assailed Canning because the party to which he belonged opposed the salutary reforms which Smith advocated. Party changes have modified the reputation of these political foes. In the exhibition of exquisite humor, they were alike. Here, they were engaged in a common cause, and employed similar weapons. Canning commenced his attacks upon pedants very early. While at Eton preparing for the university he contributed largely to a periodical called "The Microcosm" which consisted of a series of papers in imitation of the *Spectator*. Some of these juvenile criticisms are highly commended for their nice discrimination and keen wit. Addison's commentary on "Chevy Chase" is very happily imitated in the following remarks upon a nursery "epic" beginning thus :

"The queen of hearts
She made some tarts
All on a summer day."

Of the last line he says : "I cannot leave this line without remarking that one of the Scribleri, a descendant of the famous Martinus, has expressed his suspicions of the text being corrupted here, and proposes instead of "All on," reading "Alone ;" alleging in favor of this alteration the effect of solitude in raising the passions. But Hiccius Doctius, a high Dutch commentator, one nevertheless well versed in British literature, in a note of unusual length and learning, has confuted the arguments of Scriblerus. In support of the present reading he quotes a passage from a poem written about the same period with our author's, by the celebrated Johannes Pastor, (most commonly known as Jack Shepherd,) entitled "An Elegiac Epistle to the Turnkey of Newgate," wherein the gentleman declares that, rather indeed in compliance with an old custom than to gratify any particular wish of his own, he is going

"All hanged for to be
Upon that fatal Tyburn tree."

Now as nothing throws greater light upon an author than the concurrence of a contemporary writer, I am inclined to be of Hiccius's opinion and to consider the "All" as an elegant expletive or as he more aptly phrases it "elegans expletivum." This is a very fair illustration of the method of commenting, by literati, upon the ancient classics. Thousands of volumes are filled with conjectural readings and emendations of the text of Greek and Roman writers which are as worthless as this youthful criticism upon a nursery rhyme. The fate of the classics in such hands, is not fully represented by that of Tarpeia buried in ornaments, but it rather resembles the lingering death of a healthy tree whose sap has been, from year to year, exhausted by climbing, parasitic plants. It is smothered by the embrace of its loving friends. So pedants eat the life out of old authors.

When Canning became a man, he did not put away the occupations of youth. He still pursued with biting sarcasm, the erudite pedant, the hypocritical bigot and the unprincipled Jacobin. The Tories have been terrible satirists, from Bolingbroke to Theodore Hook. At the time when French revolutionary principles were spreading in England, the leading minds of the tory party originated a satirical periodical, called "the Anti Jacobin." Its chief contributors were Canning, Pitt, Gifford, Ellis, Frere, the Earl of Carlisle and the Marquis Wellesley. Reformers and pedants were the subjects of their ridicule and irony. Dr. Darwin's "Loves of the Plants" was caricatured in the "Loves of the Triangles," which Lord Jeffrey pronounces "the perfection of parody." The notes, in the style of scientific and classic commentary, are certainly inimitable. A specimen of the two kinds may suffice. The first note which I shall copy, is appended to the following passage of the poem :

"But chief thou Nurse of the Didactic Muse,
Divine NONSENSIA, all thy sense infuse ;
The charms of *Secants* and of *Tangents* tell,
How Loves and Graces in the *Angle* dwell ;
How slow progressive *Points* protract the *Line*,
As pendant spiders spin the filmy twine ;
How lengthened *Lines* impetuous sweeping round,
Spread the wide *Plane* and mark its circling bound ;
How *Planes*, their substance with their motion grown,
Form the huge *Cube*, the *Cylinder*, the *Cone*."

To this passage the following query is appended: "Whether a practical application of this theory would not enable us to account for the genesis, or original formation of space itself, in the manner in which Dr. Darwin has traced the whole of the organized creation to his six filaments. We may conceive the whole of our present universe to have been originally concentrated in a single Point. We may conceive this primeval Point, or Punctum Saliens of the Universe, evolving itself by its own energies, to have moved forward in a right line, *ad infinitum*, till it grew tired—after which, the right line which it had engendered would begin to put itself in motion in a lateral direction, describing an area of infinite extent. This area as soon as it became conscious of its own existence, would begin to ascend or descend, according as its specific gravity might determine it, forming an immense solid space filled with Vacuum, and capable of containing the present existing universe. Space being thus obtained and presenting a suitable nidus, or receptacle for the generation of Chaotic Matter, an immense deposit would gradually be accumulated: after which the Filament of Fire, being produced in the chaotic mass, by an *Idiosyncrasy*, or selfformed habit analogous to fermentation, *Explosion* would take place; *Suns* would be shot from the central Chaos; *Planets* from *Suns*; and *Satellites* from *Planets*. In this state of things, the Filament of *Organization* would begin to exert itself, in those independent masses which, in proportion to their bulk, exposed the greatest surface to the action of *Light* and *Heat*." In this luminous manner, the author proceeds to complete the universe, set the orbs in motion, clothe the earth with vegetation and people it with inhabitants. It is all executed with the gravity of science and with apparent unconsciousness of its infinite absurdity. The Theory is quite as sound as that denominated "the development theory," or any of those Godless systems that attempt to account for the origin of the Universe without a Creator. It is a very popular burlesque on infidel spectators who attempt to merge all creative power in the unintelligent forces and laws of Nature. There is a very happy hit upon learned commentaries in the author's note upon the following couplet:

"Six cock-tail'd mice transport her to the ball,
And liveried lizards wait upon her call."

"Note. Cock-tailed mice—*coctilibus muris*. Ovid. There is rea-

son to believe that the *murine* or mouse species, were anciently much more numerous than at the present day. It appears from the sequel of the line, that Semiramis surrounded the city of Babylon with a number of these animals.

‘Dicitur altam

Coctilibus Muris cinxisse Semiramis urbem.’

It is not easy, at the present day, to conjecture with respect to the end, whether of ornament or defence, which they could be supposed to answer. I should be inclined to believe, that in this instance the mice were dead, and that so vast a collection of them must have been furnished by way of tribute to free the country from these destructive animals.” The author then proceeds to descant upon the relative fecundity of the *murine* and the feline races, and reasons analogically, from the early history of other countries. This learned trifling reminds one of much of the ancient commentaries upon the Bible before the age of true criticism commenced. The classics are still encumbered with notes as worthless as those above quoted on “coctilibus muris.”

A Week at Hogglesstock.

It is an odd, out-of-the-way place; a very bird's nest of a village hiding among the hills. In the summer, when trees are green, and birds are singing, and life is at its full tide, one might fancy he had stumbled into a second paradise. The houses have such a comfortable, cheery, well-to-do appearance; the people one meets—and they are all out of doors—are well fed, well dressed, well contented with themselves and their surroundings.

The summer, too, brings a few city families to the hotel; wealthy New York and Bostonian mammas, with shoals of children and accompanying baby-girls. “It's such a treat for the dear little blessings to play upon the common, ride upon horseback, and mingle with the native aborigines!” This annual influx is the great event of a Hogglesstock year. It keeps up communication with the outer world; it

brings in a new train of ideas, as the opening of a door brings in a gust of fresh air. It answers, also, for a grand fashion book, by which the ladies, bless them! can arrange their toilet for the ensuing twelve months. If Mrs. A. wears *one* short skirt, or *two* short skirts, of different color or the same; if Mrs. B. dresses her hair in "rats, cats and mice," or a simple "coil;" if Miss C. wears a "soup-plate" or a "turban;" if the dashing Miss R. appears in a train a yard and a half or two yards long—the great question is settled; Hogglesstock's fashions are henceforth as fixed as the laws of the Medes and Persians. During these summer months there is much horseback riding, a little croquet played upon the common to the disgust of "Institoot" students, who naturally wish the grounds for other purposes, and walking for those romantically inclined. To these the Lovers' Vale offers every attraction, and is much patronized.

However, I had the misfortune of visiting this bower of beauty in midwinter, when the thermometer was so low you were afraid to look at it, when one's "ain fireside" presented undeniable attractions, when every thing had frozen so excessively hard that it seemed doubtful if there would ever come a thaw. Now I have been in frigid locations before, but to my certain knowledge there was never a place so cold as Hogglesstock. The winds come swooping down from the hills as if they positively had a malicious plan for destroying the village at their feet. And if it once begins to snow there's no guessing when it will stop! Indeed you entertain doubts that it will ever stop at all.

Notwithstanding these unfavorable circumstances, as Gail Hamilton wrote of Boston, I spent a week in Hogglesstock and am consequently able to give a full and impartial account of the manners, customs and characteristics of the inhabitants. At the outset I will state, what may have already been surmised, that it is the seat of the "Hogglesstock University." When I say this I presume that I shall be understood as having gone to the root of the whole matter. A University town has, for all practical purposes, lost its existence. Its citizens trade, eat, sleep, *live* more or less directly for the benefit of the "Institoot." Half the citizens rent rooms, and the other half take boarders. Hogglesstock proved no exception to the general rule. After a careful survey I found that the houses with all the best rooms rented to freshmen (the family inhabiting apartments in the rear, commanding a view of somebody's back-yard,) and those mansions with

the front door always accidentally open to "Let out the smell of the dinner," were numerically equal.

As for the village itself it seemed little different from any other "seven by nine" New England town. It has the inevitable Main Street with some half a dozen stores, boasts of two hotels, two churches, and I don't know how many hundred souls. And yet these New England villages have a *meaning* after all; more of a real, earnest life, I sometimes fancy, than the large cities. For, as Holmes says, here there is time to carry everything to its farthest extent; each most trivial circumstance is endowed with a half tragic import. People live their live's-worth in a New England village. Still I saw nothing which led me to suppose that there was danger of Hogglesstock's becoming a great commercial metropolis. It is doubtful if its tradesmen anticipate making great fortunes. Those articles which command the largest sales are kerosene oil and lamp chimneys. But there is no bustle or hurry in the exchange and barter of these commodities. Everything is done lazily, as if there were time enough and to spare.

There is never anything going on in Hogglesstock. In the first place, there is no suitable accomodation. The village church witnesses alike the few fairs, funerals, concerts and magic lanterns. A report has come down that there were once tableaux in the upper halls of the hotel, but this is fast becoming mythical. For myself from what I learned of the Hogglesstock character, I never believed it. There was once an endeavor to procure lectures, but the prompt and decisive conduct of the students nipped this project in the bud. Indeed, the inhabitants become annually impressed with the idea that "it would be highly meritorious to have lectures," but it never goes any farther—they *don't* have them. "We are starving for mental stimuli" said a worthy gentleman to me, "I have serious thoughts of emigrating from Hogglesstock. The only intellectual entertainment during the year has been an exhibition of a magic lantern, and that was a failure! As for lectures—they are impossibilities."

Notwithstanding the smallness of Hogglesstock there is little seclusion. Everybody knows everybody else, and everybody else's business. They are equally alive to a student's prank, an engagement, or the latest style of bonnet. There is something marvelous in the speed with which a report travels. With a view to test this, I

took occasion during my stay, to tell my landlady's little daughter of some trivial item in my affairs. It was spread over the village before sunset, (how *much* before, I have no opportunity of guessing,) so that I had the felicity of overhearing three young and interesting ladies, discussing the probability of my being an escaped robber or a woman-poisoner. It was agreeable in the extreme. I have no doubt that it was discussed the next morning at every breakfast-table in the village, and afterwards published in the "*Ægis*."

During my week at Hogglesstock there was a levee and a "Toory Loooral Sociable." They tell me that it was very gay. I myself attended the levee, and, having no other employment, counted the heads. There were just nineteen ladies and seventy-five students. For one youth moderately happy I saw three intensely miserable. At any particular moment there were, at moderate estimate, forty-five undergraduates standing against the wall with awe stricken faces and saddened eyes, watching the happiness of the more favored few who were engaged in agreeable converse with the nineteen ladies. I have some of these instructive dialogues in my note book.

No 1.

Elderly lady, (to *very* Young Gentleman.) "You are in the junior class, I believe."

Youth, (much embarrassed.) "I am a freshman, ma'am."

Lady. "Ah!—How do you like?"

Youth. "Oh! much better than I expected, ma'am—that is, I thought—or rather I didn't think"—(stops, much confused.)

Elderly lady, (*magna benevolentia*.) "And have you a pleasant boarding place? and do you like your class?" etc. etc. *ad infinitum*.

No. 2.

Intellectual Youth. "Do you like poetry, Miss?"

Young lady, (*exceedingly* young.) "Oh, I am passionately fond of it!"

Youth, (with ardor.) "And who is your favorite author?"

Young lady, (after a long consideration.) "I think I prefer Longfellow."

Youth, (with increasing animation.) "And your favorite novelist?"

Young lady, (eagerly.) "Oh, Mrs. Southworth! Have you ever read 'The Curse of Falcon Ridge or The Grey Hounds of the Lonely Gorge?'"

An ominous pause which is agreeably interrupted by the appearance of oysters.

Dancing and euchre playing are not found in these gatherings. There are, however, intellectual treats in the way of readings from the Sanscrit, while a taste for the beautiful is cultivated by occasional exhibitions of statuary. I felt much interested in discovering by what means the selection of young men was made for these assemblies. My questionings were speedily answered.

"It's a matter of money, my dear sir," said one of the professors' wives pleasantly, "of money and capacities of dressing; nothing else."

"But certainly, my dear madam, a young man's attainments must have something to do with it?"

"Oh, nothing, absolutely nothing! In fact, society prefers fools, they're much more gentlemanly. Now there's Augustus Fitznoodle, his brain is a complete vacuum, but his father is worth oceans of money, oceans, and he dresses in undeniable taste. In short he's our chief reliance, he and Booby Billion. You should see Booby; such kid gloves! wears No. one and a half."

Strange though it may seem, there is, not four miles from Hogglesstock, a Young Ladies' Seminary. I have often noticed this peculiarity, and am unable to account for it. Wherever an institute is planted, from certain unknown causes, in close proximity thereto, will come up a seminary. I saw but few of these "Mollies" and "Nellies," and if my recollection serves me, the desire for further acquaintance is wanting. The specimens were the usual style of bread-and-butter boarding-school Misses, with the customary stringy curls, rosy cheeks and staring eyes. As I witnessed the sportive gambols of one group, I could but be impressed with the ease and freedom with which they knocked each other about, and burst forth with gushes of silvery laughter on each and every occasion. Their acquaintance is much sought by the youths of the Institute, who are in a chronic state of going to Lannon to witness the gymnastic exhibitions. These as far as I could learn, take place semi-weekly. A horse railroad running from Hogglesstock is, I understand, under consideration, which will doubtless be largely patronized by the juniors.

Upon Sunday I attended the Hogglesstock church, and was much impressed by the elegant yet simple architecture of the building. The walls of stained wood presented many strange and fantastic pictures

to my wandering eye, while the lofty high-and-dry-ness of the galleries particularly charmed me. I could but notice that the students spent much of their time in looking down upon the villagers, while now and then some one of the villagers, particularly of the younger feminine portion, would look up at the galleries. Sometimes the looks came from the two quarters at the same time. The coincidence was, at least, quite remarkable. I also visited the Institute Gymnasium and was much interested in the exercises. One phenomenon struck me as particularly noticeable. A large class of some sixty or seventy had assembled; the roll was called. After which, ere the march had begun, the number had diminished to forty or fifty. By the time a complete circuit of the hall had been made, but twenty-five or thirty remained, which number was considerably lessened when they came to "heavy gymnastics." I inquired of a student standing near me, (I call him a student, for in Hogglesstock all masculines over fifteen and under fifty are students,) what was the cause of this sudden and inexplicable diminution?" He winked horribly. A fell suspicion entered my mind. "They don't 'cut?'" I murmured in a hoarse, broken voice. An unearthly smile played about the student's lips, while a backward motion of his thumb called my attention to a band of young men sneaking down stairs, recalling forcibly to my mind the days when I "played truant." Too horrible to be true! And yet there was no doubting that fellow's grin and the downward gliding throng. "Students are strange animals!" I said to myself. In which opinion I shall remain firm to my dying day. Yet they are no worse—or better—than other young men in similar circumstances. Indeed it may be that they are steadier than the students attending the "Parker House" College. At all events, Hogglesstock University has among its undergraduates, boys of some thirty summers or upward, and fathers of promising families—who are usually supposed to have "sown their wild oats." Of course there is a natural fondness, among a certain portion, for horn tooting, ponies and spectral entertainments; I myself witnessed three of the latter in one week. Children must have their amusements.

However, the Institute is flourishing. Wealthy gentlemen are contributing to its treasury for various purposes. Buildings of more imposing appearance than Hogglesstock or Calamos Hall are going up.

It is possible that at some future day of the next century, recitation rooms will be so constructed, that one will not be the victim of a red-hot stove or a draft on his back. These facts I have from a member of the faculty, who assured me that Hoggelstock University would one day, stand high on the "pages of history," and the "annals of fame." May the fates be propitious! And then, as the story books say, I went home, highly delighted with my "Week at Hoggelstock."

Rhetorical Peculiarities of Demosthenes.

When the Pæanian cutler

"From tempering swords, his own more safe employ,
To study rhetoric sent his hopeful boy,"

he gave to Athenian liberty, a keen, well tempered blade, of true Damascus steel. The timid, awkward, stammering child, who played about the forge and drew from brawny workmen pleasant ridicule, at length stood on the Bema and held the stormy assemblage of six thousand Athenians in breathless quiet. Once he blushed at the merest glance of the passer by, now, with flashing eye and fierce invective, he thundered forth his *Phillipics*. What curious alchemy has transformed the hesitating youth into an incarnate Mercury? What is the God-like gift of the golden mouthed orator, by which

"With words,
He rules men's passions, and their breasts controls?"

To the youngest declaimer, the story of the pebbles, the roaring sea-shore, the subterranean abode and the half-shorn head, are as familiar as the tales of Mother Goose. But what the pillars are upon which his oratory rests, may not be as evident.

Every commentator upon him, from Plutarch to Brougham, has admired his arrangement. As the wood cutter preparatory to his work, clears away bramble and shrub from the foot of the tree which he is to fall, so Demosthenes removes from the minds of his audience every prejudice and hindrance. His clear eye runs over his matter

to the end. Strong arguments are made prominent, while the weak are in the back ground. Every illustration is in its place and goes like an arrow, to its mark. His style at first was faulty; but continued copyings of Thucydides and long practice, at length made it attractive. It was pithy, condensed and concise. Phocian alone was his superior in this particular, of whom he used to say, "Here comes the pruner of my sentences."

Quintilian, in comparing him with Cicero, says "From Demosthenes nothing can be taken away, to Cicero nothing can be added." Above all things he aimed at perspicuity. No Athenian ever mistook his meaning. No hazy medium enveloped his sense. Even beauty of expression, he would, if necessary, sacrifice to clearness. That "diligent negligence" of Cicero, he truly exemplified. No garlands of flowers crowned and concealed his sense. His sentences were not clothed in holiday attire; but like—

"Soldiers full armed, terrific to the foe."

There was polish, but it was the polish of the burnished shield. Words of common use, which implied a metaphor, were ever on his lips; but the metaphor and simile as such, he seldom used. He preferred that grown up brother of metaphor—illustration. His whole oratory is one picture gallery. You see Phillip struggling for the supremacy. Athens in her glory is before you—armed men leap from the soil. As Quintilian says—"Vivunt omnia et moventur."

Unlike our Everett, he was not an Encyclopedia of fact; yet his knowledge of his country's history was perfect. He loved to call up the dead past as a lesson for the living present. With abstractions he had no dealings in his popular oratory. His logic was acute, and as clear as the sunlight. He never wandered from his subject, making every sentence pave the way to conviction, he carried the mind of his audience with him to victory.

He was terribly in earnest, and every hearer felt it. His own life, and that of the state hung upon his lips. All was forgotten but his subject. The orator himself was overshadowed by the interests at stake. When Whitefield spoke, men forgot to say "What a beautiful sermon!" but went home thoughtfully, with this question on their lips, "What shall I do to be saved?" Amid the fiery words of Demosthenes, the people beheld only the clear thought he impressed.

Yet his sentences, prepared and committed beforehand, were not broken or abrupt. That rhythm of prose—so beautiful in any language, and wrought to highest perfection in the Attic tongue—gave his words a gliding, harmonious motion, which charmed, while they convinced. His words were usually select and elegant, yet at times he hurled Attic Billingsgate with most ungentlemanly fury. Unlike Cicero, who well loved to joke, he was in no humor for pleasantries. Instead of the keen edge of wit, his jest used a ponderous bludgeon which felled his opponent to the earth. With all his power and beauty, he has a spirit of ferocity, madness and violence. Morose, stern and seldom indulging in a smile, he had no patience with trifling. Said Douglas to Admiral Rodney in the midst of a sea fight—"Behold, Sir George, the Greek and Trojans contending for the body of Patroclus!" The practical Admiral snappishly replied "Cursed be the Greeks! Cursed be the Trojans! I have other things to think of." Battle-fields are too earnest for sentimentalisms. Drowning men catch at straws, but not at fine quotations.

Demosthenes, nervous to a fault, had an eye solely for his object. In these times of old and young men eloquent; when Fourth of July grandiloquence and spread eagle nothings amuse the people; when balloons could be easily filled from a crowd of illegitimate sons of Hermes; when oratory trips in female gaiters and joins with stately buskin in "stumping a state," it is peculiarly refreshing to find an orator who is in earnest.

In a few particulars, one of the orators of to-day, resembles Demosthenes. His motto, "Do not shilly shally!" expressed in refined Attic would have been that of the Athenian patriot. His vehement use of invective and excessive personality, his long foresight and distrust of public functionaries is decidedly Demosthenian.

Delivery was considered by Demosthenes as the most important part of oratory. His matter might be well selected and abundant, his arrangement excellent, and his style faultless, yet if his action was faulty, he utterly failed. Through his earnestness, his action was always applauded. Summing up his excellences, we might embrace them in that line of Denham's, descriptive of the Thames,

"Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull,
Strong, without rage; without o'erflowing, full."

CALVIN.

Mystical Bonds.

No. 1.

This is emphatically an age of mysticism and mystical organizations. In some parts of our country it is a fact that no person can make any pretensions to position in society, unless he is a member of some secret, social, political or literary fraternity. Rites of initiation, with their grinning death-heads, *singeing gridirons* and other appurtenances, calculated to inspire novitiates with a due sense of their solemn obligations, are impotent to deter men from entering mystical fraternities. Man (whatever he may say of woman,) is eminently inquisitive, and as this part of his nature renders him especially susceptible to mystical influences, we should expect him to incline toward organizations of that character. An examination of history teaches that this has been the fact in all climes and ages. It is interesting to note how intimately this principle has been connected with human conduct and even the destiny of nations.

Egypt furnishes the first illustration of its power. There it was the foster mother of art and science, though in connection with its religion, it is repulsive and forbidding. But upon the banks of the Nile it has left its lasting monuments in the Pyramids, Sphinx and hieroglyphical characters which the combined ingenuity of ages has failed to decipher. To this source the early institutions of India, Chaldea and China are traceable. In those countries, as far back as any probable history, it was mingled with art, science and religion. It is well known what a potent influence the Eleusinian mysteries had over the minds of the Grecians. For a long time they constituted the only bond of union between those discordant states. We may form some conception of the influence of those rites from the fact that Athenians and Spartans suspended their feuds and went to the sacred Cephesus, hand in hand, brothers during these ceremonies, deadly foes before and after. Even Christianity has no more conclusive evidence of its power.

In the Roman nation, the same principle was no less potent. The Sybilline books in which Rome thought her destiny written, Numa consulting the goddess Egeria and the influence of the augurs, teach

that Rome, though mistress of the world was never free. Peering into the anticipated records of the northern nations who, from their cold calculating temperament, we should judge would be less easily swayed by such influences, we find that "The influence which may be likened to the woman with mystery written upon her forehead," was no less mistress there than among the more passionate nations of the south. The German Saxons, British Celts and American Indians were all ruled by mystical rites. It was only by having recourse to these that Roman Catholicism retained its power through the Dark Ages.

These examples, and many others which might be cited teach us that this principle has a strong hold upon human conduct when every other motive is powerless. We have noticed its power among the nations of antiquity and learned that it was resistless. In the Middle Ages a few hooded monks held Europe under their control for more than two hundred years. An observance of the rites of the Romish church at the present time convinces us that it is *mysticism*, not religion that gives it such power. The potency of this principle is now generally acknowledged and applied not only to religion but to political, reformatory and literary purposes. Hardly a decade of years has passed since the political condition of nearly every northern state was changed, through the instrumentality of a mystical organization. The Know Nothing scheme was no sooner conceived than it spread like wild fire over the Union, and Whigism and Democracy were nowhere. That organization, though of brief duration, gave the then dominant party a shock from which it has never recovered. When the vice of intemperance is to be checked, it is to be attained through the agency of a society with mystery written over its portals. Wherever branches of this organization exist they are admitted to exert a powerful influence. Finally, when students desire to secure the highest social, intellectual and moral good, the end is sought through the same mystical agency.

Having thus cursorily reviewed the history of mysticism, we are prepared intelligently to consider whether secret societies, as such, are necessary evils, either to the initiated, or to the community at large. Perhaps mysticism presents its darkest feature in Egypt, far back at the dawn of history. There, as connected with religion and

moral conduct, it presents no redeeming feature ; and yet, as we turn from religious ceremonials to art and science, we can not but admire its achievements. Under its auspices enterprises were consummated which would baffle the skill of even this enlightened age. Besides the Eleusinian rites, a bond of union to the Grecian, Coppeè cites, as one of the most potent influences in the promotion of Grecian culture, "the grand and sententious language of the oracular responses." These responses were usually delivered in beautiful and yet sublime diction. By their peculiar character they were well fitted to excite the imagination and fancy to a vigorous, though not always healthful action. These responses were so framed that they had a double import, thus furnishing an admirable exercise for the logical faculties. We cannot conceive of a more effectual promoter of literature and oratory than the responses of these oracles. Had it not been for the organizations of the Jesuits, every vestige of ancient literature, history and philosophy would have been swept away and lost forever. Even the Bible was transmitted to us through them. Mysticism was really essential to those brotherhoods, to protect them from the brutal and superstitious populace. The organizations of artizans in England in feudal times were of incalculable benefit. They imparted an impulse to architecture which transformed collections of rude clay into beautiful cities of stone and marble. In the present century, Free Masonry is an example to the point, proving that secret organizations may be not only not hurtful, but even beneficial to society. Never has this organization promoted vice or been an ally of despotism, but as far as it has been able, it has encouraged virtue, and on several occasions, has been a nucleus, around which the friends of liberty have gathered to protect or secure their rights. In the struggles of the Spanish American States and in Italy, Masonic influence was invaluable to the friends of freedom and independence.

Thus briefly have we reviewed the mystical organizations of the past, and the examination teaches us that mysticism has not necessarily an evil tendency, and that it is a powerful instrument of good or evil, according to the character and wisdom of those who wield it.

FRATER.

Words' Worth.

Ne multa dicas, sed multum.

BALBUS, *PÆNE*.

We are often told that the great object of our studies is to learn to talk. Every school-boy, as soon as he is able to speak plain, and hold in his tender memory a few simple lines, is made to come forth, (though reluctantly, for the child is apt to be restrained by a feeling of modesty, every vestige of which is eradicated by subsequent training,) and repeat in a monotonous whine, "You'd scarce expect one of my age," or "The boy stood on the burning deck." To such exercises are added, as he progresses, debates, essays and orations, which gradually increase in frequency and length, if not in originality and merit. Every advanced school has its literary societies, whose jaw-breaking names would compare favorably with those so prominent in the advertisements of mountebanks and quacks.

There is no town of any importance that does not boast its lyceum; and caucuses, town-meetings and other public gatherings, furnish an ample field for each would-be Demosthenes to show his lack of skill and brains. Every college has its bema, and every member is compelled to mount its dizzy height and occupy five minutes in saying something, it matters little what. Many of the productions elicited are very good. Some are original and consequently poor, from the poverty of their source, others are dilute abstracts from some book, or gaudy pieces of literary patchwork, whose greatest fault would be obviated by the addition of quotation marks and a change of signature. If the student holds a respectable rank in his class, although, as it often happens, he has no taste or talent for speaking, he must, on the "last, great day," bore his hungry and tired hearers with an agonizing series of words and sentences, about equal, in an æsthetic point of view, to the notes extorted by a weak-lunged novice from a tortured bugle.

We are told that this is all for the best—that it is those who can talk who move the world, and that a man who cannot make a speech, whenever called upon, will never amount to anything. From such

views carried to an extreme has arisen a class of ever-ready speakers, always charged with appropriate remarks on any subject, yet who have but one idea, and that might be translated, *ego carus*. Their only power lies in a flow of words and an unconsciousness of their ignorance. Only an audience is wanted to make them pour forth a torrent of high-sounding, unmeaning verbiage; as if they would read the motto in our seal—"Vox clamantis in deserto"—a voice crying out in an empty head.

These would-be orators should be sure they have the power to speak before they attempt to show it. They should apply the Greek motto *Γρῶθι σεαυτόν*, and most of them could know themselves pretty thoroughly and yet not know much.

To learn to talk is a great and noble object, and one worthy the attention and study of a lifetime. But I would not narrow it down to mere public harangues. I would make it include the whole management of the tongue. To talk well implies a knowledge of how, when, and where to speak; and the negative element is by no means unimportant. He who knows when to keep silent, has made a long step in the art of talking well. How often we see persons with more dollars than sense, and more brass than brains, who make their presence odious by an inconsiderate and unbridled tongue. True, silence is negative, but we learn from our algebra, that negative quantities are no less real than positive ones. Avoiding or removing an evil may be as great a benefit as bringing about a positive good. The conscience is, to a considerable extent, negative in its character. The genius of Socrates was only a restraining power, yet it led him near to the right.

Discretion is the better part of speech as well as of valor. If you have nothing to say you cannot speak well. But you say: If I remain silent, people will think me a fool. Perhaps so, but if you speak they will know you are one. If a man is wise, it will be found out soon enough, without his intruding his ideas upon every one he meets, and if he is a fool, like the ass in the lion's skin, he will betray himself as soon as he opens his mouth.

The tongue is an index of the mind, but it does not follow from this, that they know the most, who talk the most. The persons who are most garrulous and ready to talk, are often the ignorant—those who "have but one idea, and can see but one side of that at a time."

Having but one thing to say and one way of saying it, they are never at a loss, while he who has a larger stock of ideas and more forms of expression, stops to choose the best. The subject is so extensive and so interwoven with every circumstance of our lives, that it is impossible to lay down any but the most general rules. Its full discussion would lead us through the whole range of ethical philosophy. Says Holy Writ, "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man." As a general rule I would say, "Talk with an object—talk to say something, and not merely for the sake of talking." In order to have something to say, read—listen—observe, but above all, think. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." If you would be good in speech, be good in mind and heart. Purify the fountain, and the stream will be pure. *Apropos.*

A Poem.

When September's days were numbered,
And the livery of green,
That in quiet peace had slumbered,
Joyful in the summer's sheen,
Passed from off our fields and valleys,
And gave way to hues of gold,
Brilliant as the clouds the sun dyes,
When the summer day is old,

'Neath the grand old tow'ring pine tree,
Sentry grim on yonder hill,
Where the wintry winds howl wildly,
And the soft breeze ne'er is still;
Where the sun in early morning,
Glances first with ruddy light,
And the level rays of evening
Linger, loth to say good night,

On the soft and verdant greensward
At its foot, I threw me down,
While in front, on side, to rearward,
Beauty seemed each sense to drown,—

Would I had the brush of Raphael,
And the pen of Nature's king,
That I might that view ethereal,
Here before your vision bring.

Northward tow'ring mountain peaks,
Held aloft their glittering brows,
As a maiden lifts her cheeks,
When she speaks betrothal vows,
For the seal of perfect bliss,
From her own beloved one;
So the mountain crests were kissed,
By the eager, ardent, sun.

No summits might with these compete,
They were primeval rulers there;
Yet nestling lowly at their feet
Were hills, that far removed, might share
Full well the name of lofty heights,
And 'neath these there were lower hills,
And all were in such beauty dight,
As always a calm peace instills.

The farthest wore a robe of blue,
And hill and vale alike were tinged,
The nearer summits took their hue
From Orient sunsets heaven fringed,
And vales a milder glory wore,
That quiet shone their shades among,
And some a liquid beauty bore,
Where in peace the river flowed along.

Here and there a glittering plain,—
'Midst the hills its waters gleam,
Winding in, then turned again,
Like a rippling mountain stream;
Southward there its course we traced,
Till beneath some nearer hill,
In a broader basin placed,
Like a lake its course was still.

Tall pine trees crowned its farther shore,
And glimmered there the birchen stem,
The crimson dogwood showed before
The low white sand, the river's hem,

And all along autumnal tints
Reflected from its breast were seen,
That seemed like brilliant sunset glints,
Among the darkling evergreens.

From the valley at our feet,
I heard the distant river roar ;
I saw the mist in winding sheet,
Lightly the pine trees hover o'er,
And gleaming from the rising hills,
That edged the river's farther shore,
Came dancing light from rippling rills
That o'er the rocks in jets did pour.

Hill rose on hill, and crest on crest,
Each higher lifts its struggling head,
As raging waves on ocean's breast,
Strive each the other to o'erspread,
Till at the far horizon's bound,
The deep blue sky shone king alone,
That sky where God himself sits crowned,
And Nature bows before his throne.

Westward the mountains nearer came,
Their eastern sides were draped with blue,
Their crests and ridges stood aflame,
Bathed in the sunset's mellow hue,
That over all the landscape flung,
A witching grace surpassing fair,
That touched with flashing lambent tongue,
The vales, and hills, and upper air.

Enraptured by the scene I gazed,
And still fresh beauties came apace,
As half entranced, and half amazed,
I watched the heavens' changing face ;
A yellow light like purest fire,
Suffused the skies and decked the scene,
And tipped with gold the distant spire,
That glittered out from trees between.

But pain upon joy's footsteps treads,
And brightest pleasures soonest fade,
And pensive thought by mirth is fed,
Though by what law its course is made

We cannot tell, so raptured there
I watched the landscape's various grace,
Yet half forgot the vision fair,
As thought another channel traced.

A spell across my soul was flung,
And pensive thoughts my being held,
And softly many songs were sung,
Of quiet joys and days of eld;
Yet grouping there my thoughts I found
Around three joys to mortals given,
And fitting names these joys have found,
The names are Mother, Home, and Heaven.

Our hearts contain ten thousand chords,
That 'neath the gentlest speech are strung,
And often to the world is flung,
A pæan glorious as the Lord's.

No mortal hand may sweep these keys,
Or give the slumb'ring accents birth,
A lighter touch than that of earth,
May cause the swelling symphonies.

All other sounds that tongue may frame,
And other songs that voice may raise,
Are far inferior to the praise
The heart bestows on one blest name.

At name of Mother, matchless sound,
Each heartstring beats with glad accord,
And though the tongue may speak no word,
Each being by the spell is bound.

The sought for joy of childhood's days,
The glory of our opening youth,
And later triumph, all in truth,
Are met and conquered by thy praise.

Each joy was doubled that thou shared,
Each sorrow lost its heaviest weight,
And pain stood stricken at thy feet,
When by thine hand our head was bared.

The thought of thee wakes every heart,
And sage and savage own thy power,
This earth can give no greater dower,
If in our life thou hast a part.

Next to our Lord's the mission's thine,
To point the way from earth to heaven,
And many souls to thee are given,
To bend around yon azure shrine.

Father, we thank thee for this guide,
We bless thee for this winning power,
And pray that through our life, each hour
Through her we may be near thy side.

These thoughts were flitting through my brain,
They came and went as soft winds blow,
As lightly as the falling rain,
Or as the waters ebb and flow.
A kindred race succeeded them,
And wove for me a kindred song,
As fairies 'midst the tree's rough stems,
In airy circles pass along.

What visions come before us, when we think of
our old home;
Where in youth we loved to pleasure, where we
love at ease to roam.

How distinctly are they pictured, house and
grounds, and hov'ring trees,
The elm trees gently drooping, and the pine a
shiver in the breeze.

The gray hills where the sun rose, a sight we
sometimes used to see,
And the bright hills where he went to rest, behind
the birchen tree.

The mountain that we used to watch to see what
weather might portend,
If 'twas clear, our plans were certain, if 'twas
capped we knew their end.

In review they pass before us, joys connected with
each room ;

Here we sat upon the hearth-stone, there the
house-plants used to bloom.

In this room again we're gathering at the hour of
morning prayer ;

Though some may have gone before us, in our
thought we all are there.

This is mother's room, here always of a welcome
we were sure.

It mattered not what grief might bind us, she was
sure its cause to cure.

Thus these visions, vagrant fancies, trooping
through the memory come,

If our mind may wander freely, when we hear the
sweet word Home.

Meanwhile the sun was sinking fast,

And clearer fell its level rays,

A richer glory round was cast,

And earth with heaven's light ablaze

Seemed half transformed, but airy thought

Was striving hard to gain from this,

A knowledge of the world beyond,

The regions of perpetual bliss.

The dim unknown lies e'er before us,

And its echoes we may hear,

Sometimes catch the swelling chorus,

Hear some sounds of hearty cheer,

Almost see the shining portals,

Where the bright robed seraphs wait,

And the throng of blest immortals,

Who are free from earthly fate.

Dreams of heaven ever cheer us,

Thoughts of heaven refine the soul,

Yet, if we seek to bring it near us,

All its features pass control ;

As a hoped for bliss we know it,

As a rest that doth await

Those to whom our God will show it,

When they pass this earthly state.

The old pine wailed with whisper shrill,
And faded was the roseate light,
The falling dews were damp and chill,
The cricket chirped a faint good-night,
The shadows closed o'er all the scene,
The stars shone faintly, cold and white,
Nature proclaimed that day was done,
That night had come in quiet might.

Music.

"From Helicon's harmonious springs,
A thousand rills their mazy progress take."

Music and poetry are sister arts. They had a common origin and have in view common ends. They adopt different modes of expression, yet their interests are closely intermingled. Like loving sisters they render mutual aid. The deepest feeling is inexpressible by words alone, and music, when every other utterance fails, comes to the relief. It is the language of emotions. Free from the imperfections of human speech it addresses the essence of man. Like a dread spirit it may hover threateningly over or it may suffuse the mind with the light of its radiance. It entreats and it commands. It conveys plainer than words the discordant conflict, booming of cannon, rejoicing of victory, and lamentation for the slain. It conducts us amid pastoral scenes, pleasant prospects, by the side of the majestic river; or it horrifies with the blackness of hell and the groans of its inmates. Do not suspect that this is exaggeration, "the disordered visions of a sick man," but listen to Liszt or Gottschalk.

Music has a meaning, deep and powerful, which possesses the very being of man. All are created with an appreciation of its effects. The susceptibilities of some are less acute than others, but all are capable of cultivation. Not all may become authors, for it is a subject for genius and inspiration no less than poetry.

Of all the fine arts it is the most accessible, and indeed the most prevalent among the masses. Its influence must be large then. It is unjustly supposed by some that its chief aim is amusement. But this

is its lowest object, and would degrade from the position which it already holds. Its mission is co-extensive with poetry. It is a strong element in forming the character of nations and individuals. It is a civilizer and a refiner, and may be regarded as an index of the tastes and habits of a people. The fanciful, volatile Italian prefers a graceful melody; the more staid and imaginative German, an intricate harmony. The Highlanders of Scotland and mountaineers of Switzerland love wild rollicking airs like the breezes of their native hillsides. Melody charms and delights without effort from the listener. It soothes the disordered passions of the mind not less surely than "Peace, be still," calmed the sea of Galilee. Harmony is a combination of melodies grouping around a principal one. It addresses itself more to the intellect. To understand it requires attention. One may be associated with scenes of Eastern luxuriance; the other with more northern climes and active minds. The height of excellence is undoubtedly in a proper combination of both melody and harmony.

The age of the best musical composition is past. Its great masters have done for it what Shakspeare did for the English drama. They wrote unconscious of rules, but by their works established laws, to which every composer must conform. It is left to later times to study and appreciate their productions. They were in advance of their age and overshadowed all others. This noble art does not thrive in countries foreign to its origin. It is yet a plant of native growth. There seems something in the nature of Englishmen repelling to all the fine arts. Handel, who was the Milton of the musical world, was positively driven from England. They could not tolerate, much less admire, the *Messiah*, now conceded unapproachable by the civilized world.

In Germany everybody sings. The village school-master is required to have a knowledge of music that would do credit to many of our composers. The best artists are in the employ of the court. A *prima donna* is regarded as a public benefactress. Haydn commanded more respect than the prince himself. His name was on every lip as Father Haydn. No small degree of culture and taste is necessary to understand his works; yet he was a favorite among the masses of the people. Musical festivals are of yearly occurrence among the country folks. A village choir there would compare favorably with the paid choirs of any of our large city churches. It softens their asperities and makes them eminently a social and hospitable people. It

gives zest and enjoyment to their holidays. It removes factious strife. In short it puts them in good humor with themselves and all the world. It unites the German people from the Rhine to the Baltic.

Are Americans a musical people in such a sense? Far from it. We have had no performers that would have compared with Mozart and Bach. Our *amateurs* have received their education from the Germans and Italians. For composers we have a hero now with whitened locks, who first cultivated sacred music in the United States. His first work was written while he himself was an operative. Since then he has been spreading wide the love of harmony and choral music. But Dr. Mason has left no work to commemorate him to future ages such as Handel's or Haydn's. There are others who will be remembered as assistants in laying its foundation in America, but none that may be reckoned with Beethoven or Meedelsshon. Orchestras and bands use foreign music. Organists, Pianists and Violinists play from foreign masters. In sacred music alone are our composers represented, and much of this is arranged from foreign authors.

Musical associations and festivals in connection with them, are rapidly diffusing a more appreciative and critical taste. The people are becoming more familiarized with the classic authors. The long, lank and cadaverous *singing-school master*, with the "fiddle box" under his arm, or the inevitable tuning fork in his hand, that sings tenor through his nose, is the type of a past age. Yet in this as in all other branches of knowledge, teachers of taste and ability are in demand. Men of genius may inspire our country with noblest patriotism, as Tyrtæus inspired the Spartans. Americans need such influence to counteract their excessive utilitarian spirit. Pianos and cottage organs are well, but a proper use of the human voice is infinitely superior.

No education is complete at the present day without some knowledge of the best masters in music. It is in no way derogatory but a necessary element of refinement. Music was the solace of the blind and friendless bard of Paradise Lost. Goëthe was an ardent lover of the "concord of sweet sounds." Many distinguished authors have been *connoisseurs*. In order that it may become a powerful and living influence, it is necessary that professorships be founded in connection with our colleges. Why will not our institutions anticipate the public wants instead of being reluctantly driven to it? Discard the tram-

mels of English Universities, and a more liberal culture may be given to Americans. In order to be properly appreciated, it must be raised to all the dignity of a fine art, rather than exist as a superficial accomplishment, worthy only of the drawing-room. It will lead to a happier and nobler life in our republic.

The Roman Drama.

No. 1.

The character of a people is very clearly indicated by their amusements. There is scarcely a passion of the human soul or a faculty of the mind that does not find its gratification in the social recreations of a nation. Every power of body and mind, at times, needs and seeks relaxation. The passions crave excitement; the intellect, instruction; the affections enjoyment. The sports of the old Greeks were refined and elevated in their character. Music, poetry and art contributed to their public celebrations. Their athletic exercises were designed to give vigor and proportion to the physical frame, and grace and dexterity to the movement of the limbs. In the best days of Athenian culture, their drama was a school of morals, particularly in its tragedy. The comedy of the Greeks always retained traces of its origin. The mirth and ribaldry which originated in the festivals of the god of wine, never left the comic stage, even in the days of its glory. The object of their merry poets was to please; the multitude could not always tolerate the solemn and stately march of tragedy.— Their grosser nature demanded sustenance. Fun and frolic, scurrility and buffoonery found a welcome, even among the polished Greeks. The Romans were the very antipodes of their cultivated teachers. They had none of the vivacity, versatility and flexibility of the Athenians. They were stern, grave and comparatively passionless. Their sports were *coarse, vulgar* and *cruel*. In the palmiest days of Rome the massacre of men and the butchering of beasts made their most agreeable pastime. The refinement which Grecian culture engrafted upon this rude stock was always *external*, conventional and fashionable; never cordially loved and appreciated. The drama was an *exotic* in

Rome. The first attempts at histrionic and mimetic representations, were borrowed from their Italian neighbors, the Oscans and Etrurians. The oldest species of public exhibition among the Romans was the circus; and, strange to relate, the drama did not spring, as with other nations, from a love of imitation or a desire of amusement, but it arose from a religious motive, and was introduced as a means of averting the wrath of the gods. In a time of pestilence, Livy informs us, histriones were sent for from Etruria to divert the minds of the people from impending death. It is supposed that these actors were only dancers who sought to please the populace by their agility. It is not presumed that their movements were at all significant of thoughts; and, of course, they did not rise to the dignity of mimes.

The oldest spoken performances of the Romans were called *Fabulæ Atellanæ*, so named from the Oscan town, Atella, whence they were borrowed. They were written in the Oscan dialect, which was probably allied to the Latin. Thus the Etruscans furnished to the Romans their *dancers*: the Oscans their *fables* or *farces*, and the Greeks *their drama*. In all these amusements, they were imitators and borrowers. It is probable that the histriones who first appeared as dancers soon assumed the character of buffoons and jesters. It would not be natural for such lively actors to be content with a dumb show. They soon began to bandy jokes; to rally the spectators; ridicule the rustics; satirize the aristocratic and play the fool for the gratification of the crowd. An illiterate people did not ask for a refined entertainment, nor would they have tolerated it, had it been presented. Even in the Augustan age, Horace complains that the Roman audiences were delighted with bear-baiting and boxing, shows and parades, more than with fine writing or noble sentiments.

The Atellan Fables consisted of detached scenes, without unity or consistency. It is supposed that in the infancy of this exhibition, the farce was not written out, but a subject was chosen and the actors filled up the dialogue with extemporaneous effusions. Whatever was *odd, grotesque* or *ridiculous*, in men, was personated. One favorite character possessed an immense head, a long nose and a hump back; in a word, the actors resembled our modern clowns or the fools of theatrical entertainments. Such farcical exhibitors conveyed no instruction and exerted no healthy moral influence. Comedy was a higher style of amusement. Here there was little that was original.

Even after the Roman mind had been stimulated by a study of the Greek models, they never succeeded in creating anything worthy of immortality. Quintilian admits that the Latin literature "limps worst in Comedy." This judicious critic is sensible of their deficiency and does not attempt to conceal it. The Greeks were rich in this department of writing, though but very few of their comic compositions have escaped—

"Decay's effacing fingers."

Among the Greeks, the profession of a writer was honorable. Art and literature shared the public admiration with strategy and oratory. In Rome, their earliest authors were from the lowest classes of society, either laborers or slaves. Plautus left his stylus and parchments to do the service of a beast of burden in the mill; while Terence, who could not call the hand with which he wrote, his own, was accidentally thrown into the best society of the capital, became the favorite of "Scipio Africanus and Lælius and thereby escaped the evils of his servile condition. Plautus associated with the vulgar and the low. His style is rude and coarse. Terence, from his intimacy with literati and gentlemen, acquired a more polished diction and a higher style of thought. Plautus seeks by his wit and drollery, to excite a laugh. Terence aims to please by instructive conversation and interesting incidents. They are both translators; but, their different tastes and habits determined their choice of authors. In their versions of Greek comedies, they do not follow implicitly their originals, but compound their dramas from various compositions of the Greek authors. Terence admits that he had used the fragments of two of Menander's plays in composing the *Andrian*. It is not improbable that they also introduced secondary plots of their own invention. In his prologue to the *Andrian*, Terence admits his free use of the Greek plays of Menander and endeavors to answer the charges of Lucius Lanuvius, whom he styles a malevolent old poet, who affirmed that Terence had married two good plays to make one bad one; and that he was not the real author of this abortion, but that Scipio and Lælius compounded the drama and made Terence their pack horse, to bear it before the public. Terence does not wholly deny the charge, both with respect to the mutilation of Menander's works and the aid received from his

illustrious friends. He says that he has done no more than his predecessors, Nævius, Plautus and Ennius had done; and that he would rather err with them than be right with Lanuvinus. He warns his accuser to be quiet lest he should retaliate, and entreats his audience to give a patient hearing, as it would depend on their decision whether he should continue to write. There can be little doubt that he was aided in the compilation and translation of the Greek models, by Scipio and Lælius. The elegance of the language, [the purity of the style and the elevation of many of the sentiments indicate more culture and refinement than might reasonably be predicated of a slave and a foreigner; though it often happened that slaves were highly educated. Terence was a native of Carthage. It is not known whether he was a citizen of that renowned city or a provincial. He is said to have been of an olive complexion and remarkably graceful and elegant in person. It is very remarkable that no traces of his foreign extraction occur in his works. Plautus introduces passages in the Carthaginian language, into his dramas, but not a word of that tongue appears in Terence. Besides, he is reputed both by ancient and modern critics to divide the palm of pure Latinity with Cicero and Cæsar. He is commended, in this respect by both these great masters of the Roman tongue. Even the language of his lowest characters is elegant and polished as that of citizens of the highest rank. His interlocutors never adopt the dialect of clowns, or the slang of taverns. Even the oaths which they use are *Ciceronian*, and are as common in Roman oratory as in the drama.

Foreigners rarely learn to speak and write a new language with accuracy and purity. The fact that Terence made himself a model in this respect, seems to indicate, that he received friendly aid from his distinguished patrons. He must have been intimate with the best society in Rome, or he could not have imitated, so successfully, their style and have secured so completely their approbation. He was more popular with nobles and literati, than with the multitude. In one instance, his actors were deserted by the audience to witness a boxing-match and rope dancers. From his own age, till this time, he has been the favorite of scholars and critics. Grammarians and rhetoricians used his works for text-books. The church fathers tolerated and some of them approved of his works on account of their purity of diction.

The comedies of Terence have been translated into most of the languages of modern Europe. They have been copied and imitated more than any other ancient productions of the stage. At the Universities, they have often been enacted in their present state. Perhaps his works have been over estimated. When the dead languages were the chief sources of culture, it was natural that the lovers of polite literature should prize very highly, every thing which time had spared from the ancient authors. When the writing and speaking of Latin were the highest accomplishments of scholars, we should expect them to overrate the immaculate purity and elegance of this old comedian. We should expect this the more when we learn how much Cicero and Caesar admired him. Most of the Roman critics, however, impute to Terence a want of *comic spirit*. They deem his scenes a little too *tame* and unexciting. Caesar has a famous epigram addressed to Terence, in which he alludes to his want of the "*Vis comica* :"

"Tu quoque, tu in summis, O dimidiate Menander
Poneris, et merito, puri sermonis amator,
Lenibus atque utinam scriptis adjuncta foret vis
Comica, ut æquato virtus polleret honore
Cum Græcis, neque in hac despectus parte jaceres.
Unum hoc macerer et doleo tibi deesse, Terenti."

From such critics there is no appeal. We may not set up against such standard authority our own opinions of the merits or demerits of an ancient writer. It is true that Terence seemed inclined to portray manners and exhibit sentiment rather than excite mirth. Hence there is very little that is droll, odd, grotesque or highly ridiculous. We meet with specimens of humor that would do credit to the modern stage; still, there is nothing to call forth the Homeric "*inextinguishable laugh*," which some theatrical displays produce.

In judging of any dramatic composition, we should remember that it is one thing in the study, and in an unknown tongue, and quite another in the hands of skillful actors. Few modern comedies will bear the severe test of private criticism. The excitement of the occasion, the happy hits of the orators, the contagious merriment of the crowd all contribute to give eclat to the acted drama, while the silence of the study, the solemnity of solitary meditation, and the severe ordeal of literary criticism detract from the merits of the very best plays.

Editorial Notes.

The present number completes the first volume of the "Dartmouth." We have reached an epoch in its history, and we deem it befitting here to express our heartfelt thanks to those who have assisted us both by their patronage and words of encouragement. Very grateful indeed, do we feel for the cordial sympathy and support which we have received from friends at times when our task has seemed to us somewhat tedious and wearisome. If in a moderate degree we have met the expectations of our readers, we feel that our efforts have been amply rewarded. We are aware that much has been given to the public which would ill stand the ordeal of severe criticism; yet it must be remembered that it requires age and experience to bring any literary work to a high degree of excellence and perfection. It is with a feeling of confidence that our readers will overlook its faults and be kindly appreciative of its merits, that we are encouraged to continue the numbers of our magazine.

We who make up the editorial corps are about to resign the "fasces" of office into others' keeping, and who of us does not feel that the name of the "Dartmouth" will ever form a golden connecting link of lively associations and pleasant memories! When the bright dreams of youth shall give place to the stern scenes and realities of manhood, how can it but call to mind the Autumnal afternoons spent in *profound* deliberations, reclining on sofas and rocking in easy chairs!

By the way, reader, how would you like to have a description of an editorial sitting? It is a rare spectacle I can tell you. Behold editor No. 1 extended upon a lounge with one foot upon the floor and the other elevated upon the back of a chair, reading aloud a manuscript and pausing at the end of a few sentences to take breath and to exclaim—"Well fellows, what do you say? Go, or no go?" Editor No. 2 sits at the table with paper and pencil taking notes and looking wondrously sage. One would judge he could split the hundredth part of a spider's thread with the edge of a razor by the manner in which he makes fine distinctions. Now and then he interrupts editor No. 1 by ejaculating "Too much sentimental loquacity without sufficient psychological and phenomenological profundity!" Editor No. 3 is walking about the room with his hands in his pockets, kicking the spittoon about upon the floor, and having an air of utter indifference to the momentous questions pending. Whenever editor No. 1 makes a pause he bids him proceed and not mind trifles. Perchance the director makes his appearance at the door, and asks if we lazy editors expect the months are going to be lengthened out to suit our especial convenience. Editor No. 1 repeats to him the stanza so oft recited in his school-days,

Forty days hath September,
April, June and November ;
February hath *sixty-eight* alone,
And all the rest have *ninety-one*.

"*Facts* are stubborn things," but the director suggests that the printer's calendar may *slightly* differ from that of the editors'. Meantime, the work goes on, with perhaps no other interruption till the sound of the tea-bell brings the labors of the afternoon to a close.

This scene which I have just described, so familiar to each one of us who formed the leading actors, will the name of our magazine ever call up vividly before our minds. In parting with it, we feel that we are bidding adieu to an old friend. A feeling of sadness comes over us at the thought that these editorial sittings are at an end, and that the lively scenes to which they have given rise, have floated back into the past to join the bright train of other college memories. We would invoke upon the "Dartmouth," the continued smiles of heaven. May those who are to succeed us in its management, watch over its interests as faithfully as did the ancient Latins guard within their temples the flames on the altar of Vesta.

When this number shall reach most of our readers, another term will be drawing near to its close ; a term which we think has been marked with progress and good order. The complicated machinery of college has moved on from week to week without jar or friction, But few "spotless robes of character" have been stained by law-breaking misdemeanors. True, now and then the still night watches have been disturbed by the marching and counter-marching through the streets, of the nightly brigade, and by the loud blasts of horns, startling the "natives" from their quiet slumbers. Perchance some Trojan Helen borne away in triumph to her far-off western home has not been suffered to depart without a farewell serenade. But these nocturnal disturbances like "the visits of angels" have been few and far between. Indeed their origin seems somewhat mysterious. For when

"Morn,
Waked by the circling hours, with rosy hand
Unbars the gates of light,"

all the ghostly phantoms have taken their departure and one would not suppose they had ever been, were it not for gates being removed from their hinges and chairs carried as if by some magic power from piazzas to the roofs of houses. May it not be ghosts, *ghosts* which have disturbed the slumbers of the citizens of Hanover, and not we students who are but mortals, possessing no supernatural power to work miracles or to make unearthly noises ?

But we will dwell no longer upon the past. A bright future opens before us ; for vacation is at hand, and very gladly do we hail its coming. Soon

the peal of the chapel bell will cease to call us to our various rounds of college duties. Soon will stillness reign through the deserted halls which are wont to resound with the tread of many footsteps. Students will, ere long, be hurrying away from Hanover to join the circles gathered around home firesides, and to participate in Thanksgiving festivals.

Here the thought occurs to us that "the schoolmaster will soon be abroad in the land." We congratulate those of our readers who are to be during the coming vacation, "monarchs of all they survey" within the walls of school houses. For who does not believe, who have had experience in the delights of "teaching young ideas how to shoot," that a common school is a world of perfect bliss within itself, a precious relic of Paradise which escaped the ruin of the Fall!

Now reader the curtain must drop and we must separate. When we first greeted you through the columns of our magazine, it was in early Autumn, and the sweet breath of summer was still lingering upon the verdant hillsides and valleys. We have travelled on amid the falling of leaves and the decay of Nature's splendors, and now as Winter is about to wrap the earth in its great winding sheet, we must bid you adieu. May the sun never go down upon our "Dartmouth." As the circling years speed on their swift course, revealing to mortal view the ever shifting panorama of Nature's blossom and decay, may it continue to live and thrive like those plants which are perennial.

We have just received a business note from a former highly esteemed professor of this college containing a word of encouragement, and these words "*Macti virtute este.*" It called to mind two years spent under his instruction, and we seemed to see once more before us in the recitation room the commanding form of the expounder of Livy, Lucretius and Horace. While we confess we had a certain almost unaccountable fear of those spectacles, still we could not but wish that Princeton had not called away from Dartmouth College one of its most efficient and talented professors. Within less than two years, our college has lost two of its most experienced instructors, and in view of this fact we can but wish that the trustees may see fit, ere long, to present such inducements to its officers as that they may not be called away to other colleges.

We deem it a disgrace to our college and its patrons that our instructors are so poorly paid. A young stripling of only twenty summers, just out of college with a slight smattering of the classics and mathematics, can often command as much pay as one of our professors receives after having spent years in becoming qualified to perform his arduous duties. Say says that some labors are recompensed by honor,—but honor is rather a poor thing to live upon. Sugar is very sweet to the taste, but it has but little nourishment. Nothing can be more apparent than that our college is sadly

in need of more funds. And why cannot its numerous Alumni and friends be more awake to the importance of this fact? Is it because they feel that they have not sufficient wealth to bestow a gift on their Alma Mater? There are very many men of ample means to richly endow this Institution of learning, and all that is wanted is a little philanthropy. This is the only minus quantity in the whole equation; make here a substitution of a plus instead of a minus sign, and there will result an answer of half a million dollars placed at the disposal of Dartmouth College. A little generosity on the part of moneyed men would not only erect new and necessary buildings, but also cause our professors to be better paid. We should not ever be fearing lest some one of them who is most experienced may receive a call from some other institution which can better remunerate his services.

We wish this article might reach some wealthy Alumnus who still kindly remembers his Alma Mater, and that her claims may not be unheeded.

A hall has recently been fitted up in a neat and beautiful style, for the accommodation of the two religious societies, the Theological Society and the Society of Inquiry. The members of the Faculty and several citizens of the place contributed liberally toward-defraying the expense. At the first meeting held in the hall after its completion, most of the Faculty were present and made remarks expressive of deep interest in behalf of the two societies. It was a very pleasant occasion and one which we think will live long in the memory of those present. During a few terms past, the interest in these religious societies has been declining. We trust this will mark a new epoch in their history, and that their influence will be more deeply felt for good in the college.

The present corps of editors, with this number, most gladly resign their work to others, wishing for them all the *pleasure* with none of the vexations which have attended their labors. We may congratulate the friends of the "Dartmouth" that it has fallen into so able hands. We prognosticate an increase of interest to our subscribers, and additional inducements to our contributors. The following have been elected by the class as editors for the spring term; G. A. Blanchard, F. P. Wood, and J. K. Lord.

We are in receipt of the Advocate, College Courant, Hamilton Campus, Hamilton Literary Monthly, University Chronicle, Vidette, Asbury Review, American Educational Monthly and Williams Quarterly. In answer to the Hamilton Literary Monthly, we would say the "Dartmouth" has been regularly mailed to their address.

DELEGATION FROM THE AMERICAN BOARD.—The services of the second Sabbath of November had a special interest for many, in the presence of a delegation from the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, consisting of Secretaries Treat and Clark, and the Rev. Mr. Wheeler, a Missionary from Turkey. Secretary Treat preached an impressive sermon on Missions in the morning in the Chapel; and in the afternoon Mr. Wheeler delivered an address in the same place on his own particular field. The clearness and vivacity of this address, with the many fine points incidentally made, greatly delighted the audience. Mr. Wheeler is evidently and eminently a *live* missionary. In the evening, Society Hall was crowded with students, assembled to hear addresses of a more familiar kind from the two Secretaries. Secretary Clark presented at length and very forcibly, the claims of the Missionary enterprise on young men, and Secretary Treat followed with interesting remarks on China. In a brief closing address, President Smith stated, that of the 60 missionaries who went from Andover Theological Seminary between the years 1810 and 1832, comprising nearly all in the service of the Board, 54 of them being college graduates, 13, or about one fourth of the number of graduates, were from Dartmouth—a considerably larger number than from any other college. Among the Dartmouth men were William Goodell, David Poor, Levi Spaulding and Daniel Temple.

The whole impression of the day's services was regarded by the friends of missions here as of the happiest sort. It has doubtless deepened the interest of many in this great christian and philanthropic movement, and it will probably give some additional laborers to the whitening harvest field.

THAYER SCHOOL OF ARCHITECTURE AND CIVIL ENGINEERING. It is said that in an edition of the Bible once published in England, the seventh command of the Decalogue was printed, by a singular mistake, "*Thou shalt commit adultery.*" There was a somewhat similar mistake in the recent issue of the *Ægis*. Instead of saying as is the fact, and as the editors doubtless intended, that the Thayer School "*will not* be open to students the present college year," they are made to say, that it "*will* be." It is the more important that this mistake be corrected, as the President is receiving frequent inquiries about the School, indicating a deepening interest in it, as meeting a want felt by many. It will be opened as soon as the necessary arrangements can be made.

The college should bear in mind that the columns of this magazine are open to "all comers." Though a corps of editors is elected, it is mainly for a superintendence over its pages; the duty of supporting it rests with each member of every class. There is certainly literary ability enough in the college to maintain a half dozen magazines. No one should be frightened out of a contribution because he may think it will be rejected. Write

and try ; to gain distinction in any department, one must run risks. The "Butcher" connected with the editorial staff, we know to be a man fair and without prejudice in literary criticisms ; In competing for a place in the "Dartmouth," Faculty and Freshmen are on an equal footing ; the greatest authors have to *commence* their career.

We hope this request for contributions will not be forgotten, but that scribblers will take heart, assist in this college enterprise and never allow the reproach of a flagging interest to be directed against a college institution.

We have prepared a title page and table of contents for the convenience of those wishing to preserve the magazine in a book form, which we send with this number to all regular subscribers. To those who would like the first volume entire we would say that we have a few sets complete which we will mail on receipt of the regular subscription price. To those also whose subscriptions did not commence at the beginning of the year and who would like back numbers to complete the volume we will endeavor to accommodate so far as we are able, at the rate of twenty-five cents per copy. It would be a matter of no small convenience to all parties concerned to have all subscriptions commence with the first number of a volume. Bearing this in mind we hope to begin another year with our subscription list greatly augmented. The "Dartmouth" should have at least two thousand subscribers, the present number is much less. We hope also that our patrons will be more mindful of the pecuniary necessities of our publication and remember that all subscriptions are payable in advance or on receipt of the first number. A sufficient number have been forgetful of this to leave us their creditors to the amount of nearly one hundred dollars, and the printer our creditor to about the same amount. The wheels of this machinery will not run forever without lubrication. We shall continue to send the "Dartmouth" to all of its old subscribers unless we receive instruction to the contrary.

GREENLEAF'S MATHEMATICAL WORKS.—Benjamin Greenleaf, author of the mathematical series of text books for schools, academies and colleges, was for forty years a successful teacher. When he had become a veteran in the service, and many persons thought him too old to prepare young men for college, he conceived the plan of making his experience useful to the public, by preparing a common school arithmetic. It was a perfect success. It went into general use, all over the country. Encouraged by the commendations which flowed in upon him, from all quarters, he proceeded to prepare other books, till the series, before his death rose to the number of ten, including Geometry, Trigonometry and the higher Algebra. The works all have a deserved popularity. They have found their way, among

all classes of teachers, from the district school to the college. Their general use attests their excellence. The most experienced teachers adopt and commend them. Greenleaf was graduated at Dartmouth College, in the class of 1813. His noble service to the cause of science, reflects honor on his Alma Mater.

It was announced to the students one morning, that Sheridan the next day was to be "only four miles away," and that after the morning recitation the day was to be our own. This unsolicited action of the faculty was greeted with hearty applause. At nine o'clock a *breathing* crowd of students had assembled at the depot to take the "extra." There was a rush for the ticket office, then for seats, and we were ready for the next issue. The train moved from the depot with "It's a way we have at old Dartmouth" and with student hilarity we were on our way. On our arrival at the Junction it was ascertained that an hour and a half yet remained before the arrival of Sheridan. Ye student assumed very readily his holiday "free and easy" air although it was raining and an anxious crowd about. It would have amused an attentive observer to note the affected air of carelessness, the concealed good humor ready to explode, boon companions wandering arm in arm seeking whom they might devour. There was peeping through doors, a scrutinizing look for lady friends and a casual remark. Amid such scenes the iron horse proud as the famous black that bore the hero "all the way from Winchester town," came steaming up. The event of the day had arrived and with boyish curiosity we crowded around to see the hero of Shenandoah. A short man with a red face and pleasant eyes alighted amid patriotic cheers and immediately was impelled by the rush from behind into a double quick to the Junction House. Cries of "Phil," "speech," &c., here assailed him when fairly within, but we were put off with "I cannot make a speech" upon which the vociferations were the louder but without avail, for the figure, automaton-like, bowed and scraped, but without utterance. When again he was on board, our President lead him forth to the car platform and introduced him to the Dartmouth boys, but with the unequivocal compliment, that he had never seen better material for cavalry, he disappeared. With a final bow and wave of the hand we lost sight of him, and thus was the ceremony concluded. Wet, tired and hungry we returned to Hanover, rejoicing that it was not our lot to be toted around the country in such a manner and lionized beyond all endurance.

Memoranda Alumnorum.

J. Ross, R. Proctor and M. Lamprey, of the class of '51 are all practicing law at St. Johnsbury, Vt.

E. G. Hooke, class of '51 is practicing law at Lawrence, Mass.

- G. E. Hood, class of '51 is practicing law at St. Paul, Minn.
D. S. Shorey, G. C. Grant, C. Hitchcock, class of '51 are practicing law in Chicago.
S. H. Folsom, class of '51 is practicing law at E. Cambridge, Mass.
F. E. Clarke, class of '51 is practicing law at Waukegan, Ill.
E. B. Breed, class of '51 is practicing law in New-York City.
W. H. Burleigh, class of '51 is practicing law at Lawrence, Mass.
E. Aiken, class of '51, formerly missionary to Syria, is preaching at Amherst, N. H.
H. O. Hitchcock, class of '51 is one of the leading physicians in Kalamazoo, Mich.
Daniel Putnam, class of '51 is professor in Latin in Kalamazoo Coll. Mich.
Jason Downer, class of '38 is Judge of Supreme Court in Milwaukee, Wis.
Rev. E. H. Alden, class of '57 is preaching at Tunbridge, Vt.
A. P. Gage, class of '57 is Principal of High School, Charlestown, Mass.
S. M. Gleason, class of '58 is practicing law at Thetford Centre, Vt.
S. G. Hincley, class of '56 is living at Chelsea, Vt., and is Clerk of the Orange Co. Court.
Rev. J. B. Griswold, class of '60, is preaching at Braintree, Vt.
J. N. Carleton, class of '57 is Principal of Ladies Seminary at South Malden, Mass.
William Little, class of '57, is in law and politics, at Manchester.
James Duncan Thompson, class of '56, has a law office in Boston, but is now in Europe.
Charles Wheeler, class of '60 is practicing law in Boston.
George Wilcox, class of '60 is a lawyer in New York City.
O. H. Mann, class of '67, is attending Harvard law school.
J. J. McDavitt, class of '67, is in a law office in Boston.
C. F. Atwood, class of '67, is studying in Harvard Medical school.
H. H. Wardwell class of '66, is teaching in Dorchester, Mass.
H. P. Kendall, class of '66, is in Harvard Medical school.
H. Russell, class of '65, is practicing law in Schenectady, N. Y.
James Barrett, class of '37, is first asst. Judge of the Supreme Court of Vermont.
E. F. Palmer, class of '62 is practicing law at Waterbury, Vt.
J. H. Tyler, class of '51, is Clerk of the court at East Cambridge, Mass.
H. M. George, formerly of class of '68, is married and in the high school at Plattsburg, N. Y.
H. S. Phetteplace, class of '66 is studying law at Ann Arbor, Mich., and, we understand, is enjoying the felicities of married life.
S. S. Wood, class of '66, is studying law at Ann Arbor.
J. R. Willard, class of '67, is studying law at Ann Arbor.

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